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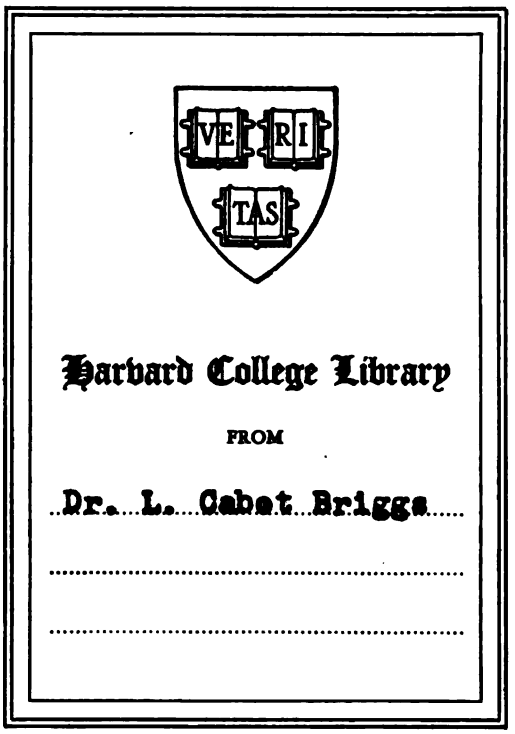

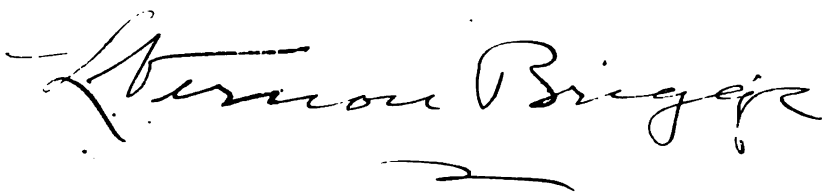

A CENTURY AGO IN NEW ENGLAND

MARY WILDER WHITE

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MEMORIALS OF
MARY WILDER WHITE

BY ELIZABETH AMELIA DWIGHT

EDITED BY MARY WILDER TILESTON

A CENTURY AGO IN NEW ENGLAND

THE EVERETT PRESS COMPANY
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PREFACE

NEARLY thirty years ago, at the request of my aunt, Mrs. William Dwight, I assisted her in preparing a memorial of her mother by making selections from her letters, while she supplied the connecting narrative. It was intended for the descendants only; but even for them it has been of little use, being in manuscript, so that it now seems desirable to have it printed; and I feel that the story of my grandmother's life, with its brave and buoyant spirit, its warm affections and intellectual delights, and its intense religious faith, may help those who are living through the joys and sorrows of our own time.

A friend, writing after her death, to her little daughter, said of her, "She was beautiful, her person small and delicate, her eyes were blue and had a sweet expression, her teeth were white and regular, her smile most lovely,—but of this beauty she seemed unconscious; her thoughts were not given to her own charms of mind or person, but to the merits or the wants of others. Her powers of mind, and information on all subjects worthy of attention, were as uncommon as the beauty of her person, and a modest sweetness gave a charm to everything she said or did." Another friend wrote of her as "that wonderful being who fascinates all hearts."

During her short life she passed through experi-

ences of unusual interest and through strange trials. When only seventeen years old she became engaged to Antoine Van Schalkwyck, a young West Indian planter, who was exiled from his home in Guadeloupe during the years following the French Revolution. After many vicissitudes and anxieties they were married in 1801, when she was twenty years old, and not long after sailed for Guadeloupe. They arrived at an unfortunate moment: the island was in a state of insurrection, a mulatto having just been put in the place of the French Commandant, and there was general distrust and terror. Yellow fever was raging violently, and in three weeks from the day they landed her idolized brother, who had accompanied her on account of her husband's ill-health, died of the fever. Three weeks later her husband died, leaving her alone in a foreign land. A few days after this a plot of the negroes to massacre all the white inhabitants was discovered, only a few hours before it was to take place, and she had to fly to a neighbouring island. There she stayed for many months, until troops arrived from France and, after a hard struggle, put down the insurrection and restored order. She was desperately ill herself with yellow fever and a succession of other illnesses, and it was a year before she could return to her friends.

The years from 1802 to 1807 were spent in her mother's home in Concord, Massachusetts. Her life was enriched by friendships with Miss Mary Moody Emerson, Miss Susan Cabot Lowell, and others who

like herself were stirred by the intellectual and spiritual influences of that period, which has been called the New England Renaissance; and her letters are full of references to the books which they were reading, as well as to the subjects of thought and feeling which interested them. Her marriage to Daniel Appleton White, in 1807, transferred her home to Newburyport, where she died after a happy married life of only four years.

"It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere!
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be."

MARY WILDER TILESTON.

Boston, October, 1903.

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INTRODUCTION

MY mother died when I was but two years old, yet such was her hold upon my affections during the short period she was with me that the void created by her death was at once filled by her memory. My earliest recollection is of being lifted on to her bed, where I was often permitted to lie beside her during the lingering illness which preceded her death. Another recollection which haunted my childhood is before me now. I see the darkened room, the mysterious casket, my father's face and figure as he stood near it, the gloom upon the countenances of all present, the appearance of the uncle who held me up in his arms that I might see the face of her with whom "death had made his darkness beautiful." My father has told me that, after one look, I was taken from the room, apparently in an agony of grief and fear; but of that I have no recollection, while my mother's face, "as it had been the face of an angel," was then deeply imprinted on my memory, to bless me throughout my life.

My father's first object, after my mother's death, seemed to be to give, as far as possible, to the two daughters who survived her an idea of her character. In our earliest years, as in later ones, he was in the habit of talking of her to us as of a superior being. When we reached the ages of six and seven he began to read to us from her letters. Other friends,

who cherished her memory, attempted to describe to us her beautiful person and manners. All that was said of her, as well as her own writings, harmonized with the image I had of her in my heart, and helped to make her a living presence there.

My mother's mother lived till I was twelve years old, giving to her "dear little girls," as she called the children of her "beloved Mary," a mother's love. Her life was interwoven with that of my mother, whose death, she said, "broke the last tie that bound her to earth." Their memories are inseparably blended in my mind, claiming an equal tribute of affection and respect. Among the most interesting recollections of my childhood are the visits my sister and I, driving with our father in the traditional one-horse chaise, made to our grandmother, in Concord.

Although at the time I first remember her she must have been not more than sixty-five years old, she was, to my young eyes, venerable in appearance—made more so, doubtless, by the close cap of white muslin, with band of black ribbon, and the severely plain black dress and white inside handkerchief, which was the costume of the period for ladies advanced in years. I have a silhouette taken of her at sixty which recalls, not only the dress, but also her head and face. She had lost her voice, years before, through severe illness, and spoke only in a whisper. Her manner was gentle and affectionate, with a tinge of sadness. In looking back

upon her, after an interval of more than half a century, my principal recollection is of the extreme tenderness with which she always welcomed and parted from us. I was too young to appreciate her character, but all that I remember of her accords with my father's high estimate of her worth, and with that of others who knew her intimately and are well qualified to describe her justly. "Pure at heart and sound in head," they represent her. "The finest character I ever knew," says one who, for years, enjoyed her friendship and confidence. Another, the last remaining niece, writes to me of her: "Your grandmother was, indeed, a woman of uncommon mind, and, under many sorrows, of great self-control." Strong religious faith, under the vicissitudes of life, was conspicuous in her as it was in my mother. Their habit of tracing every circumstance of their lives directly to God enabled them to enter fully into the spirit of the Psalms, and supplied them, as it did David of old, with a continual flood of devotional feeling. Indeed, as I have pored over their papers, now yellowed by time, I have felt that St. Paul's "dearly beloved son Timothy" had not, in "the faith which dwelt in his grandmother Lois, and his mother Eunice," a more precious legacy than that which my grandmother and mother have bequeathed to their children and children's children.

Nearly all of those who knew them personally have passed away. Only a few remain who love to

speak of my grandmother's disinterested kindness and hospitality, and who kindle, in their old age, as they recall the charm and power of my mother's influence over them in their youth. But we are not wholly dependent upon the recollections of friends for our knowledge of what they were. Fortunately for us, they lived in the age of letter-writing,—"the old familiar letters, for the absence of which neither biography nor memoir will ever quite make up." Many of my mother's letters, and some, not less valued, of my grandmother's, have been preserved. With the exception of those of my mother's which were written while she was in the West Indies, and which contain events of unusual interest, these letters are valuable, mainly, as illustrating the minds and characters of the writers, and furnishing the means of perpetuating their memories, which should not be permitted to die. If with these letters I am enabled to prepare a memorial of them which shall tend to awaken the love and reverence of their descendants, I shall have accomplished the object I have at heart.

ELIZABETH AMELIA DWIGHT.

Brookline, 1875.

CHAPTER I

1780–1796

CHILDHOOD: LANCASTER AND CONCORD

MY mother's maiden name was Mary Wilder. She was the daughter of Dr. Josiah Wilder, of Lancaster, Massachusetts.[1] He was born on May 27, 1744, graduated at Yale College in 1767, and became a physician. He settled first in Boston, and then in Lancaster, where he was an active citizen, influential in town affairs, and an ardent patriot. On August 28, 1774, he married Mary Flagg, daughter of Gershom and Hannah (Pitson) Flagg.

Their children were:

William Pitt, b. June 11, 1775, d. Sept. 1, 1778.
Henry, b. March 27, 1777, d. Sept. 19, 1778.
Mary, b. Aug. 22, 1778, d. Sept. 17, 1778.
Augustus, b. Nov. 4, 1779, d. Nov. 16, 1779.
Mary, b. Oct. 8, 1780, d. June 29, 1811.
Henry, b. April 27, 1782, d. Nov. 12, 1801.

This list of births and deaths tells a sad story of bereavement. When my grandmother's third child was only ten days old, her oldest child died (of scarlet fever, as I have been told), sixteen days later her baby died, and two days later her last remaining child. She herself was ill with the fever, and ap-

[1] See Wilder Genealogy in Appendix.

parently died. The undertaker, when about to lay her in the coffin, thought he saw signs of life, and summoned her husband. She was resuscitated, but never regained her voice fully, being able only to whisper.

My grandfather died in Lancaster, December 20, 1788, at the age of forty-four. The little that I know of him is quickly told. I have an extract from a letter, written evidently in 1780, before my mother's birth, by my grandmother's youngest sister, Grizzel Apthorp Flagg (afterwards Mrs. Gould), to a relative in Rhode Island, in which she gives an account of various members of the family. Of my grandmother she says: "My sister Polly is married to a doctor, as worthy a man as now lives. In a partner she is one of the happiest of women, but of the bitter cup of affliction she has drank often, and in large draughts. She has been the mother of four smiling babes, but has been deprived of all by that hand that has an undoubted right to take when He pleases. She lost three in seventeen days,—one aged three years, one of seventeen months, and one of one month,—and in a year after, one of three weeks. But she and her companion say, 'The Lord gave; the Lord hath taken away,' and I believe they are careful to add, 'Blessed be the name of the Lord.' Such patterns of resignation, were you to see them, you would think were not often to be found."

The view here given of my grandfather's Christian faith and resignation is the same that I find in

the following extract from one of my mother's letters, to whom addressed does not appear. The letter is dated Concord, June 29, 1808. She says: "I witnessed at a very early age the power of religion, not only in enabling man to sustain misfortune, but to meet death undaunted. My father was in the meridian of life, his prospects flattering, his situation agreeable. He had a virtuous and affectionate wife, a son whose opening childhood promised everything good and lovely, and a daughter whose extreme youth demanded all his paternal care, when he was attacked by a consumption. Soon convinced his disorder was remediless, he relinquished the idea of recovery, and then was the triumph of Christianity. Assured that all events are conducted by Infinite Wisdom and Goodness, he cheerfully submitted to the disposal of Him who cannot err. He arranged his affairs, he marked the spot where he wished his body might repose, and, convinced that the Almighty is 'the Father of the fatherless and the widow's God and Judge,' he committed us to His care, and then awaited the approach of death with a sublime serenity which had more the air of triumph than of dread. O my father, what gave thy sun this glorious setting, what enabled thee to quit life so cheerfully, when it was so pleasant to thyself, so desirable to thy family! Thine own words instruct me,—'a calm conscience, a reliance on thy God, and a bright hope of an eternity of progressive virtue and happiness.'"

This tribute of my mother's to my grandfather has given me, from childhood, a tender interest in his memory, which was fostered by my father. At an early age my sister and I were taught to repeat my grandfather's words, as here quoted by my mother. I remember, too, when we were quite little girls, as we were returning from Springfield, where we had been visiting, to our home in Salem (a journey which, taken in a private conveyance, then occupied several days), he went out of the direct route to pass through Lancaster, that we might see our mother's birthplace, where she lived the first nine years of her life, and where our grandfather Wilder was "the beloved physician."

Henry Wilder, the only son of my grandfather who survived him, more than fulfilled the promise in opening childhood of which my mother speaks in the letter already quoted. Mrs. Rapallo, a niece of my grandmother, and daughter of Mrs. Gould, says of my grandmother's family: "Looking back into the past with a desire to record some of my early impressions, my first recollections of them in my childhood are not very distinct. I have only the faint recollection of the vision of a youth more beautiful than anything I had ever seen,—he was called Henry. I saw him only once, but I never lost the memory of that face." From other sources it is evident that his mind and character were correspondent to his face. My mother loved him with all the enthusiasm of her nature. His early death, under circumstances pe-

James Flagg

culiarly distressing to her, was the sorrow which overshadowed the remaining years of her life. Her letters and manuscripts show with what devotion she cherished his memory.

In the same letter from which I have just quoted, Mrs. Rapallo speaks of my mother as "one whom, in childhood, I thought nearer to perfection than any other human being, and whose loveliness, after fourscore years passed away, is fresh in memory."

My grandmother was born October 25, 1750, the sixth child of Gershom and Hannah Flagg. Gershom Flagg was born in Boston, April 20, 1705.[1] In 1730 he married Lydia Callender.

His second marriage, to Hannah Pitson, the mother of all his children, took place on January 4, 1737. They had seven children, three sons and four daughters. Their first child, Ebenezer, died young. Their next child, James, a merchant, settled in Gardiner, Maine, in 1762, but afterwards removed to Boston, and died in the West Indies, of yellow fever, unmarried, in 1775. After his death, a tract of land belonging to him, on the Kennebec, near Norridgewock, fifteen miles long by half a mile wide, was sold for the small sum of nineteen pounds, five shillings. The next child, Hannah, married the Hon. Joseph North, and settled in Hallowell, Maine. Gershom, the third son, also settled in Maine, and died in May, 1802.

The fifth child was Elizabeth, who married, first,

[1] See Flagg Genealogy in Appendix.

Henry Wells (a brother of the wife of the patriot Samuel Adams), and, afterwards, the Rev. Jacob Bigelow of Sudbury.

My grandmother, who survived Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow only a few years, wrote of their death, which occurred in 1817, as follows: "The death of Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow, and that of their two sons, has made a breach in Sudbury which casts a gloom over the town. The earnest desire of my brother and sister was that they might not long be separated. It was granted, and if a life of practical piety could give them happiness, they undoubtedly have it." Their son, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, has added lustre to the name of his parents, fulfilling the prediction of my mother, who, when he was yet young and undeveloped, said of him, "He will take the front rank in whatsoever profession he enters, and become a distinguished man."

My grandmother, who, though named Mary, was called, after the fashion of the day, Polly, was next in age to her sister Elizabeth, between whom and herself, Dr. Bigelow has told me, a great affection and intimacy existed.

The youngest child of this family was Grizzel Apthorp Flagg, from whose letter we have quoted. She married Captain Benjamin Gould of the army, and was the mother, among other children, of Benjamin Apthorp Gould, of the Boston Latin School, and of Hannah F. Gould, the poetess. She died January 19, 1827, aged seventy-three years. To her

Gershom Flagg

youngest child, Mrs. Rapallo, and to Dr. Bigelow, I am indebted for recollections of the past.

From family records, it appears that my great-grandfather, Gershom Flagg, was an architect by profession. He was employed at the rebuilding of Fort Richmond on the Kennebec in 1740, and went with Governor Pownal to the Penobscot in 1759, as a contractor in constructing Fort Pownal. He was a proprietor in the Plymouth Company, and lands in Augusta, Maine, were assigned to him in the distribution. On the lot in Augusta a compact part of the city was afterwards built. The lands on the Kennebec developed enough in his lifetime to make him wealthy for the times. It is to be inferred that he was a freemason, from the squares and compasses on the head-stone of his grave in the Granary Burying-ground, in Boston. At the time of his death he had large possessions in real estate in Boston, including a homestead of many acres, with extensive garden, richly cultivated. This was his home until a short time before his death, when he removed with his family to the town of Harvard, in order to be out of the way of danger to them when the anticipated hostilities between this and the mother country should break out. In Harvard he occupied the house belonging to Henry Bromfield, Esquire. This house is described by Dr. Slade, in his account of the Bromfield family, as "situated amidst avenues of lofty elms, of venerable appearance, with gambrel roof, and quaint chimneys, suggestive of home comforts."

Mrs. Rapallo, in giving me her recollections of the past, says, "Some time after the removal of the family to Harvard my grandfather went to Boston on business. He said to a friend, when he retired at night, that he did not feel very well, and, in the morning, he was found dead in his bed." From other sources, I learn that "he died suddenly at Brattle Tavern in School St. on the 23rd of March, 1771, aged sixty-six."

My grandmother's mother, Hannah Pitson, was a daughter of James Pitson, who "was admitted inhabitant of Boston in 1714," in which year the records show "he, being a stranger, comes well recommended." The inference is that he had but recently emigrated from England. Portraits in oil of Mrs. Flagg and her husband, which have descended to us, show them both to have been of commanding presence and decided personal attraction.[1]

From some of Mrs. Flagg's descendants I learn that, though living in affluence, she was a careful and thrifty housewife, who educated her daughters in all domestic duties, the rule being that, as they became of suitable age, they should take turns as housekeepers. We have an interesting illustration of

[1] They were painted by Robert Feke, one of the earliest of the colonial painters. He was descended from a Dutch family, who settled at Oyster Bay, Long Island. It is said that, having been taken prisoner and carried to Spain, he there learned to paint, and on his return home settled at Newport, R. I. He worked also at New York, and in 1746, at Philadelphia, where his portraits have been considered the best after those of West. He subsequently went to Bermuda for his health, and died there, at the age of forty-four.—Ed.

Hannah Flagg

what Mrs. Flagg was as a wife in a venerable-looking paper which my great-grandfather has marked "August 2nd, 1754. A letter from my spouse." I copy the letter as follows:

"*August 2nd, 1754.*

"*My Dear*,—I wrote yesterday, but, having still an opportunity, am glad to lay hold of it, and let you know that I have just received yours by Mr. Willard, and am very sorry to hear of your hardships. Hope you will make the more haste home, where I shall do my endeavour to make it up to you if I can. I long to have you come home upon my own account, your children's, and your business, but as much on account of your hard fare and being exposed. I was full of expectations of your being home in a month or thereabout, but must submit to the disposal of Providence. We know that no afflictions are joyous, but grievous. If they, afterwards, yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness, it will be well. If I knew of anything that would persuade you more than what I have mentioned, I should try." [After some almost illegible lines in reference to a neighbour, which are of no interest to us, she adds] "I sent you a few beans by Mr. Faden. I know not whether you received them or not. I now send a basket of cucumbers and a ham of bacon, and six pair of shoes and pumps by Mr. ——, who has promised to convey them to you. He has this moment come for it.

Yours, in haste,

HANNAH FLAGG."

I learn from Mrs. Rapallo that the latter years of Mrs. Flagg's life, after her husband's death, were spent with her daughter, Mrs. Wilder, in Lancaster, where she died October 18, 1784. This account coincides with that given of Mrs. Flagg by her youngest daughter, in the letter from which we have already made one extract, and which, though without date, contains proof of being written either at the close of 1779, or early in 1780. The record, though not a cheerful one, is valuable as containing all we know of the closing years of her life. "My Mama is with my sister Polly. Since my father's death, she has been very infirm, and has almost refused to be comforted. She has, this winter past, been so lame and sick that, for seven months, she has not walked a step alone, dressed or undressed herself, and there is no prospect of her being any better. This for our comfort, Ma'am, that her mind, which you may remember was sometimes confused, is now perfectly composed, and she waits patiently to know the will of her Lord, and till her great change comes."

Of my grandmother's childhood we know only what may be seen in a portrait taken of her in early life, here reproduced. As, in imagination, we follow her through childhood and youth, associating her with what we know of her father's attractive homes in Boston and Harvard, we are ready to assume that, while faithfully educated as a housewife, her mental culture was not neglected. Indeed, we have evidence of this in one of her manuscript books, where her

Polly Flagg

maiden name repeatedly appears. Many of its leaves have been cut out, and some are badly torn; enough is left, however, to show that, before as well as after marriage, she records there, not only recipes for pudding and cake, but also selections from the old English poets, with here and there an original composition in verse. These last are valuable as showing her reflective turn of mind and the aspirations with which she entered upon life. From one of these, a part of which is gone, I copy the following, in which, after expressing gratitude for the gift of endless life, she asks for heavenly aid in consecrating herself to the highest aims:

"Indulgent God! in vain my tongue essays
For this immortal gift, to speak Thy praise;
How shall my heart its grateful sense reveal
Where all the energy of words must fail.
Oh, may its influence in my life appear;
May every action prove my thanks sincere!
Grant me, great God, a heart to Thee inclined,
Increase my faith and rectify my mind;
Teach me betimes to tread Thy sacred ways,
And to Thy service consecrate my days!
Still, as through life's uncertain maze I stray,
Be Thou the guiding star to mark my way,
Conduct the steps of my unguarded youth,
And point their motions to the paths of Truth!"

The next lines that are legible seem, in view of her many sorrows later in life, and the spirit in which she met them, almost prophetic:

"My God! should adverse fortune be my share,
Let not its terrors tempt me to despair;
But, bravely armed, a steady faith maintain,
And own all best which Thy decrees ordain,
On Thy Almighty Providence depend,
The best protector and the surest Friend!"

To this page she has appended her own signature, "Mary Flagg," with the date "1770."

On another leaf are lines entitled "The Choice," signed "Mary Flagg."

It would be interesting to know whether we have here my grandfather's portrait in the days of their first acquaintance, or a fancy sketch:

"If marriage ever be my lot in life,
And I, by fate, am destined for a wife,
If e'er to love's soft power I yield my heart,
May worth inspire, and merit point the dart!
May he to whom my hand and heart are given
Have every blessing from indulgent heaven,
Each noble virtue with his soul be joined,
And sense adorn, and honour guide his mind.
In temper mild, in judgment sound and clear,
Courteous to all, and to his friend sincere,
Grave, without rudeness, and polite, with ease,
His rule, good manners, and his aim to please.
Proud to oblige, a stranger to deceit,
Ambitious rather to be good than great,
May winning candour and unsullied truth
Adorn each action of the accomplished youth.
Blest with his love, no higher bliss desire;
Content with that, let vainer joys expire.
Let vain coquettes their empty triumphs boast,
My only glory is in pleasing most

The youth who best deserves my heart to share,
Whose kind affections claim my every care,
Through the uncertain, rugged paths of life,
Fulfil with joy the duties of a wife,
And, till his growing virtues cease to shine,
Pleased, I'll admire, and strive to make them mine."

I have a record of my mother's birth, and of the leading events of her life, in a letter written to my father by my grandmother four years before she died:

"*Concord, Sept. 2nd, 1817.*

"As I have a presentiment I shall not long be able to write, and every communication respecting our beloved Mary will be acceptable one day to her offspring, and now to yourself, I write now. Mary was born on Sunday morning, the eighth day of October, 1780, and was presented, and received baptism, the same day, by Mr. Harrington, whose eyes were filled with tears of joy, as she was then said to be a precious gift, being our fifth child, and only living one. At three years, she was uncommonly forward in her letters. Her memory was very good. Her first master was Mr. Mead, a young minister, who boarded with us, and was very fond of her brother and herself. She daily progressed in everything set before her. Her strength of mind was very perceptible at an early age. She could commit to memory faster than many children could at her age read. Her father, after a long confinement, died in 1788. In 1790, she came to Concord."

The following letter to her mother was evidently written at school, and may have been given her to write as a composition:

"*Lancaster, October 9th, 1789.*

"*Hon^d^ Mad^m^*,—Your goodness to me I cannot express. My mind is continually crowded with your kindness. If your goodness could be rewarded, I hope God will repay you. If you remember, some time ago I read you a story in 'the Mother's Gift,' but I hope I shall never resemble Miss Gonson. O Dear! what a thing it is to disobey one's parents. I have one of the best Masters. He gave me a sheet of paper this morning. I hope Uncle Flagg will come up. I am quite tired of looking for Betsy, but I hope she will come. When school is done keeping, I shall come to Sudbury. What a fine book Mrs. Chapone's Letters is! My time grows short, and I must make my letter short.

Your dutiful daughter,

P. W."

I wish I was able to add to these records of the first nine years of my mother's life an exact transcript of a few lines which were once among her papers, but which I no longer find there. I think I can give from memory the substance of what I have often read on that worn scrap of yellow paper. After saying that she gave the morning hour to her devotions and to reading of Scripture, she says, "After breakfast, dusted the parlour, sewed on my muslin hand-

kerchief, studied my lesson, read, took a walk." There were some good resolutions on the subject of early rising and industry, which are not distinct in my memory. The record showed her, when she was but nine years old, "commending herself to the guidance of duty" with an earnestness which is unusual at that age.

The removal to Concord, mentioned in my grandmother's letter, was the result of her marriage to Dr. Isaac Hurd of that town. He was a physician in large practice, a widower with five young children, three sons and two daughters, about the ages of her Mary and Henry. Mrs. Rapallo writes, "They seemed a remarkably happy, united family, they grew up together in harmony and love." That the happiness resulting from this union of families was greatly due to my grandmother's beautiful spirit of unselfishness cannot be doubted. In illustration of the admirable manner in which she filled the place of mother to children not her own, Mrs. Rapallo gives the following anecdote, which was told her in her youth. Not long after my grandmother's removal to Concord she received a call from an acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Her visit so far exceeded the usual bounds of a morning call as to excite the surprise of the family. The dinner-hour drew near, and, as she showed no intention of leaving, she was asked, comparative stranger though she was, to remain and dine with them. The invitation was accepted. After dinner, and just before leaving, she said, "To be

frank with you, Mrs. Hurd, I must tell you that I had a purpose in my visit to-day. I have been told that you were so entirely without partiality in your treatment of your children that it would be impossible for any one to know, by your manner, which were your own and which were Dr. Hurd's. I did n't believe it, and I came to see. I am perfectly satisfied. It is as I have been told." Little as we can admire the intrusive neighbour, this tradition is valuable for the view it gives us of my grandmother, which does but confirm the statements of others.

One of Dr. Hurd's nieces, who was intimate in his family, always spoke to me of my grandmother as "the model stepmother." My father used to say it seemed to him she was, if possible, more devoted to Dr. Hurd's children than to her own. They grew up under her care, rewarding it in every respect. The three sons engaged early in commerce. Thompson, the oldest, was lost at sea, in 1801. He seems to have been greatly beloved by his family. The two daughters, Sally and Betsy, and the youngest son, Benjamin, my grandmother nursed through protracted illness, closing their eyes at last. The second son, Isaac, married and lived in Concord. To his young family his stepmother was no less devoted than she had been to her own. He was a true son to her, and the only one who survived her.

She was no less a model wife than mother. Her devotion to Dr. Hurd and his interests was absolute and entire. No claim was allowed to take precedence

of his. She took a personal interest in his patients, and many demands were made upon her time by his profession. He had, also, a farm, the supervision of which devolved chiefly upon her, in those days of primitive simplicity when one female domestic was considered enough to meet the demands of any family, however large or however given to hospitality.

My grandmother's "Betty" is remembered by the few who still live to tell of the pleasant home in Concord, with which she was as much identified as any member of the household. She is spoken of as faithful and untiring, but as quite dependent upon my grandmother's head to help her through the mazes of her various duties, and bring them to a successful issue. When we consider my grandmother's delicate health and intellectual tastes, we cannot but regret, as did her contemporaries, that Dr. Hurd, with his ample means, did not more effectually relieve her from the fatiguing labour which, in addition to usual household cares, came upon her in connection with the farm. She, however, was never heard to complain of what was before her to be done, and only mentions it occasionally as a reason for cutting short a letter, or denying herself the pleasure of a visit; as, for instance, in a letter of August 11, 1813: "The day, if we rise before the sun, will not allow us to accomplish the business before us. Haying and reaping add to our cares very much. Ten men to board and lodge has tried my strength, and

sometimes my patience, but all these things will soon have an end."

As for Dr. Hurd, although the family letters show him to have been an affectionate husband and father, and, in religious feelings and principles, he was in sympathy with my grandmother, we cannot escape the conviction, from the testimony of those who knew him, that he was a person of narrow views and of a somewhat selfish, exacting nature, in striking contrast to her own.

Among the pleasures which her new home brought to my mother were the friendships she formed with the families of Dr. Hurd's two brothers in Charlestown, Massachusetts. They both had daughters near the ages of my mother and her step sisters. With all of them my mother seems to have been a favourite. The one of their number who most attracted her was Ruth, the second daughter of Mr. Joseph Hurd, distinguished in youth, as she was throughout a life of unusual length, for her personal and mental charms. My mother seems to have regarded her with the tenderness which an older sister feels for a younger; while she, in turn, looked up to my mother with the enthusiasm often felt by a young girl for one beautiful and admired, some years older than herself.

As her "lovely friend Ruth" developed into womanhood, my mother gave her the greatest proof of her affection by cherishing the hope of seeing her united to her brother Henry. She could hardly have

felt more interest in her than this hope implies, if she had foreseen that, in the distant future, she was to become the stepmother of her daughters. My mother's memory was affectionately cherished by this friend of her youth. During the closing years of her long life, when her mind was as bright as ever, it was her delight to talk of my mother, to whom, she said, more than to any one else, she was indebted, in early life, for stimulating and guiding her intellectual tastes. A short time before her death, and after her ninetieth birthday, she wrote to me a letter containing, among other memories of my mother, the following: "I remember her as she was when she first came to Concord, a fascinating child. She was a sweet natural singer, and I can now recall, perfectly, the words, though not the music, of one of her little songs, although I never met with them once from that time to this. Her whole appearance as she sang, and the lovely tones of her voice, impressed them upon my memory, and I can now recall, as if it were yesterday, the charm of her manner, as she sang these words:

"O fortune, how strangely thy gifts are awarded,
How much to thy shame thy caprice is recorded!
Witness brave Belisarius, who begged for a half-penny,
'Date obolum, date obolum Belisario.'"

Dr. Bigelow tells me that one of my mother's gifts in childhood was original composition in verse. He remembers that she composed an elegy, at that early age, on the death of her father.

Of my mother's education, after her removal to Concord, my grandmother writes: "When she first came to Concord, she went to the Grammar School kept by Mr. Whiting, and, afterwards, to Dr. Bancroft. For several years, a Miss Burrell from Boston kept a private school possessed of every advantage usual at that day except music. Mary was always a favourite with all her instructors, who were pleased to say she excelled in every thing she undertook." This is all we are told of my mother's school days.

CHAPTER II

1796–1801

CONCORD: YOUTH, ENGAGEMENT, MARRIAGE TO MR. VAN SCHALKWYCK

OUR next record is from my mother's cousin Ruth, as contained in the letter already quoted. She says, "I have a most lively impression of one of my childhood days, even as early as twelve years of age, with many others similar, but that I specially refer to occurred at the time of your mother's leaving us in Charlestown, after a visit of a few weeks, when she was about sixteen, and full of enthusiasm. She asked me to write, promising to answer my letters. I made a reluctant promise to answer her letter, which I greatly desired to receive."

The following is the letter above mentioned:

"*Concord, August 20th, 1797.*

"Your request that I would write to you, my dear Cousin, has prevailed over a consciousness of my own inability to offer any thing for your perusal equal to my wishes, or, I fear, to your expectations. But you have assured me a letter would give you pleasure, and I believe you too sincere to assert what you do not feel. I write, therefore, in reliance that I shall be received with candour, and that every blemish will be seen softened by the mild eye of affection.

"In settling the first article of our correspondence,

I propose we give Distrust, Formality, and their attendant Coldness, to the winds, and that we take, in their stead, Confidence, Sincerity, and Love. This being premised, we, neither of us, plead, as an excuse for not writing, want of topics, or of expressions to clothe them. The language of the *heart* is the language of *nature*, it is easily spoken and easily understood, and I would give more for five lines of it than for five pages of the cold, methodical labours of the head. I say this to you, because I think you will feel it. I would not say it to many, because I think the generality incapable of understanding it: to talk of Sensibility, and those exquisitely refined powers of the Soul, to them is a mere unintelligible jargon. Ever since I was capable of making any observations, I have remarked in you a very unusual share of this quick delicacy of mind, and, though it irresistibly attracts my affection, I would caution you against indulging it to an excess. I would, by no means, wish you to extinguish it, or even to blunt it, but only to strengthen it with judgment and fortitude. I would wish you ever to possess the same fine susceptibility you do at present, but I wish you to have the power of resisting your feelings, whenever they would tend to make you greatly unhappy.

"To you I do not think an apology for this sermonizing necessary; you will accept it as coming from a heart warmed with affection towards you. Present to your parents the best respects, and to your sister the love, of your

MARY WILDER."

Apparently, the young cousin of twelve did not feel equal to entering upon a correspondence so early. Two years passed away before she ventured a reply to this letter. They were eventful years to my mother, as appears from even the few records we have of them. Among the recollections of her during this part of her life, there are none more valuable than those cherished by Dr. Jacob Bigelow, another of her favourite relatives. He and my mother were own cousins. She was about six years older than he. I know of no one who has a more vivid memory of her than Dr. Bigelow. He has now entered upon his ninetieth year, is quite blind, and confined to his bed; but his mind is clear as ever, and his memory of people and events in the past quite distinct. After taking my seat by his bedside some weeks since, and receiving from him the usual cordial greeting, I asked him if, while lying there, his mind reverted much to the past. He replied that it did. I then asked, "Among those whose memories rise before you, do you ever think of my mother?" He exclaimed with great warmth of manner, "Do I think of your mother? Indeed I do. She was my guiding star. I looked up to her as to a superior being." He had previously told me what pleasure he had, when a boy, in driving over to Concord for her in a chaise, and bringing her to his mother's house in Sudbury, where it was not unusual for her to make visits of some weeks in length. He remembers that after the publication of Mrs. Radcliffe's novels she would de-

light them all by narrating them. He recollects their sitting on the stairs in the front entry, listening to her relation of them, which they all thought more interesting received from her lips than when read from the book. He says that in narrating a story she gave every detail, so that one story would be continued ten days or more. She gave the conversations with great dramatic power, personating each character as she spoke. He remembers her giving "The Mysteries of Udolpho" with such power that after passing an evening listening to her he was afraid to be alone in the dark, and, on getting into bed, covered his head with the bedclothes in terror from the pictures which had been so vividly presented to his imagination.

Upon his telling me that when visiting at his mother's house she took him under her tutelage, I asked him, "In what way?" He replied, "For one thing, I remember she used to have me read with her out of the same book, and I recollect that, when I had made my way over a few lines of a page, I would find her at the foot of it. I can recall the rapidity with which she possessed herself of the contents of a page."

The following letter was written by her to her cousin Eliza Bigelow:

"*Concord, March 20th, 1798.*

"I received much pleasure from my dear Eliza's letter, and, in return, will tell her all the news I can

think of. Last Friday eve closed, I hope, the assemblies and balls for this season. I can say most sincerely I *hope* this, for I am tired of dissipation. The brilliant appearance of a full dressed assembly, the animating notes of sprightly music, and the flattering attention of the Beaux, certainly amuse the fancy, perhaps gratify vanity, (and who is there that is wholly free from it), but interest not the heart; and, after the charm of novelty has worn off, when sober reason takes the place of extravagant imagination, we then discover how dearly we have paid for a few hours' amusement. I am sure I have reason to say this, for I paid a fortnight's indisposition for a few hours' dancing; for this, however, I am to blame my own imprudence in going out when warm with exercise, but I have got over it, and am now very well.

"I promised you, in the beginning of my letter, to tell you all the news I could think of; to be as good as my word, I must inform you Papa has received another letter from Mr. Schalkwyck, dated 'Paris, Nov. 17th.' He says he shall embark for America soon, so as to arrive early in the spring. He has recovered between sixty and seventy thousand dollars of his estate, or rather, he has so much given him, as compensation, in part, for the plantations that were destroyed, which belonged to his family."

The beloved Cousin Ruth, in looking back upon this period, and speaking of my mother's self-culture, says, "I remember she loved to speak of an

English lady as a very good friend of hers, and quite accomplished in the French language,—Madam Walker, to whose kind attention she was indebted in learning to read and write the French language. This lady boarded in Concord, in the same family with Mr. Van Schalkwyck, and here the very early attachment with this gentleman was first formed. He was a man of education and refinement. I knew him only as a great invalid."

Mrs. Rapallo, in writing of this part of my mother's life, says, "Your mother, beautiful, accomplished, admired by all who knew her, with, I think, a touch of romance in her delicate nature, became strongly attached to a French gentleman, who was boarding in Concord, and became engaged to him." From papers in my possession, I infer that this engagement occurred during the winter of 1797–98, when my mother was but seventeen years old.

Mr. Van Schalkwyck[1] was of patrician descent, a French refugee from the West Indies; he was born in Guadeloupe, July 12, 1772. From Mr. Dureste Blanchet, one of my mother's most valued friends, I have learned more of him than from any other source. Mr. Blanchet was a relative and intimate friend of Mr. Van Schalkwyck. He used to speak of him to me as an accomplished gentleman, a man of intellect and character, worthy of the heart he won. I first knew Mr. Blanchet when I was a girl of six-

[1] His full name was Antoine Van Schalkwyck Classe Courcelle. It was pronounced "Skalk'wyck."—Ed.

teen, at which time he visited at my father's house. He then answered to my idea of a gentleman of the old school. I loved him for the enthusiasm with which he cherished my mother's memory, and for the interest he showed in the children she had left. He, like Mr. Van Schalkwyck, was a West India planter, a royalist driven from his own country to this during the French Revolution, at the same time with Mr. Van Schalkwyck. First, he went to Boston and vicinity. Later, with quite a colony of the French, he settled in New Jersey, where he married a French lady of high descent. They had a large family of children. Some of their descendants still live in this country, and the friendship which existed between Mr. Blanchet and my mother, and which he extended to her children, has come down as an inheritance to members of both families, and exists with unabated warmth to the present day.

Among those who came to this country with Mr. Blanchet and Mr. Van Schalkwyck, and settled in New Jersey, was the Baron Van Schalkwyck de Boisaubin, a distant cousin of Mr. Van Schalkwyck. He was a chevalier of the Order of St. Louis, and belonged to the bodyguard of Louis XVIth. I find among my mother's papers a letter from him to Mr. Van Schalkwyck, which I copy here because it throws light upon the character of one who, from his connection with my mother, has a claim upon the consideration of her descendants:

"*Morris Town, Oct. 22nd, 1798.*

"It grieves me, my dear Schalkwyck, to inform you of an event which will cause to you a great deal of pain. Your sentiments and tender feelings are known to me, but, though it is hard to me to entertain you with so afflicting a subject, it is necessary that you be informed of it on account of your business. We have received letters dated St. Bartholomew, from Mr. Bellevue, which apprise us of your father's death. I need not tell you how far this event affected me. When those moral virtues, honesty and probity, are united in the same person at a time which vices are looked upon as ornaments almost everywhere, we need not be relations to regret that one who carried with him all these precious qualities [words missing]. A very great comfort remains to us, that is, we can say that we see with satisfaction the son inherit all his virtues.

Adieu, &c.

BOISAUBIN."

This is all that we know of Mr. Van Schalkwyck. Of what my mother was at the time of her engagement to him, and later, one of Concord's chroniclers says, "Before her first marriage, and during her widowhood, she was the most distinguished of all the young ladies of Concord, for beauty, grace, and sprightliness; and the fascination of her manners and conversation made the hospitable mansion of Dr. Hurd a most attractive place to the young men

of that day, and has come down, as a beautiful tradition, to later times."

The happiness that came to her from her early engagement must have been greatly alloyed by the anxiety and care to which it introduced her. Mr. Van Schalkwyck was compelled, by the death of his father, to return to the West Indies, under circumstances which were fraught with peculiar danger to him.[1]

Of all the letters she must have sent to him during his protracted absence, we have only the following, which shows what she suffered from hope deferred:

"*Wednesday afternoon,*
Concord, April 3rd, 1799.

"I am sick at heart; it is now almost four months since you left this country, and not one line have I received from you. Suspense is intolerable. I know not your fate. I am ignorant of your reception at Guadeloupe, if indeed you have ever reached it. Perhaps you have not received either of the packets I have written, but, even if you have not heard from me, your anxiety cannot equal mine. You left me in a secure and peaceful village, under the protection of affectionate parents, you have every reason to suppose that I remain so, and that I am in health.

[1] The laws in Guadeloupe, as in France, were very severe against emigrants, who were considered disloyal and worthy of punishment. Many who returned to the island were thrown in prison, transported, or otherwise punished. Besides, there were threatened massacres of the whites by the blacks. — Ed.

But how different your situation! I knew that you were rushing into danger. Not a day, not a night has passed but I have beheld you, (in my mind's eye) a prisoner, sick, perhaps dying. I have sought to calm my soul by the maxims of Philosophy, but I found them weak and powerless when opposed to the strong emotions of affection. I then called in the aid of Religion. I implored the mercy of that Being who is infinitely powerful and gracious; to His care I commended you, and my soul was soothed; but still the weakness of humanity will at times prevail, and this dreadful suspense racks me with doubts and fears.

"I read your last letters from New York, and weep. Sometimes I indulge the hope of your return. I anticipate the joys of our meeting, but I soon return to despondency. I remember this is the picture of fancy, which I may never realize. Yet think not my mind is always agitated thus,—human nature could not bear it. I endeavour to appear cheerful to others. With regard to my health, which you expressed so much anxiety for, it is very good. I think the journey to Wachusett was of essential benefit to me. I have had good health ever since. I have now complied with your request, and my own inclinations, in telling you all my feelings, in giving you a transcript of my heart."

In reply to a letter from Ruth Hurd, congratulating her on the unexpected return of Mr. Van Schalkwyck, she wrote:

"*Concord, 27th September, 1799.*

"'The intention constitutes the act.' If this is truth, my dear Ruth, and you are convinced of it, I need offer no apology for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered, but simply to assure you, that I intended to have written immediately on receiving it. Numerous avocations, but, above all, the spirit of Procrastination, induced me to defer from day to day, what I considered as not less a duty than a pleasure. A duty, for our correspondence was a voluntary engagement on my side, which not even a sense of my inability to contribute to your amusement can wholly annul; you, only, have the power to do that; and, as soon as you find an interchange of letters with me to be tiresome, (which, I prophesy, will be ere long), I beg you to give me a candid hint, and thus save yourself the chagrin of reading, and me the mortification of writing, unwelcome letters.

"Accept my thanks for your congratulations on the return of my friend: but, what do you think of Madame Sévigné's proposal, of mourning whenever we behold a beloved friend, from the reflection that we must soon part with them? I fancy you will say, as some one else did, 'twould be a great folly to grieve all our life-time, because death must come at last.'

"It is really the case that one knows not when to be sad or joyous; the vicissitudes of life change the tone of our minds each moment. But, blind as we

are to futurity, ignorant in so great a degree of the consequences of things, what absurdity to suffer ourselves to be either elevated to rapture or depressed to sadness by events of which we know not the termination. Does not common-sense inculcate equanimity of temper, to say nothing of Religion? But, surely, if we think at all of the Wise, Beneficent, and Powerful Being who formed the universe, and whose Providence is as extensive as His works, we must believe that He directs all circumstances to conduce to the ultimate happiness of those who place their confidence in Him, and who endeavour, by conforming to His laws, to secure His approbation. How utterly unable we are to decide what is best for ourselves! Are we not, in this present life, this morning of existence, like capricious children, who would be spoilt were they indulged in all their whims and wishes? How easy it is to *reason*, but alas! how difficult to *act!* This is oft my exclamation when the weakness of humanity prevails over the sublimity of faith."

Mr. Van Schalkwyck returned to Guadeloupe in the autumn of 1799. The next letter we have from my mother is addressed to her friend Dureste Blanchet:

"*Concord, April 28th, 1800.*

"The certainty of painfully affecting a friend I sincerely esteem, inspires me with an unconquerable reluctance to address you. Under the mask of insensi-

bility, I know you conceal exquisite feeling. Oh, that I was ignorant of this! I could then tranquilly bid you prepare for the disappointment of your expectation of beholding a beloved sister this spring; I could with more composure impart to you the intelligence of her illness, which I received from Van Schalkwyck in a letter, the evening before last. He requests me to inform you that her long indisposition has terminated in the dropsy; our friend received this sad intelligence from St. Bartholomew, the 15th March. Would to Heaven the voice of sympathizing friendship might blunt the arrows of misery!

"To a soul like yours, fortified by the pure, sublime, consolatory truths of Christian Philosophy, common-place condolence would appear arrogant vanity. To the wise and beneficent Power we both adore, and to your own firm mind I leave you,—with assurances of a friendship which can never end till Dureste ceases to be virtuous and noble."

And again:

"*Concord, July 16th, 1800.*

"'T is unnecessary to say I most sincerely sympathize with you, my valued friend. In the school of Adversity, Virtue is perfected. To me, this school appeared unnecessary for Dureste; Supreme Wisdom thought otherwise; and your merciful Father, by removing many of this world's attractions, is drawing you nearer to Himself, the source of felicity.

"Yesterday brought me a packet from Schalkwyck; he is now at St. Bartholomew, where he has been lately ill with a fever; the 6th of June, he was —God be thanked!—on the recovery. He requests me to remember him to you with brotherly friendship, and to chide you a little for negligence: he has not received one line from you, but has written to you three times."

I introduce here the following letter to my mother from her brother Henry, because every line from him, however trivial his subject, has value in my eyes:

"*Charlestown, May 5th, 1800.*

"We arrived at Charlestown at precisely half-past twelve, after a very agreeable ride, conversing on the road upon several subjects, viz. wind, weather, beautiful, agreeable, and sensible ladies and gentlemen, and the contrary, friends and acquaintances of all denominations, etc., etc.

"When I was up last, Mamma said she wished Isaac and I could get a piece of linen for our own wear. We have, accordingly, been able to procure one, and should be much obliged by having it sent down as soon as made up.

"Our luck in the lottery was not great,—we were however, not losers.

"'Thus runs the great Lottery of Life,
In which we all draw blanks and prizes alternate,
But, in the end, we 're sure,

If we but act our parts aright,
Our last-drawn blank will be the highest prize.'

"Once reading will be sufficient for this, if then you will take the trouble just to toss it into the fire, you will oblige your truly affectionate brother,

H. WILDER."

Another letter from Henry, dated "July 25th, 1800," ends with these words: "That health and happiness may always attend his sister is the hope on which rests the happiness of your

Truly affectionate brother,

H. WILDER."

When Henry says that his own happiness rests upon that of his sister he does but express their mutual dependence: his sister's happiness was bound up in his. Among other recollections of her in her youth, given me by Dr. Bigelow, he says, "I remember, after I had left home to fit for college, that, on my returning once for a visit, my mother told me that Mary Wilder had been to see her; that, according to Mary's request, they had occupied the same room at night, which was passed principally in conversation, Mary shedding many tears, as she talked of her bitter disappointment in the decision at home that Henry was not to go to college. His tastes and talents fitted him for that education; he desired and had expected it. His mother's property was sufficient to warrant the expectation, and to Mary it

seemed unjust, on the part of her stepfather, to apply it in any other direction."[1] We can easily sympathize with the sister's feelings on the occasion, yet, for Dr. Hurd, it may be said that it was natural he should take the same course with Henry that he did with his own sons. The fact that their uncles in Charlestown were merchants, actively engaged in commerce, gave the young men peculiar advantages for business life. That Isaac and Henry were in their employ at this time may be inferred from the date of Henry's letter.

The following letter to my mother from Mr. Blanchet tells us all we know of the time of Mr. Van Schalkwyck's return from the West Indies:

"*Wrentham, November 18th, 1800.*

"With eagerness, I improve this opportunity to return my most lively thanks to my much esteemed friend, Mary, for her evinced kindness in forwarding to me Schalkwyck's letter, which came on hand yesterday, by the mail. Since she is acquainted with the tender good-will I bear its writer, it becomes needless to mention how much joy it gave me to hear from S. himself that he was well, and in fine spirits. Without doubt, Mary's sympathizing heart is actuated with similar sensations, anticipates full as much as I do the gratifying happiness of seeing again soon our much beloved friend. He writes that he was go-

[1] I believe that Mr. Gershom Flagg bequeathed some real estate, to be applied to giving his grandsons a college education, and, in Dr. Bigelow's case, it was used for that purpose. — Ed.

ing to take his passage to America, in the first convoy that should leave the West Indies. His letter bears date of the 2nd of September, so, with some propriety, we may expect that he shall be with us ere this month is out. May Gracious Heaven take him under His fatherly protection in the course of the voyage, and shortly waft him to his friend's arms."

From this letter of Mr. Blanchet's we may infer that Mr. Van Schalkwyck's return was not long delayed. We have no letters written by my mother during the spring of 1801. We learn, from other sources, of the anxiety and distress which she then suffered. From letters of Mr. Blanchet to her, the last bearing the post-mark April 27th, 1801, it appears that Mr. Van Schalkwyck had been dangerously ill, probably in Boston:

"*Wrentham, Friday morning, 1801.*

"With an infinite satisfaction, dear Mary, I learnt, by your interesting epistle, closed on the morning of Monday last, which, however, I received but yesterday evening, that our beloved friend Schalkwyck continues to improve in health. The various accidents which lately threatened his life having subsided, as you mentioned, now leave us almost a positive reason to hope that, with the intervening goodness of Providence, he shall soon be restored to the ardent wishes of his friends in a perfect state of welfare. May our prayers, on this occasion, ascend to heaven and be heard!

"The delay experienced in hearing from you and Courcelle [the brother of Mr. S.] indeed caused me some anxieties at first, but, upon remembering this old axiom, 'no news, good news,' I easily quieted my mind, and your letter proved that I was not wrong; besides, its contents is so pleasing to my heart that, had I even been offended at your silence, I would have forgotten it to think of the happy circumstances you imparted me with.

"The favourable account you give of Mr. De Cheverus does not at all surprise me. He deserves all the good you may think of him, being himself good, by excellency. It gives me pleasure to know that he has repeated his visits to our friend. His conversation is comforting, as well as entertaining.

"Tell Schalkwyck that he would have received before this time, the preserved apples I was to send him, if I had been able to procure, myself, the raw ones. They are not to be obtained about here. If he can send up some from Boston, Mrs. De la Roche will, with pleasure, have them fixed for him. Accept my best regards and wishes for everything that could enlarge your share of happiness, and believe me, for ever, with perfect sincerity, your affectionate friend,

DURESTE B."

Mrs. Rapallo writes, of Mr. Van Schalkwyck's illness, "He was taken very ill in Boston, and his doctor said his only chance of recovery was to return to his

native air. Your mother went immediately to Boston and was married."

I find among my mother's papers a copy of a Boston newspaper, the *Columbian Centinel*, of "Saturday, June 27th, 1801," which contains the following record: "Married on Thursday last, at the Roman Catholic Chapel, M. Anthony Van Schalkwyck, from the Island of Guadeloupe, to Miss Mary Wilder of Concord." I have been told that the ceremony was performed by Bishop Cheverus, who was my mother's warm friend from the time they first met till she died. The two months immediately following her marriage were passed at her mother's house in Concord, the next month in Newburyport.

The following letter, though undated, was undoubtedly written during the summer. It was addressed to M. Antoine Van Schalkwyck, and was written by Madame Courcelle, the wife of his older brother, who had just returned to Guadeloupe after an exile of seven years:

"Il m'est impossible, mon cher frère et bon ami, de vous exprimer toute la joie que j'ai ressentie en embrassant mon cher Courcelle. Après sept ans d'absence, de peines, et de chagrins de tous les genres, cette faveur du ciel me semble si grande que j'ai peine a me persuader que ce soit une réalité! Ah! pourquoi ma chère maman, ma tendre sœur Adelaïde n'existent-elles pas pour être témoins de

mon bonheur! pourquoi la perte de mes enfants, et celle de tous mes parents chéris ont-elles imprimé dans mon cœur un sentiment de douleur qui m'ôte tout espoir de jouir en ce bas monde d'une félicité pure et sans mélange! Mais nul mortel ne jouit d'un bonheur parfait, et celui que je goûte à present surpasse mon espérance, et j'en rends grace au ciel.

"J'ai appris avec plaisir que vous étiez unis à votre charmante amie; vous ne devez pas douter que je n'en sois bien aise; tout ce que peut contribuer à votre bonheur, ajoute à ma satisfaction; et il m'est doux de penser que j'aurai en elle une sœur dont le caractère simpatisera avec le mien; une sœur du choix de mon cher frère ne saurait manquer de posseder toute mon affection.

"Ce que Courcelle m'a dit de votre état me cause beaucoup d'inquiétude. Vous ne sauriez donner une plus grande marque d'attachement à vos amis, que les soins que vous prendrez pour vous conserver pour eux. Vous savez combien votre vie leur précieuse, et combien elle est nécessaire à leur bonheur; ainsi, ménagez-vous, mon cher frère, et songez que le jour qui vous réunira au reste de ma famille ne me laissera plus rien à désirer. N'ayez aucune inquiétude sur le compte de votre frère; il a été très-bien accueilli. Le Général Lacrosse ne demande pas mieux que de voir rentrer touts les honnêtes gens; il dit qu'il désire se faire des amis de tous les ancien habitans de cette colonnie, mais je crois que toutes les démarches que l'on pourroit faire pour réclamer ses

propriétés avant la fin des locations seroient inutiles. Je compte aller à la Pointe avec Courcelle dans quelques jours, et je tâcherai d'obtenir des secours pour lui. Si le succès de mes démarches répond à mes désirs, je vous ferai passer quelques moyens, et vous enverrai une petite nôte des effets dont j'ai besoin, pour vous prier de me les procurer. En attendant, si vous pouviez me faire passer deux petits chapeaux de castor arrangés avec des plumes, un petit parasol, et quelques paires de gants à femme, vous me feriez bien plaisir, car ces objets sont très rares et très chères ici.

"Courcelle vous écris; il vous dira comme il m'a trouvé changée; enfin, il ne m'appelle que sa vieille. Vous pensez bien qu'on n'est pas à vingt-sept ans ce que l'on étoit à dix-neufs,—et sept ans de malheurs ne m'ont pas rajeunie. Je ne dis pas de même de lui; à quelques brins de cheveux blancs près, il est plus joli homme qu'avant son départ, ou, du moins, je le trouve tel. Adieu, mon cher frère, je vous embrasse un million de fois, ainsi que votre charmante épouse, et je fais des vœux au ciel pour le rétablissement de votre santé.

SOPHIE DÉGRÉAUX COURCELLE."

On September 6th, 1801, Henry Wilder wrote from Concord to Mr. Van Schalkwyck, as follows:

"*My dear Brother*,—The affair of my voyage to the East Indies is at last given up, as Mr. Lyman has found it impossible to get the vessel ready in

season for that voyage, but he will not suffer her to lie in port, and whatever voyage he does determine upon, I may have the same berth as I should have had, had he been able to have fitted her out for the N. W. voyage. One of the owners told Mr. Adams that the vessel would now be fitted out either for France or the Mediterranean, on a trading voyage. I must confess I should not be very fond of going up the Straits now that the Barbary powers have 'let loose the dogs of war.' You, my dear brother, and Mary, have been so kind as to wish me to go with you to Guadeloupe, and I will own to you that, if the bargain for the Lancaster place had not fallen through, nothing would give me greater pleasure.

"If I have not written enough about myself, I will inform you that I am very well, and that anxiety for the health and happiness of my dear Mary and her Schalkwyck often engages the mind of their brother,

H. WILDER."

To this letter Mr. Schalkwyck replied as follows:

"*Newburyport, Sept. 10th, 1801.*

"Your letter, my dear Henry, has been duly received, which informs me that your voyage to the East Indies has failed. I cannot say that I am sorry for it, because I am far from viewing the advantages of it in the same light with you. In this case, it is certainly necessary that you change your plan. When I first heard of your going to the East Indies, you must remember what I told you about it. It struck

me that if you would go to Guadeloupe with me, where you will find a home and friends, make yourself master of the French language, and, a few months after, get into business, which are very profitable there, it would be, in my opinion, the best plan you could form in your present time of life. I have no doubt but, having the confidence of your friends here and at Guadeloupe, you cannot fail to succeed.

"I invite you, therefore, to think seriously on it, only I beg you to follow the wish of your own heart. In such circumstances, we ought always to determine for ourselves. If your decision is to go to Guadeloupe, you may think how much it will afford me satisfaction. It will be an increase of happiness to Mary, and, at Guadeloupe as in every place, you will ever be treated as an affectionate brother. Mary has wrote to your Mamma, and tells her more about you. Undoubtedly she will impart it to you. Since you have been gone, I feel much better, and hope it will continue so.

"You will present my best respects to your parents, and kiss the girls for me. We anticipate to see you soon. Adieu. I wish every happiness—and believe me,

"Your affectionate brother and good friend,

A. VAN SCHALKWYCK."

Henry decided to go to Guadeloupe. Mrs. Rapallo, writing to me of this event, says, "Your Uncle Henry, then, I think, about twenty, said he could

not let his sister go alone, with an invalid, to a foreign country—that he must go with her, and return when she landed." Doubtless Henry's anxiety for his sister influenced him in his decision, and this added poignancy to her grief under his loss; but it is evident that he went with the purpose of remaining in the island, and pursuing the course recommended by Mr. Van Schalkwyck. On September 29th, 1801, they sailed from Newburyport for Guadeloupe.

In a letter to my mother begun at the same date, her stepsister Sally expresses her hope of seeing her again within two years. She says also:

"*October 18th.* Ere this will reach you, my dear sister, I trust Heaven's propitious gales will have wafted you to the native shore of our beloved Van Schalkwyck. You will have seen the lovely and interesting Sophie. She can no longer be called unfortunate. Her exiled husband, and beloved brother have returned to her, and the partner of that tender brother makes up the happy group. I wish you to send me a description of this lovely woman. Will you remember me to Courcelle, and his dear Sophie, and tell them I wish them much happiness?"

CHAPTER III

OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1801

GUADELOUPE: INSURRECTION, DEATH OF HENRY WILDER AND MR. VAN SCHALKWYCK, PLOT OF NEGROES

ON their arrival at Guadeloupe Henry Wilder wrote as follows to his parents:

"*Port-Libre (formerly Port Louis), Guadeloupe, October 22nd, 1801.*

"*Dear and Honoured Parents*,—It is with the greatest pleasure that I hasten to inform you of our arrival at this place in health and safety, after a passage of twenty-two days from Newbury Port. Mary was extremely sick all the time; the vessel being small (seventy-five tons), and accommodations not very good, made it much worse than it would otherwise have been. Schalkwyck has been as well, if not better, since he left Newbury Port. The sea air suits his constitution very well. It was about six in the afternoon of the 21st when we arrived. I went on shore with the captain, who has been very kind and obliging to us, but could not get permission for Schalkwyck to land, until the physician of the town had visited the vessel, for it seems that they are as much afraid of importing diseases here as we are.

"The evening we arrived, we were informed that there had been some disturbance at Point à Pitre,

and learned, in the morning, that General Lacrosse had sent officers to arrest Pélage, the Deputy Governor, who resides at the Point, and that Pélage had called upon the soldiery to protect him, which they have done. It created a considerable disturbance, in which there was one man killed, and three wounded.[1] Pélage says that he has been guilty of no fault for which he ought to be arrested.

"*27th.* We have news from the Point. Lacrosse is under arrest; it is supposed that he will be sent to France. General Pélage is now the Commandant of the Island. He has issued several proclamations tending to quiet the minds of the inhabitants. He has served in the national army in this island eight years, and has acquired and supported a very good reputation.

"Isaac has, I suppose, by this time doubled Cape Horn. God grant we may soon meet again in our native country.

"Adieu, my dear parents, may all that happiness which a dutiful child ought to wish you, be yours, may your declining years yet be soothed by the presence of all your children, is the constant prayer of your son,

HENRY WILDER."

Three days after her arrival at Guadeloupe my mother wrote as follows to her parents:

[1] A letter, of later date, says that Mr. Courcelle, Mr. Van Schalkwyck's brother, was wounded in the affray.— ED.

"*Port Louis, Guadeloupe, Oct. 24th, 1801.*

"I cannot for a moment doubt the pleasure my most tenderly beloved parents will receive, when they learn the safe arrival of their children at their wished-for port; and that pleasure will be increased, I trust, by an assurance that, except the fatigue occasioned by the voyage, we are all as well as when we left Newbury Port.

"The first nine days of our passage were most unpleasant, the heavens constantly overclouded, the wind contrary, the vessel rolling, and thunder and lightning often rendering the scene more dreadful. But to your Mary, half-dead with sea-sickness, all was indifferent, and I heard Capt. Basset, on the tenth night, say to Mr. S. 'I shall lay to to-night, for, positively, I feel very unsafe to continue our course,—we have been unable to take the sun these three days; by my reckoning, we must be very near the Bermudas, and I should not like to run on the rocks, as many vessels do every year;' I heard this—I heard them all expatiate on the dangers of that fatal cluster of islands, situated in the middle of the ocean, and so low they cannot be discovered in the night till you are near,—often too near them—without the least emotion; the idea of death was neither painful nor terrific,—so totally had the long continuance of sea-sickness unnerved body and mind, that I should scarcely have raised my hand to save my life. This illness continued, in a degree, the twenty-two days of our passage. I was carried every day by

the captain and Henry from the cabin, and laid on a mattrass on the deck; and, at night, I can compare my feelings on returning to my berth only to those of the slave, who feels his cruel master loading him with chains. Praised be Providence! Mr. Schalkwyck was rather better than worse during the passage; and Henry, except the first two or three days, very well. Our servant was not sick, and was remarkably faithful and attentive.

"By the dawning of day on the morn of the 21st of October, I was awaked by the cry of 'all hands ahoa,' and a moment after, Henry slid into the cabin, with the joyful news of land. The island of Deseada was in view, rising like a mountain from the bosom of ocean. I cannot express my sensations on beholding the firm land once more, and they were heightened to an almost painful degree when, a few hours after, Guadeloupe arose like a faint cloud on the horizon. The heat of the sun was insupportable. I was carried to my berth, whence I was summoned, at three o'clock, to witness a scene new and romantic, beyond anything I ever imagined. We were half a mile from the shore, but it appeared to me near enough to have shaken hands with any one there. The land terminates abruptly by a perpendicular descent to the sea, and, as you sail slowly along this coast, innumerable caverns meet the eye, hollowed by the hand of nature, but apparently the work of art. These caverns were the abode of the ancient inhabitants of this country. They preferred living in

their dark recesses, and subsisting on fish with which the shore abounds, to erecting houses, and cultivating the fertile earth. No verdure can be more bright than the plantations of sugar-cane, no inanimate object more majestic than the palm and cocoa trees, that extend everywhere their hospitable shade. We anchored in the harbor of Port Louis. Previous to the Revolution, this was a rich and flourishing town, but now it presents cruel evidence of the devastations of war. On anchoring, Mr. S. wrote to the Commandant, requesting permission to land; he wrote also to Mr. Tronquier, his tutor, for four or five years, in the University of Paris, to inform him of his arrival. We received an immediate invitation to come to his house, and the next morning, after the physician and captain of the port had been on board, we received permission to land. At the sight of land, I felt strong emotion, but when my foot first felt the earth, when I found myself at liberty to walk, an exercise I had not taken for three weeks,—my sight, my little strength forsook me, and I fainted. On opening my eyes, I found myself surrounded by more than a hundred people of all colours, and apparently of all conditions; it was the day of the Decade, and therefore the crowd of gentlemen, soldiers, and mulattresses was very great. When sufficiently recovered, I was placed in a chair, and carried by negroes to the house of Mr. T.

"*October 27th.* I flatter myself my dear parents will not receive intelligence of the change in the rul-

ers of this Island, till they receive my letter. Henry will give you an account of the late disturbance; for a few hours it was terrific,—but all is past. Be not therefore anxious. General Pélage, who is the successor of General Lacrosse, promises protection to the emigrants, and has issued a proclamation in which he assures them they shall be better treated than by his predecessor. Many royalists return daily, and are as well received by Pélage as by Lacrosse.[1]

"I cannot express the degree of kindness and attention we receive from the inhabitants of this place. Many of Mr. S.'s relations and friends have been to see us, particularly Courcelle, and Madame Cruiselly, his mother's sister, who insists on our passing some time at her house. I believe, however, we shall go very soon to Point à Pitre by water, and from thence by land to St. Ann's. I have had the happiness to be received in the most affectionate manner by all the friends of Mr. S. I am particularly gratified by the cordial warmth of an old and very respectable lady, who has lately returned with her family from Martinique. She is the grandmother of Madame Boisaubin, and a near relation of Mr. S's.

[1] From Lacour's "Histoire de Guadeloupe," I learn that many emigrants returned to the island after an encouraging proclamation in June, 1801, but a large number soon hastened to leave it, fearing devastation and carnage such as had been the portion of San Domingo. The army was composed nine-tenths of blacks and mulattoes. When the revolt occurred on October 21st, which put Pélage, a mulatto, in the office of commandant of the island, in place of Lacrosse, a general alarm was sounded, and there was great consternation, the people fearing an immediate outbreak of pillage and massacre by the blacks.—Ed.

She embraces me, and calls me her dear little daughter. I wish, Mamma, you could see her,—she is the image of goodness, benevolence, and graceful sweetness personified. Monsieur and Madame Tronquier treat us like their children; and, indeed, was there nothing but the hospitality, and the frank and easy manners of the people to recommend this place, that alone would be sufficient."

From my mother:

"*Point à Pitre, Nov. 5th, 1801.*

"The embargo which has been laid on all vessels in this port, ever since the arrest of General Lacrosse, will be taken off this day. I will, therefore, close my little packet, and send it to one of the American captains, for I would not that my dear parents should receive intelligence of the disturbance in this place, till they receive it from the pen of their daughter. Such things are usually exaggerated, and I know you would feel very unhappy till you heard from us.

"Since I wrote you last, Mr. S. has waited on General Pélage, and has been received as well as his most sanguine expectations. The General assured him of his protection while he lived, and told him, if he wished for anything in his power to grant, to come to him at any time. Mr. S. is now settling with the persons who have hired his plantations of the Republic. We expect to go to one of them in the course of a few days. We are now at the house of Mr. Landeville, who is one of the first men in the island. We

have been received with the same hospitality and kindness we experienced at Port Louis. Mr. and Madame Landeville are extremely amiable and pleasing persons, and do every thing in their power to make me forget I am with strangers.

"Early, last evening, the inhabitants were ordered to close their doors, as General Lacrosse was going to be embarked for France. The troops, to the number of twenty-five hundred, were all under arms, and patrolled the streets during the night. Quiet prevails this morning, and every one resumes their variôus employments and pleasures. I shall, however, quit Point à Pitre with pleasure,—the tranquillity of the country was ever pleasing to my heart, and we expect to reside in the pleasantest part of the island, in an airy and healthy situation."

The following letter from Henry Wilder is directed to Mr. Samuel Clark, Charleston, S. C.:

"*Island of Guadeloupe, Point à Pitre, 8th November, 1801.*

"My brother-in-law is much better than when he left Massachusetts. He has recovered one of his sugar plantations since he came, and is in a very good way to get the others. It has been very sickly for the last three months, but now is as healthy as usual.

"There has been, too, a little disturbance in the Government, which has frightened some poor souls almost to death, but I believe all is over now.

"I am going to the country for a month or two,

after which I expect to take up my residence in this town, where any commands from you, or any of your friends, will be attended to with pleasure.

"With sentiments of friendship and esteem,

I remain,

H. WILDER."

Soon, too soon, his purposes were broken off! The very morning on which this letter is dated he was seized with yellow fever, which at the end of the fourth day terminated his life.

The next record is my mother's letter to her minister in Concord, the Rev. Mr. Ripley. Upon the outside of this letter I find the following words in my mother's handwriting: "This letter, which cost me agony inconceivable, was written 15th November, 1801, three days after the death of my beloved Henry."

"*Point à Pitre, November, 1801.*

"*My dear and good Sir*,—Have compassion on a heart almost broken with affliction, and spare me a particular recital of the sickness which, in four days, terminated the life of a brother too, too well beloved.

"O Sir! you must impart this soul-rending intelligence to my unfortunate mother. How she will support it, God knows! I cannot tell her she has no longer a son. O God! have mercy on us!

"Tell my mother to live—to live for the sake of her other friends—especially bid her remember that

the life of her daughter is woven with hers,—that, without the hope of embracing her again, Mary would sink to the grave. Remind her of the innocence of his life, of that sweet and heavenly temper which did, and which willed, ill to no one—remind her that his short life was spent in the cultivation of the talents God had given him—remind her that he has no longer pain, sorrow, or death to suffer. Tell her his life closed remarkably tranquil, and that he is now an angel in Heaven.

"Dear, dear Henry, why should I wish thee back in this world, so full of sorrow and distress, where every day brings new affliction, where we love, but to lose the objects of our tenderness, where we hope, but to be disappointed! Henry, dearest Henry! thou wast to me a Father—Brother—Friend,—too much the object of my pride and my affection. God has punished me by removing thee from me. I adore His decree,—I submit to His will,—tho' it pierces my heart with indescribable sorrow.

"Tell my dear mother we have the consolation of reflecting Henry had every possible attention. If human aid could have saved him, he would be yet alive. He was attended by a celebrated physician and two nurses. On Monday morning, he was seized with the yellow fever—on Thursday evening, God reclaimed the soul He had given.

"To-morrow, Mr. S. and myself expect to leave this place for St. Ann's. From thence I intend writing to my American friends.

"My dear Sir, I give you a most painful task to fulfil, but I know your goodness. My mother is comparatively happy to receive this sad intelligence from one so able to impart consolation. As for me—I would have given worlds to have heard your voice yesterday. My husband is deeply affected, and far from being well. He loved Henry, and sincerely regrets our irreparable loss.

"Have the goodness to tell my parents not to be anxious on my account. I have paid the tribute to the country. For five days after my arrival in this town, I was sick with a high fever, every night and morn, but now I have no illness, save that grief which lies at my heart.

"Adieu, my dear Sir. This letter has cost me many tears, and much agony, but I could not bear the idea of my parents receiving the intelligence it contains from an indifferent person, perhaps by the newspaper.

"Again, adieu, my respected Friend. You know those who are most dear to me—assure them they are dearer than ever to the heart of

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK."

Among our most precious memorials of my mother and of her beloved Henry is a manuscript volume of extracts, upon the first page of which she has inscribed the date, "Marie Galante, January 4th, 1802," and upon another, the following sketch:

"Henry Wilder was born in Lancaster, Massa-

chusetts, 27th April, 1782. His opening youth gave promise of every virtue, his riper manhood confirmed them all. Lovely in his person, his fine form was a fit temple for the spirit of dignity and truth by which it was animated. His large and expressive blue eye beamed tenderness, but oftener was fixed in sublime contemplation. His complexion was of the spiritual kind that discloses every emotion of the soul. 'The conscious blood rose in his cheek, and so distinctly wrought, that one might almost say, his *body thought.*' This is a faint sketch of the lovely exterior of Henry—but who shall display his virtues, who do justice to his modest, but transcendent merit? What to others was toil was, to him, amusement. He delighted in abstruse study, and his lightest amusements were arts which others attain but by study. A self-taught painter and musician, whose tones were sweeter than Henry's? Who breathed, like him, the soul of harmony? The warbling of his flute stole on the ear of night, and, like Henry, deserving universal admiration, shunned it. The melody fled with the soul of Henry, but the magic tints of his pencil remain. Thy music is no more,—the tints of thy pencil will fade,—but thy *virtues*, Henry, are recorded in the book of the Almighty. And, when 'the heavens shall pass away like a scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat,' thou wilt appear with the Judge of heaven and earth, clothed with the white robe, and, having the palm of victory in thine hand, wilt receive a crown of immortal glory."

My mother has left many touching expressions of what Henry was to her in his life, and of her grief under his loss. None are more affecting than those in her handwriting upon the pages of his Bible, from which I will copy a passage. This cherished volume, which descended to my Uncle Henry's namesake, the Rev. Henry Wilder Foote, was first in the possession of Mr. Foote's mother, who was the youngest daughter of my mother, born but six months before her death; she inherited, with her mother's name, her beautiful qualities of mind and heart, and left a memory which is in perfect accord with those to which we now "do reverence."

At the end of the Bible, on a fly-leaf, are these words, written by my mother, in pencil:

"Yes, my beloved Henry, I vow to cherish thy memory,—while I live, thou shalt live also. Though dead to all the world beside, in my heart thou shalt live for ever."

Among my mother's papers I find a scrap upon which are written the following words:

"Possessed of every virtue, adorned with every talent, his person remarkably beautiful, his mind remarkably strong, his understanding clear and profound, his manners mild and unassuming, the rose blushed on his cheek, intelligence beamed in his blue eye. Such was H. W."

On another sheet are written the following lines:

"*Sunday.* In the dawn of manhood, in the bloom of beauty, surrounded by fair opening prospects—

thy lips were sealed, thine eyes were closed, and the grave shut in upon thee. Blessed be God! Praised be the wise and merciful Disposer of all events! The sorrows of life, the snares of vice, the terrors of death, shall have no power over thee. Thou hast run the race, thou hast won the victory, and everlasting innocence and peace shall wreathe thy brows.

"The God whom thy father worshipped, the God of universal nature, beheld the cherished creature He had formed. He saw the talents He had bestowed doubled in thy keeping. He saw thee mature for Heaven, though few years had passed over thee, and in pity spared thee a longer trial. Yes, my brother —thou art in Heaven, thou hast rejoined thy sainted father! O my father—my brother—look from Heaven, and guide and guard thy child and sister—a poor wanderer, bathing the path of life with the bitter tears of affliction. And Thou—Oh, my eternal and omnipotent Father! Thou, who wilt never desert the creature who looks to Thee for support,—be Thou the lamp to guide my feet, be Thou my shield in the hour of temptation! Enable me to do and to suffer all Thy will,—and finally, when I have lived long enough to answer the purposes of my creation, receive me to Thy bosom, for the sake of my Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Again, on one page of a sheet which contains a French exercise in Henry's handwriting, my mother has written as follows:

"That form which was the object of my pride, and

my admiration, is now mouldering into dust. Ah, my brother! the most perfect beauty, the finest talents, the best heart, the most innocent life, could not arrest the stroke of Death. All were combined in thee,—and thou art gone forever. No more shall I listen to the melody of thy music, no more shall my eye delight to dwell on the graces of thy person, —no more shall my sorrowing heart repose itself on thy fraternal bosom, and find there wisdom, tenderness, and consolation. In sickness, thou wert my nurse,—in health, my dear companion,—at all times, in all circumstances, my tender friend,—and thou art gone forever,—forever. O my God, grant me strength to support this great affliction!"

The following lines, on another page, remind one, as do some of these already copied, of Eugénie de Guérin's attempt, after her brother's death, to keep for him a journal, addressing it "to Maurice in Heaven."

"The acacia, with its thorny arms and fragrant flowers shall guard and perfume thy grave, and the sensitive plant, fit emblem of thy modest merit, shall delight to dwell on the sod which covers thee. Accept, beloved Henry, this tribute of fraternal affection, and suffer me to place this little wild flower in the wreath with which justice has bound thy brow."

The next letter we have from my mother brings us to her second great bereavement. The one "dated from St. Ann," of which she speaks as her "last," if it reached its destination, has not been preserved.

It is a disappointment not to find this and other letters which, in her correspondence from Guadeloupe, she mentions having written to her American friends. Fortunately, however, what we have give a vivid picture of the scenes through which she passed during this most eventful year of her life.

"*Marie Galante, December 22nd, 1801.*

"Ten days past, I have endeavoured to acquire fortitude sufficient to enable me to write my dear parents. In vain have I strove. At the present moment I shrink from the task, and feel it too painful to be supported. But, let me not, by a selfish wish to avoid reciting late desolating events, risk your suffering more by an abrupt communication of the irreparable loss your unfortunate daughter has sustained. Ere you receive the present, you will have wept the sudden death of my too tenderly beloved brother,—ah! you thought not, at the same time, I was deploring the united loss of Schalkwyck and Henry. My last letter was dated from St. Ann. We were then near one of our plantations. Mr. Schalkwyck as well as usual, except a relaxness; both of us anticipated, when time should have softened our regret for the departure of our dear Henry, finding in domestic life, in the society of our amiable friends, and in the charming scenery of St. Ann and St. François, as high a degree of felicity as is usually allotted to mortals. It is true, the loss of Henry would have ever cast a shade over the brightest day of life, but,

while my husband remained to me, I ever found the tender consolation of knowing I possessed a friend who valued more my happiness than his own, who shared in all my feelings, who participated in every joy, in every sorrow. After my letter from St. Ann, Mr. S. became worse; but, two days after my last, he went with me to our plantation at St. François. On our arrival, he was carried to his chamber, which he never after left. After some days, the sore mouth commenced,—he suffered twice more than any one I ever saw,—with pain he respired, with agony he took the sustenance necessary. Night and day were the same,—he slept not. We had three physicians. Eight days before his death they told me I must hope no more. I dwell not on the agony of that moment. It was to me like the stroke of death. Mr. and Madame Richebois, our brother and sister Courcelle, and some other friends, were constantly with me. Eight nights, I slept not; sometimes, I reposed a few moments in a hammock, but it was the repose of a breaking heart. Three days before the release of my beloved friend, I prayed God to take him from woe to bliss. His frame suffered all that the frame of man can suffer, but his soul was at peace. On Sunday, December 10th, at two o'clock P.M., he perceived himself dying. At that awful moment, he commended me fervently to the care of Courcelle. I pass rapidly over the most cruel day of my life. At nine o'clock, Sabbath evening, without a groan, without a sigh, in the full possession of his reason,

expired the tenderest husband, the sincerest and most disinterested of friends. O my God! 't was by Thy strength alone I was enabled to support that scene!

"The next morning, I was carried to the house of Madame Courcelle. I received, and continue to receive, from all that amiable family, and, indeed, from all the relations and friends of Mr. S. the tenderest attention, the warmest professions of friendship,—but one event has succeeded another with such rapidity, I have been scarcely able to discriminate the tears of grief for past misfortunes from those of apprehension for the future. Four days after the death of my husband, we were informed the negroes at Point à Pitre, dreading the arrival of the troops from France, had entered into a conspiracy to destroy all the white inhabitants. They assembled to the number of three thousand in the night,—their chiefs were selected,—when a negro girl informed Pélage (the mulatto General) of the plot. He marched with his troops immediately against the wretches. Three of the chiefs were killed on the spot, six taken prisoners, and all the negroes dispersed. Still, however, the white inhabitants trembled with apprehension lest to-morrow should accomplish what to-day accomplished not. All who could leave the island emigrated to other isles, to await there the arrival of the troops from France. Mr. and Madame Courcelle, Mademoiselle Coutoute, myself, and five domestics, with many other inhabitants, put ourselves on board a little vessel bound

to this isle. Here, all is tranquil; we receive, daily, the utmost hospitality and kindness from the people, and expect to remain here till the troops have reëstablished tranquillity in Guadeloupe. Nothing but the Peace would have been able to inspire confidence in the bosom of the unfortunate Guadeloupians. We doubt not but peace will restore all the tranquillity we wish. We expect, in the course of six weeks, twelve or fifteen thousand troops from France. I need not say, the circumstance will occasion inexpressible joy to the inhabitants.

"At present, my dear Parents, suffer not apprehension for my safety to empoison your peace. I am in health, in a peaceful and charming island, I am with amiable and tender friends, and, above all, I am under the protection of a God, almighty and all-sufficient. Mr. Courcelle intends to accompany me to New England in the spring. 'T is unnecessary for me to say I wish, ardently wish, to return to my native country and my beloved friends. Fatal, indeed, to my happiness, have been the two months I have passed in the West Indies."

[From the *Boston Gazette*, Jan. 14th, 1802: "Arrived yesterday, schooner *Exchange*, Capt. Vibert, from Guadeloupe. Left it on the 11th [of December] at which time Point à Pitre and the whole of the island was in confusion, another insurrection having taken place there, which, had it not been fortunately discovered at the moment, would have involved the

total destruction of every white and mulatto in the island. The rebels in the present insurrection were the country blacks against the whites and mulattoes. The former, having lent a helping hand in the revolution which had been just effected, expected a total emancipation from their masters; but not finding that event confirmed, or even contemplated in the Proclamation of the yellow general, Pélage, they had determined to achieve their own liberty, through the blood of Pélage and his party. For this purpose, 11,000 were to have been organized on the night succeeding that on which the plot was discovered—to have burnt the towns, and to have murdered every man, woman, and child of Pélage's party! At that very moment only when it could possibly have been defeated, was the plot discovered by a black woman, and four of the ring-leaders were apprehended. Notwithstanding the bloody project had been discovered, and, for the present, warded off, every thing was apprehended from the vengeance and ferocity of the blacks, and all was in the utmost confusion."]

Some days later she wrote:

"*Marie Galante, Dec. 30th.*

"I conclude my dear parents have received my letter of the nineteenth of the present month, and are informed of the unfortunate circumstances which have driven us from Guadeloupe, and of the infinitely more afflicting circumstance of the loss of my ever beloved husband. Unfortunate as I am, I have the

blessing of health, and the unceasing tenderness and attention of all the family of Mr. Schalkwyck,—particularly the family of Madame Courcelle, who consider me as a sister.

"I am inexpressibly anxious to receive letters from you and my American friends, who are dearer than ever to my heart. The loss of my other friends has rendered more precious those which remain. God Almighty, whose goodness has enabled me to sustain the heaviest misfortunes, the most heart-rending events, will, I trust, return me to my native country the ensuing spring. Mr. and Madame Courcelle request me to remember them respectfully to you. Both are ill at present; he has been dangerously attacked with the bilious fever, four domestics are ill also."

CHAPTER IV

JANUARY–OCTOBER, 1802

GUADELOUPE: ILLNESSES, ARRIVAL OF TROOPS FROM FRANCE, BATTLES, RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES

FROM Marie Galante, January 15th, 1802, she writes:

"In a moment like the present, agitated by continual revolutions, I feel seldom the courage to write to my beloved Parents; for, to write is to speak only of past woes, to detail distressing events, which have wrung, and which will forever afflict, my heart. Since the death of my beloved Henry, I have sent three packets, by different opportunities, to my friends in America, and, ere you receive the present, you will, I trust, be informed of the succeeding and irreparable misfortune I have sustained in the loss of my long-loved, and ever regretted, Schalkwyck. The omniscient God alone knows the sufferings of my heart, and He alone was my support under these accumulated sorrows. Our necessary flight from Guadeloupe, which I considered as an aggravation of them; has, on the contrary, a good effect on my health; and, by a change of place, by the variety of new objects, and by the care I necessarily took during the illness of Mr. and Madame Courcelle, my mind was drawn from a too intense contemplation

of my melancholy fate. At present, my most ardent wish is to return to the bosom of my country, where, though I expect not happiness, I hope for tranquillity. This wish cannot be gratified before the last spring month. The settlement of Mr. Schalkwyck's estate will render it impossible for me to quit the West Indies at an earlier period. We expect, every day, the arrival of troops from France, when we can return with security to Guadeloupe. Alas! how has that island been fatal to my happiness! I entered it with the most flattering prospects of felicity that ever opened to mortal view; blessed with the tender affection of a husband I had long loved, with the society of a brother, to whom I was but too much attached, surrounded and caressed by the friends of Mr. Schalkwyck. What a blank now remains! In the stead of the bright visions of felicity which my fancy had formed, the remainder of my life appears, to my view, a solitary passage to the grave.

"*February 3rd.* With a hand trembling with weakness, I continue my letter to my dear Parents. The evening after I wrote the above, I was seized violently with the fever, my life was in the extremest danger for four or five days. I was bled four times in twenty-four hours. Providentially, I was attended by a physician who understands perfectly the American constitution. He has resided five years in the United States, and understands perfectly his profession. My symptoms were the same with my beloved brother. I was seized in the same manner, and had

every reason to suppose my illness would terminate in the same manner likewise. But it has pleased Almighty God to continue my life, for what purpose I know not, but I hope I shall be able to consecrate the remainder to the practise of every virtue consistent with my situation. Never, during my illness, did I feel the least solicitude to live for any other purpose than to view again my native country, and embrace again my friends. Nor was that wish so strong as to prevent my saying with the most perfect sincerity, 'Oh God, Thy will in all things be done!' I must quit the pen—the irregularity of my writing is a sufficient evidence of my present weakness.

"*February 4th.* Again I resume the pen to converse a few moments with my dear Parents before I close my letter. We have received a very pressing invitation from a gentleman of independent fortune; who resides in this island, about twenty miles from the principal port (where we now are), to pass some weeks with him. Mr. and Madame Courcelle wait only till I have sufficient strength to accompany them, when the whole family will go. Perhaps we shall remain there till the troops arrive from France. Does it not appear a little singular to you for ten persons to remain on a visit at a house for some weeks? Such is the extraordinary hospitality of the country that M. Renard, when he first heard of our arrival, wrote immediately for us to come to his habitation, and proposed sending horses for Mr. and

Madame Courcelle, and Mad'lle Coutoute, and a hammock for me, as I do not ride so far on horse back. It is not probable I shall have an opportunity to write from the habitation of Mr. R., and, what I fear yet more is that I shall not receive letters from my friends in America. Ah! if you knew how earnestly I desire to receive intelligence from you! and, above all, how earnestly I desire to embrace you.

"*14th February.* I have news the most interesting possible to communicate,—the troops have arrived from France. Yesterday, I witnessed the entrance of three fine French frigates, and as many smaller vessels, filled with troops. To-morrow, other frigates are expected with the Generals Lacrosse &c. There are already twenty-three thousand men at Saint Domingo, eleven hundred here, and twelve thousand are daily expected at Guadeloupe. We witness nothing but rejoicings. The inhabitants assemble, alternately, at each other's houses to celebrate the happy event."

My mother's next letter to her parents is dated:

"*Marie Galante, March 4th, 1802.*

"My last letter to you, my dear Parents, was dated February:—since the departure of the Captain who took charge of it, I have again had the fever. At present, I am convalescent; my last illness was neither so long nor so violent as the first; of course, my debility is not so extreme; but I cannot flatter myself to enjoy perfect health, till I breathe again the

fresh gales of my native country; and have the sweetest pleasure that remains for me on earth, the pleasure of embracing my beloved friends. Tranquillity is absolutely necessary for the restoration of my health; I feel it each hour; and each hour convinces me I must not expect it in a country where scenes the most terrible pass to-day, and to-morrow are forgotten in splendid parties of pleasure. The heart of your daughter, after so many shocks, demands to be left to quiet melancholy; but my amiable friends, through mistaken kindness, force me into society. We have often the General and his suite, and not seldom pass the day in a society composed of fifty or sixty persons. This, together with my ill-health, and an ardent desire to embrace all that remains of my family have decided me to return, ere long, to New England.

"*March 7th.* When the above was written, I had determined to return to New England with Captain Choate, who takes charge of my letters to my friends, but Mr. Courcelle objects so earnestly, he thinks my presence will be so necessary in Guadeloupe for the settlement of Mr. Schalkwyck's estate, and is so unwilling for me to return without sufficient funds, and without an attendant, that, to gratify him, I have decided to remain some time longer in the West Indies. The sacrifice I make to his wishes is great, and I know not if I should have decided, had not many persons assured me the season was extremely dangerous.

"I cannot express my anxiety to receive letters

from you, my Parents. More than three months have elapsed since I have received that happiness. I dare not indulge my apprehensions on your account,—they are too terrible. I pray God to grant me the delightful satisfaction of embracing you once more."

Again, she writes:

"*Marie Galante, 22nd March, 1802.*

"Since my last, by Captain Choate, I have passed a decade in the country, at the habitation of Madame Romane, a cousin of Madame Courcelle. A fine, and very extensive prospect, pure air, and retirement, have had the most favourable effect on my health; I am neither so thin, nor pale, as before, but my heart is more sad. I am extremely anxious on your account, my dear Parents: to what reason am I to impute your long, long silence? My apprehensions are too painful: I dare not think!

"My expectation of returning to New England in April has vanished. It is necessary there should be a written arrangement passed between Mr. Richebois, Mr. Courcelle, and myself, before I leave the West Indies: and, as Mr. R. is in Guadeloupe, and Mr. C. is here, it is impossible all should be settled before our return to that island, unless Mr. R. should come to Marie Galante. But for me, so earnestly do I desire to embrace my dear friends in New England, I should quit everything to be arranged by the law, did not all the family oppose it.

"The excessive heat has commenced, but the sea-

son is not so unhealthy as the four or five past months have been; with you, winter still exercises his rigorous reign, the fireside is still the most agreeable place, and the happy circle still meet to pass the long evenings in simple and innocent pleasures. Alas! why do I not inhabit the same world! Here is a perpetual summer, nature in itself is charming, but an almost general corruption has rendered the society of the grand, detestable. Luxury presides at the board, vice walks unblushingly in the streets, and the name of *religion* is mentioned by the generality only with contempt and derision. I am not so unjust as to include all in this picture of the present manners. The family of Madame Courcelle, and many others, unite the rarest virtues with the most brilliant talents. The people, in general, are hospitable and generous; but religion is cherished by a number so small, it is scarcely perceptible. Ah! how much am I indebted to its divine consolations! What could have supported, what still sustains me, but confidence in that Being who is ever powerful, good, and wise?

"We expect daily the arrival of the remainder of the troops from France. There is already a sufficient number for Marie Galante, but not enough to restore tranquillity to Guadeloupe. It is impossible to express the impatience with which we count the days and weeks, and the eagerness with which we examine each sail that appears on the far, far distant horizon. Ah, my dear Parents, ah, my sisters,—in the tranquil bosom of your country, you can form no

idea of the present situation of the West Indies. To us, nothing appears more extraordinary than the gaiety, the extravagance, and thoughtlessness of this people, in a situation the most critical, surrounded by the greatest dangers.

"*March 29th.* Day after day closes, weeks and months succeed, and I receive no intelligence from New England. I accuse not my friends of negligence, for I am sure they are incapable of neglecting me; specially in my present situation, lamenting, in a far distant country, the loss of a beloved husband and brother. But I lament that sad combination of circumstances which prevents my receiving the sweetest consolation in the assurances of my Parents' unalterable attachment, of their health, and of their resignation to the dispensations of Providence, who has, by the same blow, mutually afflicted us.

"P. S. Will you, dear Mamma, write a few lines to Salla A., and give her a short account of my situation? Assure her I ever love, and cherish her remembrance; she is, and will ever be, dear to my heart. I would write, but I dare not employ the pen, or the needle, so much as my inclination dictates. Any kind of application brings on a pain in the head, and occasions a degree of fever. Tell her I have already written twice, but have not received a line from her."

By "Salla A." is meant Miss Atherton of Elm Hill, Lancaster, Mass. Elm Hill is a beautiful spot, which I remember my father's pointing out to my sis-

ter and myself, during our interesting drive through the town, as the one where, with her friends the Athertons, to whom she was much attached, my mother often stayed both before and after her residence in the West Indies. The following letter, without date or address, which I find among her papers, I suppose may have been written to these friends:

"The moment of my arrival in Guadeloupe was a moment the most critical, the very day when a formidable insurrection had placed a mulatto General at the head of government; terror and distrust was painted on every countenance. Alas! the clouds of the morning were but too ominous of the stormy day that advanced to destroy my peace. In three weeks after my arrival, I lost my beloved Henry, after an illness of four days. In the agony of the moment, I thought nothing could add to my sufferings. I was fatally undeceived in three weeks more, by the death of that dear friend for whom I had left my family, my friends, and native country. Misfortune succeeded misfortune with a rapidity that confounded my senses. Every day I heard of horrors, every night retired to my chamber with an expectation of being assassinated before morning. The dangerous situation of Guadeloupe induced the family of my husband, with many others, to quit the island, and seek in Marie Galante an asylum till the arrival of the troops from France. Scarcely did I find myself in a more secure abode, when I was attacked with the fever in

the same manner as my brother. An eminent physician attended me, and, by bleeding me four times in twenty-four hours, my fever was diminished, but I was left in an alarming state of weakness, which terminated in the fever and ague. At present, I begin to taste the sweets of returning health, but my heart sighs more fervently than ever for my native country, and for those dear friends from whom I have been so long separated."

From my mother's next letter to her parents, it appears that her hope of hearing from them was still deferred. The letter is dated:

"*April 21st, Marie Galante, 1802.*

"Capt. Chadwick has, in a degree, relieved my anxiety on account of my dear Parents. He has assured me he saw Uncle Hurd three or four days before he left Boston, and, had any misfortune taken place in the family, he would have informed him. At present, my health is re-established, but the uncertainty at what period the troops will arrive from France, and enable me to return to Guadeloupe, has almost decided me to embrace the first good opportunity to return to New England. Possibly, in the course of three or four weeks I shall embark.

"Could you, at present, behold this island, I am sure you would be wrapped in the most profound astonishment. Every night, the streets are patrolled. There is a sentinel placed at the entrance of all the principal streets. It is a time of war and general dan-

ger, but gaiety, the most extreme, prevails. There are balls and concerts every night, and dissipation of every kind is almost universal. Such is the character of the nation, that it is not in the power of misfortune or danger to render them sad. I speak generally. There are many individuals who feel the horror of the times, and yield to the melancholy so naturally inspired by the present circumstances."

On a blank page of this letter my grandmother has written in reference to her correspondence with my mother: "After improving every opportunity, and finding our letters were kept back, we enclosed them to Madame Lambert Marcilius, an American friend, by whom her heart was made happy in the assurance that her parents could not be made happier by any earthly occurrence, than to fold in their embrace their beloved Mary."

Again, my mother writes to her parents:

"*Marie Galante, May 4th, 1802.*

"With a satisfaction the most ardent and sincere, I give my dear Parents intelligence of the arrival of the fleet from France. The night before last, at twelve o'clock, we were awaked by an Officer who came to give us the news so important, and so long desired. A frigate anchored before the town, and the aide-de-camp of General Lacrosse landed, to give information to General Sériziat, that the fleet, consisting of four men of war, six frigates, and fourteen

transports, having on board the troops from France destined for Guadeloupe, commanded by the General Richepance, and accompanied by the aide-de-camp of Bonaparte, were within twenty-four hours sail. I need not say, the family arose instantly, the joy became general, dragoons were dispatched to give intelligence in the country, sleep was banished from all eyes; officers and soldiers passed continually, the streets were filled, and,—'the fleet has arrived, the fleet has arrived,' was echoed from mouth to mouth. In the morning, the house was filled with the officers who came to make their adieux, before they embarked to conquer or die. A sensation of sadness mingled with our joy, but the character of the nation was never more conspicuous than at that moment. The regiment of General Sériziat embarked singing, dancing, and exercising their wit in a thousand pleasantries.

"I shall not close my letter till the fate of Guadeloupe is decided; we are, at present, at a crisis the most important. God grant the event may be happy!

"*May 12th.* After eight days of the most racking suspense, we have received the agreeable assurance that all is tranquil at Grande-Terre. When General Richepance, with the fleet, arrived there, three ships of the line, which were too large to enter the port of Point à Pitre, landed their troops near Fleur d'Epée, a celebrated fort which commands the entrance of the port; the other vessels entered, and landed Gen. Richepance and his army in Point à

Pitre. The black troops made a faint resistance, but the French soldiers, with fixed bayonets, forced them to immediate surrender. Had the rebels been united in opinion, the event would have been extremely doubtful; but their division saved us scenes the most shocking to humanity, perhaps nothing less than the massacre of all the white inhabitants; nor should we in Marie Galante have escaped the general destruction. The aide-de-camp of Pélage, with two hundred black soldiers, forced a retreat to Basse-Terre, where he united with three or four thousand others, to take possession of the fort and the town. Five frigates were immediately dispatched to attack the town by sea, and two thousand French soldiers, commanded by General Sériziat, marched to attack it by land. We hear constantly the sound of the cannonade. Every one is assured the blacks will be obliged to surrender. They have neither a sufficient quantity of provisions, nor ammunition, to make a long resistance. I tremble however for the victims. Pélage has conducted extremely well. 'T is to him the white inhabitants owe their lives, as he prevented, by his commands and entreaties, a general massacre.

"Adieu, my dear Parents. I have not said the half I have to tell you, but must close my letter, as the vessel, by which I send it, sails this morning."

The following letter from my grandmother, of the same date with this last of my mother, is doubtless the one which was enclosed to Madame Lambert,

the previous ones having been intercepted with the purpose of detaining my mother in Guadeloupe.

"*Concord, May 7th, 1802.*

"We will not, my dear, my much loved, daughter, presume to arraign the decrees of the supreme and all-wise Ruler of events. They are ordered in infinite wisdom. His almighty fiat has passed; His ways, though dark and mysterious, and far above our comprehension, will most assuredly be made manifest to be perfectly right; it will not be long ere the partition will be taken away, and we, I trust, shall meet those friends so tenderly beloved, never again to suffer a painful separation.

"Your Papa went down on purpose to see Captain Choate, and make inquiry about your situation. My tears flowed plentifully at the disappointment, when you could have come with so good a man, so reputable a character, and only twenty-two days' passage. Your friends' attention to you I feel very grateful for. You will present everything you think proper to them from your parents; but you must return, we ardently wish it. If you cannot leave the settlement of affairs to some trusty hand, leave it; you will be provided for without it. I cannot think of being another year parted from you. The death of my dear Henry was almost too much for me. I thought I could say as David did, 'Would to God I had died for thee, my son!' My reason felt distressed, I feared it would have left me. Never was

anything more unexpected to us. From Mr. Schalkwyck's disorder, we had not an idea that he could recover, or even reach his native shore; from the climate and the delicacy of your constitution, I had every thing to tremble at for you;—but my son, as though the shafts of death could not arrest him, I had almost a certainty of seeing again. But I have made a covenant with my God,—not one decree would I reverse. I devoted you both to Him in infancy, believing in His mercy, that what He saw best He would do.

"When a report circulated that Mr. Schalkwyck had paid the debt of nature, I was confined with a lung-fever, and did not know of it for three weeks. As soon as I was better, your papa went to Boston, to know if any intelligence could be procured. Nothing certain could be procured till your letter of the 22nd of December confirmed it; which we did not receive till the 7th of April, but have never received any one respecting your brother's sickness, except the one you wrote to Mr. Ripley. Was he sensible of his danger, or was it hid from him?

"*May 9th.* Thus far I had written, when I was called to receive a letter from Mary; my heart vibrates at the sound,—date 22nd of March. You say your health is more confirmed,—God be praised! To Him, my dear daughter, ascribe all thanks. Let not any of the allurements which those around you are enveloped in, take you from your duty to your

God. Every resource fails in time of affliction, except His gracious promises. What could I have called on, for aid, had it not been for that support!

"'What can I ascribe your long silence to, my dear parents?' I can answer you readily, not to any want of the purest and most ardent affection. We cannot tell whether you have received any letters from us, but have repeatedly written. Our anxiety and distress on your account has been almost too much for all your friends, as, by the papers filled with the most horrid accounts, we have seen you, in imagination, suffering everything shocking to humanity.

"Indeed, my dear child, you must come with Capt. Choate,—he has orders not to leave you. You will not need any other protector, relying on Providence. Do not bring any slaves with you,—there are too many here already for the safety of the community; the spirit of liberty has already begun to blaze among them. Capt. Choate says if two-thirds of his cargo should be necessary to insure your protection, he would sacrifice it. Your uncle says he would venture a daughter of his to any part of the world with him. We have reason to think some of the vessels were cast away in which your letters were, as you mention many which we never received. A packet from your papa has been in Boston and Charlestown to send, a month. Vessels do not clear out for Guadeloupe. They are unwilling to have it known where they are going. I am afraid to have you go again to that fatal

place. Cannot your affairs be settled where you are? Do not wait till the hurricane months arrive. Your papa has said he wished to go for you himself, but I cannot make another sacrifice.

"It is generally supposed that a war will take place in the course of a year, between France and America. Our President does not appear to be a friend to the people or their liberties, has set aside everything the good Washington did, and expects to bring us into subjection to some other power.

"May the Father of the faithful, the omnipotent Jehovah, bless you with His kind support and protection, may no more clouds arise, and may you meet again on earth those friends who are alive to everything which affects you.

"Your Papa joins in love and parental blessing. We are much gratified that your religious principles are not contaminated by the prevailing vices of the place.

"We have not heard anything from Isaac since October 27th,—he was then at Rio Janeiro, but as many of our young men have shared the fate of Henry, we fear for him. None can die more lamented than your darling brother, whose character was justly published in the *Gazette;* Mr. Schalkwyck's also. We have preserved them for you."

Upon this letter, my mother has written in pencil, "Alas! dear and tenderly beloved Parents, thy Mary sighs vainly for the happiness of embracing

thee. The ocean separates us, and a cruel contrariety of circumstances enchains me to this unfortunate isle."

The following obituaries are those to which my grandmother refers:

From the *Columbian Centinel*, January 18th, 1802:

"Died—at Guadeloupe, in November last, Mr. Henry Wilder of Concord, Mass., aged 20. In the character of this amiable youth were concentrated all the virtues which could dignify human nature, and render man interesting and happy. In him we beheld the bright dawnings of uncommon genius, illumined by those perfect principles of piety, which ever add lustre to greatness. By his death, parental tenderness is called to mourn the loss of a beloved son, whom sweetness of disposition, innocence of life, and filial duty had greatly endeared, while he was daily fulfilling the most sanguine wishes of his parents. As a brother, he loved, and was beloved; for his fraternal affection taught him to be both the friend and the protector. To see, was to admire; to know, was to esteem and love him. Yes, dear Wilder! though the sod of a foreign clime hath covered thee from our view, and thy pure spirit hath fled to its native region, yet, in the heart of each relative and friend, shall be erected a monument of tender remembrance, at which affection and virtue will constantly weep."

From the *Columbian Centinel*, March 31st, 1802:

"Died, on his plantation at Guadeloupe M. Anthony Van Schalkwyck, aged 28. During a residence of several years in this country, he uniformly sustained the unblemished character of the man of honour and virtue. His particular connections and friends, who best knew his worth, will pay a tribute of sincere respect to his memory, and long regret his early exit."

My mother's next letter is dated:

"*Marie Galante, June 2nd, 1802.*

"My last was written with sensations very different from those which have since agonized my heart. Forced to become a spectatress of scenes the most terrible imagination can form, I have been on the point of bidding an eternal adieu to my beloved friends.

"You are already informed of the arrival of the troops from France, of the ardent joy with which they were received, and of the peaceable surrender of Guadeloupe, or, rather, of Grande-Terre.

"Thus far, all had succeeded better than our most sanguine expectations; when Grande-Terre had submitted to her legitimate governor, we did not think it possible Guadeloupe should dare to resist. Unfortunately, Gen. Richepance did not conduct with sufficient policy. He commenced by arresting all the black troops at the Point; two hundred, commanded by Ignace, a mulatto of a violent and sanguinary

character, made their escape, and passed by land to Basse-Terre, the capital of Guadeloupe, where they united their force with Delgrès, the mulatto who commanded the fort of Basse-Terre, and where they were joined by six or seven thousand men of colour. These men, brave even to desperation, providentially were ignorant of the art of war. Gen. Richepance, who, with two thousand soldiers, passed by sea from the Point to Basse-Terre, landed with very little opposition. It was a critical moment; if the rebels had known how to have seized it, the army of Richepance would have been forced to reembark. Happily, few men were lost in landing, and, after a battle of a few hours, the French army gained the heights, and established their camp; where the General attended the arrival of Gen. Sériziat, who was to join him by land with two thousand men. Unfortunately, the rain fell in torrents, and swelled the rivers in a degree which prevented the junction of the two armies. Meanwhile, Gen. Richepance attacked the fort several times, but was always repulsed with vigour. He had frequent engagements with the black troops, who ravaged the country, and committed daily the most shocking atrocities. Many women and children were assassinated; and others, yet more miserable, were made prisoners, and conducted to the fort. Judge of our situation, when, on the third day of the attack of Basse-Terre, we saw arrive five vessels filled with wounded soldiers, and with the unfortunate females of Guadeloupe. They informed us the num-

ber of the negroes increased daily; scarcely one remained on the plantations, but men and women, after massacring many families in the most shocking manner, repaired to the fort. For five or six days, every person in the family was employed in making lint for the wounded, who were between four and five hundred in number. This was our employment in the day, and, in the evening, we repaired to the shore, where we had the anguish of seeing, on the fifth evening, many habitations in flames. For several days, we had heard distinctly a continual and terrible cannonading; it was the French who bombarded the fort, (the armies of Richepance and Sériziat had formed a junction,) and who finally took it by assault. The number of rebels killed in the attack was very great, but a yet greater number escaped, and fled to the country, where they committed every imaginable horror, burning the habitations, and murdering those who were so unfortunate as to fall in their power, in the most cruel manner.

"We were apprehensive they would pass into Grande-Terre. Every one assured us it was impossible, but, in a short time, our fears were realized. Notwithstanding every precaution, they crossed the river, burnt many habitations, seized a fort near Point à Pitre, and spread horror and dismay among the miserable inhabitants. The town had been left with very few troops; several companies composed of the young inhabitants marched to attack the fort. The women and children threw themselves aboard the

vessels in the harbour, and many came to join us in this little island, where we heard distinctly the sound of the cannon, and where we were scarcely more in safety than in Guadeloupe.

"It is three days since we have received intelligence of the important battle of Bainbridge, which commenced at six o'clock in the morning, and, at eight in the evening, was concluded by taking the fort. Between four and five hundred of the black troops were destroyed, and little more than thirty of the brave young creoles fell, universally deplored. The chief, Ignace, received the mortal wound from the hand of Mr. Blanchet, the brother of our friend Dureste. The other chief, Delgrès, who had remained in Guadeloupe, perceiving himself lost, entered a house in which he had placed a sufficient quantity of powder, and, together with one hundred of his followers, collecting his unfortunate prisoners, put fire to the powder, and all perished.[1]

[1] According to Lacour's "Histoire de Guadeloupe," Delgrès did not sacrifice the lives of his prisoners, but those of some French soldiers who had just succeeded in entering the house in question. Three hundred of Delgrès' followers perished with him.

The negroes had taken eighty white women and children from their homes and imprisoned them at the fortified post of Dolé. They discussed, in the presence of their prisoners as the French troops approached, whether they should cut their throats or blow them up. They decided on the latter course, and put a quantity of powder under the building. From the windows of their prison, the unhappy women, in their desperate danger, made signals of distress to the French troops, which incited them to impetuous action. They charged at the point of the bayonet, dispersed the blacks, and saved the women — killing a negro at the moment when he was about to set fire to the powder. — Ed.

"In Grande-Terre all is at present tranquil, but we have every evening the horror of seeing the flames in Guadeloupe. Pélage, under a merciful Providence, has preserved Grande-Terre; which, if you regard its situation, separated only by a little river from Guadeloupe, will appear to you a miracle. A police, the most vigilant and the most severe, is observed; every inhabitant, old and young, is in the service. The town of Point à Pitre has been illuminated several nights, that all which passes may be distinctly seen.

"In all these occurrences, I know my dear Parents and friends have trembled for their Mary. But, thank God! my fortitude has increased in proportion to my afflictions. In the contemplation of general calamity, every private sorrow has been forgotten, and I adore the mercy of Heaven, in taking my beloved husband and brother from a world of suffering and misfortune to its peaceful bosom.

"I request you to remember me respectfully and affectionately to my friends. One of my greatest sources of anxiety at present is the long silence you have observed. For six months I have not received one line to tell me you remember you have a daughter, who has never ceased to love you, and who, in all the dangers to which she has been exposed, has ever rejoiced you were exempt from them."

Upon the margin of the last page of this letter my grandmother has written: "My dear, beloved Mary little knew the laceration of my heart when she wrote

this, and deeply wounded was that heart when we received this. Our letters had been intercepted, we had reason to suppose, by the family, as they did not wish her to return. Every artifice was used to detain her in a second marriage with a French General. Scarce a vessel sailed, but carried letters from her numerous friends."

The following extracts from a letter dated "Marie Galante, June 6th," but without an address, give a few more details:

"My former letters have informed you of the sad destiny which has unceasingly persecuted me, since my arrival in this unfortunate country. Young, a stranger to the world, unacquainted with misfortune, I found myself alone, a wanderer in a foreign country, whose language I knew not, with whose manners I was unacquainted, my heart torn to agony by the loss of friends dearer than life, and in a moment when every one retired to their chambers at night, with the expectation of being assassinated ere the morning.

"I left Guadeloupe with the family of Mr. Schalkwyck, and sought an asylum in this island. But judge if we were in perfect security, when I tell you that we see distinctly the houses in many parts of Guadeloupe from our windows in Marie Galante, so near are the islands. The Gazettes have undoubtedly informed you of the arrival of the troops from France. The troops of colour opposed their entrance, and a

war the most terrible commenced, in which mothers and their children were sacrificed to the ferocious vengeance of the blacks. Every imaginable horror was committed. For six days and nights, the thunder of cannon assailed our alarmed senses; and, when finally the black troops were obliged to evacuate the fort St. Charles, they fled to the country, destroying every white person who was so unfortunate as to fall in their power, and desolating the country by fire and the sword.

"Ah! my dear friend! God grant you may ever remain ignorant of the horrible spectacle a country in flames presents. For fourteen nights we have contemplated it; for fourteen nights, we have seen the red flames mount to heaven, and the richest country in the world reduced to ashes."

To her mother she writes as follows:

"*June 7th.* I had forgotten to observe, in the enclosed, not one of the habitations of the Schalkwyck family has been destroyed. Two negroes have been arrested in the act of putting fire to the habitation at St. Ann, which providentially was preserved. If I have time, I shall write to my sisters, and Sarah Ripley; if not, they will render me the justice to believe circumstances, and not a deficiency of attachment, prevent me. Indeed, I give my Parents the strongest proof of my affection possible, by writing thus much, at a moment like the present, when my mind is agitated, my heart sad, and my nerves trembling."

Once more, my mother writes:

"*St. François, Guadeloupe,*
August 6th, 1802.

"By the date of my letter, my dear Parents will see I have returned to the unfortunate island, which has so long been the theatre of horrors. Thanks to a miraculous Providence, a large proportion of Grande-Terre has been preserved from the flames which have desolated Guadeloupe, and rendered that rich and beautiful part of the island a mass of ruins.

"On our return to Guadeloupe, we passed a fortnight in the town of St. François, as we were fearful to retire to the plantation, though an apparent tranquillity was universally observed. The town is situated on the sea-shore; it had, previous to the Revolution, many fine buildings, but they have chiefly fallen to decay. There, with sensations of mingled reverence, regret, and horror, I visited the ruins of what was formerly a magnificent Church. The roof, doors, and windows are destroyed; the pavement torn up, the altar and paintings burnt; and the high walls only, which are of white stone firmly cemented, remain, an almost only proof religion had *even here* ONCE *its votaries.*

"After passing a fortnight in the town, the tranquillity which existed in the country induced Madame Courcelle to return to the plantation; the evening of our arrival, Mlle. Coutoute and myself were attacked with the fever. For six days and nights, I

remained in an almost constant delirium, and, for nearly three weeks, I was obliged to keep my bed. When, finally, the fever left me, I found myself in a state of debility, which exceeded anything I had before felt; it extended to all my senses. I could not bear the light, the softest voice gave me pain, by the slightest odour I was almost suffocated, my limbs were almost insensible, and I distinguished no difference in the various kinds of sustenance which were presented me. It has pleased my Almighty Father again to restore me the inestimable blessing of health. For what purpose I am preserved, He, to whom futurity is ever present, only knows. This is the third combat between life and death. A circumstance which, I am sensible, increased my illness, was the agitation of my spirits the first day of my fever. My passage was already engaged, my affairs nearly terminated, to my very great satisfaction; and, on the point of returning to my beloved Parents, I found myself extended on the bed of sickness. The disappointment, by agitating my mind, probably increased my delirium, and prolonged my illness. The vessel in which I expected to return, sailed a fortnight since; but my passage, together with that of a female servant, is already engaged in another vessel, and, should no circumstance occur to prevent, I expect to sail the commencement of September, in the brig Eda, commanded by Captain Holland, and bound to Newbury Port or Salem. The Captain is an elderly man, of a very respectable character, and who is well

known and beloved in Newbury Port, where his family resides; an ancient and experienced navigator, which, I know, will be a circumstance that will add to the satisfaction of my Parents.

"I have not received one line from New England since I lost my beloved husband. Alas! too often has my bleeding heart felt the need of a consolatory letter from my friends. I have ever *endeavoured* to support my misfortunes with fortitude and resignation, but often the remembrance of the dear, the too tenderly beloved, friends I have lost, brings to my heart a poignancy of grief, which bears down every barrier, and makes me regret I had not shared their fate. My friends are attentive and affectionate; they force me into [word missing] and gay societies, they tell me to *shun reflection* and to *fly from thought*. I have been formed on different principles; but I must render justice to my amiable friends by acknowledging their care to provide me with every thing which could draw my mind from a recollection of past events, has perhaps been the means of preserving my life. It will cost me the deepest regret to bid adieu to my friends in this isle, but it is necessary to sacrifice the smaller to the greater good; and I think there is no earthly happiness reserved for me so great as the pleasure of embracing my dear Parents."

Upon this last page, and beside the lines in which my mother deplores her need of consoling letters from home, my grandmother has written the follow-

ing: "Letters, my beloved daughter, from your parents and sisters were put on board a vessel for Point à Pitre a month since. They were intercepted."

My mother sailed for home about the middle of September.

Among the earliest recollections of my childhood is the packet of my mother's letters from the West Indies, which I have copied. Even at that distant period, they were worn from much reading. Undoubtedly, we have all that were received. It is evident that some were written which never reached their destination.

Mrs. Rapallo, in writing to me of this period in my mother's life, gives some incidents not recorded in her letters. She says: "While she was lying ill in bed with the fever, her husband's brother came into the room, and, hastily wrapping a sheet around her, carried her into the street, almost without time to speak. A shock of an earthquake was coming, and they went into the street to avoid being buried in the ruins of the house, if it should fall. I have no record of time,—only facts as related to me present themselves to my memory. While she was still in the West Indies, waiting for an opportunity to return to America, sitting with the ladies in the parlour, they heard a tumult in the street. Then the brother-in-law came in, took his sword, and went out. It was the rising of the negroes, soon after that of St. Domingo. The ladies were put into boats, and rowed to a place of safety. Your mother was anxious

to get to America, but there was no vessel on that side of the island. They heard of one going from the other side. Over a rough hilly country, she was carried in a sedan-chair, while her brother-in-law rode on horseback at her side, sword in hand, as they passed the camp-fires of the negroes."

[In the memoirs of "Madame Desbordes-Valmore, by Sainte-Beuve, translated by Miss Preston," a passage occurs of interest in this connection, as showing from another source the condition of Guadeloupe not long before this time: "Somewhere about 1799, little Marcelline (then fourteen years old) accompanied her mother to Guadeloupe, where they counted on finding a relative who had there amassed a fortune. They arrived, however, to find the country in a blaze of revolt,—the yellow fever raging, and their relative dead. And there the mother of Mlle. Desbordes died herself of the epidemic."

The following paragraph from a recent newspaper shows the severity of the fever early in the century: "A Hall of Honor has been established in Val de Grâce Hospital in Paris, where the names of French medical men who have died in the performance of their duty, are inscribed in marble. A list of 148 doctors and 45 apothecaries has just been placed on its walls, all of whom perished in the yellow fever epidemic in San Domingo and Guadeloupe in 1801–1808."

From a private letter from Guadeloupe to the

Gazette of February 1st, 1802, dated December 4th, 1801: "The fever has been very mortal among the Americans, some vessels have lost half their crews, and others nearly all."

Both General Sériziat and General Richepance died of the fever, in Guadeloupe, in 1802, before October.

The following passage from the "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," by Mark Boyd, also shows what a scourge the yellow fever was in those days: "When I first came to London, I met at the house of a friend, at dinner, a countryman of my own who had spent thirty years or more in the West Indies. Our host described him as one of the *forty-twa*. It appeared that about the beginning of the century forty-two young Scotchmen embarked at Greenock for the West Indies. The ship discharged her cargo and loaded with sugar, which detained her about six weeks, and returned to Greenock, bringing back the trunks, or *kists*, of twenty-seven of the young men, who had, within that short time, fallen victims to yellow fever. Mentioning this circumstance to the late General Frederick Maitland, of Berkeley Square, who had served many years in the West Indies, he told me that one Saturday he and seven brother officers sat down to mess, and the following Saturday he was the only survivor of the party."]

House of Dr. Hurd.

CHAPTER V

OCTOBER–DECEMBER, 1802

CONCORD: MISS BROMFIELD AND MR. FRISBIE

MY mother returned to her mother's home in Concord, where she lived till 1807.[1] Of her arrival in this country, I have more than one record from my grandmother's pen. In her letter to my father in 1817, containing the leading events of my mother's life, she says: "She arrived in Newbury Port on her birth-day, [October 8, 1802], a widow of twenty-two, having lost those most dear to her. At that time she determined to pass the remainder of her days with the Moravians, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania."

We can imagine the interest awakened in the little town of Concord by the return of one so much admired and beloved. The following note, which I have in my mother's handwriting, was doubtless read in the village church, by Mr. Ripley, the first Sunday after her return: "Mary Van Schalkwyck requests

[1] The picture of Dr. Hurd's house given here is from a water-colour sketch by Henry Wilder, made in 1801. It was originally one of the three garrison-houses, or block-houses of the village, fortified for a place of defence for the villagers from the Indians, and one of its rooms still shows its history.

Dr. Hurd was a large owner of real estate, owning a place in Billerica, one on the borders of Carlisle, wood-lots, lands, and houses in the east part of the town, and all the land on the north side of Main Street, from the mill brook to the house of Mr. Samuel Hoar, including two taverns. — ED.

thanks may be rendered to Almighty God for His infinite goodness in restoring her from sickness, in protecting her in danger, and in returning her to her native country. She requests your prayers that all the afflictive dispensations of Providence may be sanctified to her, for her spiritual good.

"Her parents join with her in these requests, and in desiring prayers for their absent son, that he may be protected, and returned in safety."

The earliest date we have from my mother, after her return from the West Indies, is that of a letter addressed to Miss Ann Bromfield, of Newburyport. As she does not appear to have been one of my mother's correspondents before her marriage, we may suppose that their acquaintance began while my mother was in Newburyport, previous to her departure for Guadeloupe. In later years, when that town became her home, my mother had no more devoted friends than Miss Bromfield and her venerated mother, and by none were the children she left more tenderly cherished for her sake.

Among the most refining influences which came to us in our childhood were those which we received from "Aunt Bromfield," and "Cousin Ann," in their charming home, where we passed many happy days during the first five years after my mother's death, when we lived in Newburyport. These friends were of the same family with the revered Henry Bromfield of Harvard, the owner of the house already mentioned, which was occupied by my great-grand-

father Flagg at the time of his death, when Mr. Bromfield was in England. They were ladies of the old school, of remarkable dignity and refinement. I remember Aunt Bromfield as of medium height, yet of a presence which commanded respect while it won affection. She was venerable in appearance rather from her style of dress, which was like that I have described as my grandmother's, than from any loss of personal charm. Her portrait by Stuart, an accurate likeness, might have been a fancy sketch of an ideal old lady, it is so beautiful. That picture, and others which adorned her parlour, made it attractive to a child. Miss Ann Bromfield, who, late in life, became Mrs. Thomas Tracy, did not inherit her mother's beauty of person. She was, however, distinguished for mental ability and self-culture, no less than for her high character. She was tall and thin, of a singularly erect figure, a strongly marked countenance, and a somewhat precise and formal manner. She was most emphatic in discourse, and equally so in writing. Her letters abound in expressions emphasized by a stroke of the pen, and often by more than one stroke. She did not gratify our taste in childhood as her mother did, but as we grew older we learned to value her as she deserved, especially for the enthusiasm with which, to the end of her long life, she cherished our mother's memory. Much as she talked of her to her children, she could never mention my mother's name without shedding tears, as for a fresh grief.

John Bromfield, the husband and father of this family, did not inherit the virtues of his ancestry. The distress of the mother and daughter on his account, and, for similar reasons, on account of one of his sons, and their grief under the loss of another greatly beloved, explain some of my mother's expressions in writing to Miss Bromfield. Mrs. Bromfield's youngest son, John, was a blessing to his family, and to the community. He was distinguished for his private character and public benefactions.

Two weeks after her return to Concord my mother wrote to Miss Bromfield, who was then in Billerica, a letter from which the following passage is taken:

"*Concord, October 24th, 1802.*

"We are, indeed, connected by many ties: sisters in affliction, and daughters of the same great Parent who conducts all events in infinite wisdom and goodness; and who will, I trust, perfect in Heaven the friendship He has seen commence on earth.

"Yes, my dear friend, we have both been separated from objects the dearest, best beloved. But the separation is only temporary. For, if the Soul retains her faculties, and surely she will rather gain than lose, she must recognize, in a state of perfection, those beings whose virtues had secured her esteem, and attracted, by congeniality of spirit, her love on earth. And how sweetly does the idea of this reunion rob Death of his terrors!

"'Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror, and abhorrence, nature throws
'Cross our obstructed way; and, thus, to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from every storm.'"

The words which follow were probably written to Grace Hurd. She was a niece of my mother's step-father, and her home in Charlestown was one of those at which my mother often visited.

"If we consider this life as a state of probation, should we not rejoice when the trial is past, and we are received to the mansions of our Heavenly Father? Let 'the dust return to the dust from whence it came,' if 'the spirit returns to God who gave it.' Of what consequence are his chains to the freed prisoner? You know your friend to be familiar with the 'King of Terrors.' He has approached me in various forms. At one time, in a slow and gradual manner, he tore from me one long and justly loved. At another, he snatched suddenly, in the full bloom of youth and health, a brother whom I regard as sacrificed for me, and for whom I would gladly have died. Often has he approached me,—often have I regarded his face, and have not found it frowning. Methought it was placid, and he said: 'I bring an antidote to the sorrows of life.'"

That this cheerful view of death had its source in Christian faith, and not in natural temperament, is evident from the following paragraph from another

letter: "I recollect my feelings when I first realized the absolute necessity of dying,—the horror I experienced at the idea of my person's becoming a lifeless mass committed to the earth, and my disconnected spirit going I knew not where, existing I knew not how. Till the truths of Christianity became, in a degree, familiar to my mind, the subject so terrified me, I feared to dwell on it."

That my mother's grief under the loss of her brother was aggravated by the thought that he was "sacrificed" for her appears not only in the letters to her cousin Grace, but also in the following extract from a letter without date or address:

"I passed last Thursday night at the Parsonage. Sarah and I remained in the west parlour two hours after the family had retired for repose. The night was remarkably fine, the air clear, and the heavens serene. The river had overflowed its banks, and presented a little sea to our view; its clear surface reflected every surrounding object softened by moonlight. You recollect the peculiar beauty of that prospect, especially when the river is swollen by rains. After contemplating it some time with still rapture, mine eye settled on the balm-of-Gilead opposite the window—perhaps you do not remember that tree; 't is not remarkable for its beauty or majesty,—nevertheless it is, to me, one of the most interesting of inanimate objects, for under it I passed an hour the last evening I spent in Concord with my brother.

Henry, Sarah, and myself, after strolling on the banks of the river, returned, and standing beneath the branches of the tree, Henry carved our names on its trunk. 'Before they are obliterated,' said he, 'we shall meet and renew them.' May you, my friend, never have the agony of believing a being, dear beyond expression, was sacrificed for you! I have felt that agony in all its bitterness. Had that dear youth expired in the arms of his mother, did the turf which presses his father cover him, I might have wept a separation from one who had been the object of pride and affection so many years, but the arrow of affliction would not have been barbed by self-reproach. I should not have said, 'For me Henry left his country, for me he died, far from his friends.' When I recollect the despair that seized me when I learned he had ceased to breathe, I regard myself with astonishment, and can impute to nothing short of immediate assistance from Heaven my continued life and reason. I was proud of him, ambitious for him, jealous that others paid him not the esteem and admiration which I thought his due, suspicious envy would attempt his injury. How far was I from idolatry?"

Again Henry is touchingly alluded to, on a later page, in a letter to Mr. Frisbie, who was an intimate friend of both my father and my mother, years before they were personally known to each other. His very name awakens such dear associations in my mind

that I am moved to a special memorial of him here. Before my earliest recollection of him he had become distinguished as Professor of Natural Theology and Moral Philosophy in Harvard College, and was a man whom the most gifted and the most learned regarded with admiration for his genius, his character, and his attainments. All this I was too young to appreciate. I only felt, when I was with him, that he must have loved my mother very much to account for his extreme demonstrativeness towards her children.

In writing to my father after my mother's death, he said, "I do, indeed, partake of your loss. She was to me the best and most disinterested friend I ever had, and it was always cause of peculiar satisfaction to me that she was united to a man too noble to look on this friendship with a jealous eye." My father's acquaintance with Mr. Frisbie began soon after the latter was admitted to Harvard University. He was of the class of 1802, to which my father held the relation of tutor. Of Mr. Frisbie's character at that early period, my father wrote after his death, to their mutual friend Professor Norton, as follows:

"The relation which I sustained to his class led me to take the more interest in his literary progress, and laid the foundation of a friendship which I have ever regarded as among the blessings of my life. His religious and moral principles, as well as habits, appeared to have been fixed before he left his paternal abode.

He was blessed with a father who was, in all respects, qualified to form his youthful mind to wisdom and virtue. I believe he had all that sensibility of conscience, and purity of manners which distinguished his son, who always seemed conscious of a tribunal within which led him scrupulously to avoid not only what appeared to be wrong, but every thing which he did not feel assured was right. This elevated love of virtue, and sacred regard to duty, which rendered Mr. Frisbie an object of universal respect among his companions at college, was associated with such candour and frankness of disposition, and generosity of conduct, that he gained their affection and confidence; and, however they might feel reproved by his example, they were never disposed to withhold the honour that was due to him. Nor was his influence, at this early period, lost on the university. Alone, he might not have produced any visible effect, but, together with other kindred spirits, he did much to raise the standard of character among the students. It is well remembered, by those who were then in the college government, that the class in which he belonged, and where he held preëminent rank, acquired a reputation, at that time unexampled, for their ardour in the pursuit both of moral and literary excellence, and for uniting with a manly independence of character an honourable respect for the authority of college. From the university, Mr. Frisbie carried into the world a heart rich in virtue and generous affections, and a mind stored with the best treasures

of modern and ancient learning; with all his fine intellectual powers and moral principles so improved by culture, that, youthful as he was, he united, in his character, the authority of the critic with the attractions of the poet and orator."

The first year after leaving college Mr. Frisbie passed in the town of Concord, and it was then that the friendship between him and my mother began. When I remember him most distinctly, he was a sufferer from the languor and depression which usually accompany invalidism. Already he was doomed to consumption, of which he died in 1822. Probably the delicacy of constitution which predisposed him to that disease induced, even in youth, the "propensity to melancholy" of which my mother speaks in this letter to him. I extract from it the following:

"Methinks you indulge too far this propensity to melancholy. Why this despondency in contemplating the future? Why, blest as you are with Religion to guide and console, with sensibility to joy as well as sorrow, with talents and principles to make you useful to others, and happy in yourself, should you despond? You are not in Paradise, but even this our world, though fruitful in woes that try, and, trying, purify the soul, is also amply stored with marks of its Author's divine beneficence. Plenteous are the streams of felicity that flow from the Fountain of all good, and to each reasonable, uncorrupted being these streams are open. Am I arrogantly sermonizing

to one who might, with greater justice, correct me? Oh no! I am but saying to you what I say often to myself—I am but repeating the same lessons my head has often taught my heart. I know while suffering some present ill, or when pained by some disappointment, perhaps trivial in itself, but magnified by imagination, we tint all nature with the sad hue of our own feelings; but, is not an *indulgence* of this disposition ingratitude to Him whose benevolence formed, sustains, and will most surely bless His children?

"Have I wearied you? Let me pass, then, to a subject more interesting. You are blest with the presence of your parents, your sisters. If the character of your sisters harmonizes with your own, you have one of the richest, the most delightful sources of happiness open to you. No friendship can be more ardent, tender, disinterested, and pure; none can bear so perfect a resemblance to that which we believe will exist in the celestial regions. Every consideration tends to rivet the attachment. Alas! I *had* a brother. Henry was self-devoted for me."

Another friend and correspondent of my mother's during the period in her life which we have now reached was Mr. Rockwood, who, my father used to say, was one of the most brilliant scholars and interesting men of the class of 1802. He, like his classmate Frisbie, studied law in Concord, and thence removed to Charlestown, where my father often met him.

Yet another friend of hers, his regard descending, a precious inheritance, to her children, was Mr. Samuel Hoar, of Concord, one of New England's most honoured sons, and, throughout his life, a friend of my father's. His feeling for my mother is thus incidentally mentioned by his daughter, when (writing to me of Miss Emerson) she says: "Of your mother she always kept the tenderest remembrance, as did my dear father also. Many times, in my latest intercourse with both, her name would be mentioned,—some little scene or word remembered, and always it seemed invested with an ideal charm. I never heard my father speak in the same way of any other friend of his youth."

My mother certainly enjoyed the friendship of some of the most gifted men of that day. If among them were those whose regard for her was, at first, warmer than she was able to return, this does not seem to have prevented their remaining her friends. My grandmother, in the letter to my father already quoted, containing a brief sketch of my mother's life, says: "She had several offers of marriage, but none were acceptable. You were the one appointed for her, and she was supremely happy in the connection."

CHAPTER VI

1803

CONCORD: MISS MARY MOODY EMERSON

UNDER date of February 18th, 1808, we have my mother's first letter to Mr. Rockwood. The estimate it contains of woman's abilities and attainments, as compared with man's, is in striking contrast with that taken at the present day, and reminds us how comparatively few were the advantages of education afforded women at the beginning of the present century.

"*Concord, Feb. 18, 1803.*

"I know I am doing what some would denominate madness, and others imprudence, but, as I am not in the habit of acting on the principles of others when I cannot see their reasonableness, and, as an epistolary correspondence with a man of good sense and good morals is not inconsistent with my idea of propriety, (for I see many positive advantages, and no probable ill consequences that may flow from that source), I reply to your letter with pleasure.

"And, first, let me correct an error into which you appear to have fallen, in the opinion you have formed of my character. Either you have mistaken a disposition naturally social, which leads me to speak often and openly in company, for excessive vanity, or you extremely over-rate my abilities. If the first be true,

you wrong one who, though enfeebled by the vanity as well as the other weaknesses of humanity, does not possess a sufficient share to induce her to believe the flattering causes to which you attribute your proposal of a correspondence, unless your *judgment* in this instance is exceedingly erroneous, and you believe her to be that to which she has no pretensions. Not to discuss a long-disputed point, the natural equality of man and woman, education alone is calculated to give a decided superiority of strength to the former. And, when you recollect the boy of twelve is further advanced in intellectual improvement than the woman of twenty, you cannot form a very exalted idea of the *advantages* that may be expected to result from a correspondence with one for whom neither nature, nor education, has done anything uncommon.

"I am gratified extremely to find you disposed to consider woman as 'rational and human.' That we do not more frequently conduct like reasonable beings is the fault of man; who, by the attention he pays to the exterior, seldom fails to convince us the more difficult attainments of moral and intellectual excellence may be easily dispensed with, provided the person be pretty, and the air and dress fashionable. When one reflects a moment on the manner in which woman has been treated, it appears rather wonderful that she preserves her rank among intelligent beings, than that she is so often vain and trifling.

"I know Mary Wollstonecraft is held in general abhorrence, and some of her principles I detest, as undermining the foundations of social life. But I do not think she has been, by her writings, more injurious to her sex, than those good people have, who, so long, have impressed themselves and us with the belief that we were meant as the mere baubles of an hour, neither capable of being the companion and friend of man, nor the instructress and guide of youth.

"'Your cousin,' you say, 'supports her misfortune with as much philosophy as could be expected of any woman whose beauty should be in danger of a scar.' Have a care lest you should grow severe, and remember that, till the exterior shall be less regarded, it will ever be a serious misfortune to stand near falling lamps."

Next among my mother's papers is a short letter to Miss Mary Moody Emerson. There is reason to suppose that this was the beginning of their correspondence, which continued as long as my mother lived. Miss Emerson left no direction as to the disposal of my mother's letters, and they were not preserved. We are therefore indebted to my mother's habit of occasionally retaining a duplicate of what she wrote for the few letters that remain in evidence of a friendship which she regarded as one of the blessings of her life.

My only personal recollection of Miss Emerson

carries me back to the time of my marriage in 1830, when I left my old home in Salem for the new one in Springfield. "In her later years," writes Miss Elizabeth Hoar, "Miss Emerson liked to come and board in Concord, for she would not make visits of any length, and would start away, on a sudden impulse, every few months, and go off by herself to seek board in some other town where she had heard that the minister had books, or genius, or learning in the direction of her tastes. I have laughed to think to how many different towns I have directed letters in all parts of the State; and then her nephew, Mr. Emerson, or I, would go and bring her again to Concord, when she was ready to come."

When I went to Springfield in 1830, I found her boarding in the family of the Rev. Dr. Howard. During the short time that she remained there I went often to see her, and she came repeatedly to see me. She had for me the peculiar and almost sacred interest that has ever attached to those who are exclusively associated with my mother. Yet it was not as my mother knew her that I then saw her. To quote again from Miss Hoar: "When she became interested in me, she was already feeble, and the eccentricities and necessities of old age made, perhaps, a stronger impression on me than was just to the genius and spirituality which made her so remarkable an influence upon her friends, and especially her nephews, in earlier life." My own recollection of her personal appearance had somewhat faded until Miss

Hoar recalled it to me by the following vivid and accurate description: "She was a little, fair, blue-eyed woman, her face never wrinkled, and with a delicate pink color when past eighty, (she was eighty-seven, when she left this world),—a blue flash in her eyes like the gleam of steel,—yellow hair, which, however, was cut close, and covered up with a black band and mob cap."

I remember conversing with her on religious and literary subjects; but the incident in our intercourse which made the strongest impression upon me was her plainness of speech on one occasion, in pointing out to me what she considered a fault. She had observed me one Sunday morning in the vestibule of the church, smiling and talking lightly with the friend who accompanied me. The next time we met she told me it had pained her to see my manner so unlike what my mother's would have been at such a time and place. She then dwelt upon my mother's subdued and reverent aspect when entering the house of God. Her reproof touched me very much, it was so evident that she was led to it by her fidelity to my mother's memory.

It seemed to me then that I could never forget some parts of her conversation. Yet, after the vicissitudes of nearly half a century, I remember only that in intercourse with her I felt myself in the presence of a superior being, who put to shame my lower interests and aims.

My mother's great love and admiration for her

has made me wish to supplement this memory of my own by others more definite. Miss Hoar, who was like a daughter to Miss Emerson in her old age, gives me the following account of her childhood as received from herself:

"Her father, the Rev. William Emerson, was minister of Concord at the beginning of the Revolution, entered the army as Chaplain, and died soon after, of fever, in Rutland, Vt., leaving a widow and five children, of whom this daughter Mary was the youngest but one. She was adopted, then, by an aunt, her father's sister, Mrs. Waite, in Malden, and there grew up 'in solitude and liberty,' as she used to say, reading everything she could find to read, sitting with her book by the hen on her nest, 'because she thought the bird would be lonely.' She found in her garret at Malden, in childhood, a book without title-page, a poem, which she read and reread with delight. Afterward, hearing her scholarly brother and his visitors talk of Milton, she was eager to borrow his poems, and found, for the first time, that her old book of the garret was Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' Young, also, was an early and late friend, the topics of 'Night Thoughts' especially congenial to her. 'No one,' says Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, 'can read her manuscripts, or recall the conversation of old-school people, without seeing that Milton and Young had a religious authority in their mind, and nowise the slight, merely entertaining quality of

modern bards. And Plato, Aristotle, Plotinus, how venerable and organic as Nature they are in her mind.'

"Her mother," continues Miss Hoar, "married Rev. Ezra Ripley, her husband's successor in the Concord parish, and added to her family three Ripley children; Sarah, who died about 1825, and two sons, one of whom was the Rev. Samuel Ripley of Waltham; the other, Daniel, a lawyer, lived and died in the South. Aunt Mary's own brother, father of Mr. R. W. Emerson, was a clergyman, settled first in Harvard, then in Boston, over the First Church, known as Chauncy Place Church. He died at about forty years of age, leaving a widow and six children, five sons, and an infant daughter who died soon after her father. Mr. R. W. Emerson was the second son of this family. Aunt Mary, for many years, assisted their mother in the care of the orphan boys, and they all acknowledged the important stimulating and guiding influence which they owed to her, and spoke of her almost as a sibyl and prophetess in their house. Her aunt left her, at her death, a little property which she, afterward, chiefly invested in the purchase of a farm in Waterford, Maine, in order to provide a home for her youngest sister and her family,—the husband having failed in business. I suppose they chose this distant retreat because the oldest sister of both already lived there, as the wife of the minister, Rev. Lincoln Ripley. The scenery is charming, with mountain, valley, and lake. Aunt

Mary called the farm Elm Vale, for you look from the house across a lovely intervale meadow, studded with arching elms, to a beautiful lake, bounded on one side by a mountain cliff, under which the road runs next the lake, and, on the other, by green sloping hills, and, between these, you look 'out of sight' away over the lake out into the world toward Portland, fifty miles off. This farm was Aunt Mary's home after the Emerson boys grew older; and here she read and wrote, and enjoyed poetic and spiritual raptures, in comparative seclusion from living intellectual companionship; 'living on the farm,' which was too far from market to yield much money. But, sometimes, when she could command a little of this means of liberty, she would come up to visit her Massachusetts friends, and find conversation, and new books and topics,—religious and spiritual themes her favourites always. As I write, her mind and character come up to me as so remarkable, so poetical, so detached from all that is conventional or common, that I feel that what I can say of her is wholly inadequate.

"In her later years, her two sisters had died, the Waterford family was scattered, the farm sold, and an annuity bought for her. Her last four years were spent in Williamsburg, L. I., in the care of a favourite niece, one of the Waterford children. Her thoughts, throughout her life, dwelt much on *death*, and, that she might have everything ready, in case of dying suddenly among strangers, in her independent changes

of place, she kept always a white muslin or cambric robe, which she called her *shroud*. But, as this might grow yellow by lying packed away, she wore it for a morning robe, and, when one began to wear out, she would tell me that she *needed a new shroud*, and I bought and had it made accordingly.

"She says of herself, 'I could never have adorned the garden. If I had been in aught but dreary deserts, I should have idolized my friends, despised the world, and been haughty. I never expected connections and matrimony. My taste was formed in romance, and I knew I was not destined to please. I love God and His creation as I never else could. I scarcely feel the sympathies of this life enough to agitate the pool. This in general,—interest in one, or so, excepted.' Again,—'My oddities were never designed. Effect of an uncalculating constitution, at first,—then, through isolation, and, as to dress, from duty. To be singular of choice, without singular talents and virtues, is as ridiculous as ungrateful.

> "A loftier boon his purpose knows,
> A richer gift his love bestows."

That greatest of all gifts, the capacity to love the All Perfect, without regard to personal Happiness,—Happiness 't is itself.'"

"Destitution," says Mr. R. W. Emerson, "is the muse of her genius. Destitution and Death. And wonderfully as she varies, and poetically repeats that image in every page and day, yet not less fondly and sublimely she returns to the other, the grandeur of

humility and privation, as thus;—'The chief witness which I have had of a god-like principle of action and feeling is in the disinterested joy felt in others' superiority. For the love of superior virtue is mine own gift from God.'"

Her nephew, Charles Emerson, writes of her: "I am glad the friendship with Aunt Mary is ripening. As, by seeing a high tragedy, reading a true poem, or novel like 'Corinne,' so, by society with her, one's mind is electrified and purged. She is no statute book of practical commandments, nor orderly digest of any system of philosophy, divine or human, but a Bible, miscellaneous in its parts, but one in its spirit, wherein are sentences of condemnation, promises, and covenants of love, that make foolish the wisdom of the world, with the Power of God."

A striking illustration of Miss Emerson's power over the young, when she was herself in the prime of life, comes from the pen of one no less distinguished than she was for intellect and genius. Miss Hoar communicates it to me as follows: "I have permission to copy this sketch of Miss Emerson from a letter of Mrs. Samuel Ripley to Mr. Simmons in Europe":

"*Oct. 7th, 1844.*

"Mary Emerson, a sister of Mr. Ripley, has been with us till to-day, when she took her departure for Concord. She is seventy years old, and still retains all the oddities and enthusiasms of her youth. A per-

son at war with society as to all its decorums, eats and drinks what others do not, and when they do not, dresses in a white robe such days as these (October), enters into conversation with every body, and talks on every subject, is sharp as a razor in her satire, and sees you through and through in a moment. She has read all her life in the most miscellaneous way, and her appetite for metaphysics is insatiable. Alas for the victim in whose intellect she sees any promise! Descartes and his vortices, Leibnitz and his monads, Spinoza and his Unica Substantia will prove it to the very core. But, notwithstanding all this, her power over the minds of her young friends was once almost despotic. She heard of me, when I was sixteen, as a person devoted to books and a sick mother, sought me out in my garret, without any introduction, and, though received at first with sufficient coldness, did not give up till she had enchained me entirely in her magic circle."

The following letter, from Mrs. Ripley at the age of sixteen, was found among Miss Emerson's papers, marked, "first letter of her childhood in friendship":

"*Dear, dear Mary,*—I am afraid you will hear no more about satiety and disgust of life. With every rising dawn your idea is associated. The day no longer presents an unvaried round of domestic duties; bright gleams of hope illuminate the dull perspective; the mellow rays of the declining sun sweep the chords of love. Your idea intrudes too often on hallowed

hours. But the affection whose object is so pure, so heavenly, will not militate with devotion. How delightful the thought that our religion sanctions friendship! May all that can render life's journey pleasant be yours in perfection!"

My mother at twenty-two entered upon her correspondence with Miss Emerson in a more subdued tone than that in which Mrs. Ripley wrote at sixteen. From other papers of my mother's, however, it is evident that she was equally captivated by her friend's extraordinary gifts. This letter appears to have been written after a proposal from Miss Emerson, to which my mother had at first acceded, that they should correspond with each other, taking friendship for their theme, and giving their correspondence to the public, through the pages of a magazine which Miss Emerson's brother edited or was about to edit.

"*Concord, Feb. 23rd, 1803.*

"The pleasant hours I lately passed with you, my dear Miss Emerson, would furnish me with the most cogent arguments in favour of the advantages of Friendship, had I previously needed them. The subject is as copious and as interesting as you could have selected for a first essay of my weak powers. Will you then candidly allow me to be actuated by better motives than false shame, indolence, or stupidity, when I decline entering the lists with an antagonist who does me honour by selecting me for her opposer?

"You are entitled to a knowledge of the reasons

that induce me to give an answer to your proposal so different to that which I, at first, intended. New to any thing which merits the name of composition, I wish to pursue a course of reading calculated to improve the judgment and correct the taste, to furnish the memory, and form the style. Nor dare I, even under the mask of a fictitious name, present any thing at present to the criticism of the public. This is not an affectation of modesty. I really *feel* my inability to improve, or even greatly amuse, the public. And I am sure your brother, whose excellent understanding would enable him to see the exact merits of every performance, would censure me for presumption should I attempt a public disputation with his sister. For yourself, flattered by a belief that your partiality would, like the bandeau of Love, conceal from your view the weaknesses, and soften the deformities of your friend, I should, with pleasure and profit, continue a correspondence you have so kindly commenced. If you decline it on any other terms than those mentioned in your letter, I must, however, for the *present*, lose the advantage. Perhaps, some months hence, I may gain courage.

"I hope you will not feel wholly uninterested in my pursuits when I tell you, in confidence, I am commencing a translation from the French, on the subject of the imagination. As I have, already, made use of the signature of Eugenia, anything you may, in future, see over that signature, of the translation kind, will probably flow from the pen of your friend.

I feel more confidence in an undertaking of that kind, as no very great exertion of talents will be necessary. I intend very soon perusing Kames' Essay on Criticism. I have been extremely pleased with a few chapters in it. If you have not already seen it, I think you will be amply repaid for a perusal, by the pleasure a good author always gives to the mind.

"After your recommendation of Godwin's 'St. Leon,' I sent to town for it, but could not procure it at the circulating Library. I shall not, however, cease to inquire after it, as you have told me it contains your idea of a perfect female character.

"I hope you will not be displeased to be assured I shall write to you as frequently as weak eyes, and my other avocations, will permit. Allow me to hope the friendship I sincerely feel for you will continue to increase through life, and in death be perfected. Adieu."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, April 9th, 1803.*

"I send for your perusal Gisborne's 'Female Duties,' and think both yourself and sister will read the volume with approbation. Perhaps his system is not perfect,— we are told

> 'He who hopes a faultless work to see
> Hopes what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.'

To me, I confess, it appears one of the best works of the kind I ever read. He has preserved the good

medium, and has not thought fit to make us either *Amazons* or *babies—goddesses* or *idiots*. He appears to me to have given the female character nearly the dignity and energy of Mary Wollstonecraft, with far more amiability and sweetness. He is unquestionably superior to Fordyce, Bennett, and all that class of writers, who degrade Woman to infancy, and allow her scarcely any real virtue, except *Humility*.

"Will you now, my dear Ruth, pardon what may, perhaps, appear officiousness? Will you impute it to its right source—a tender friendship for you, founded on the virtues and graces I have long observed in your character? Will you permit me to inquire why you and your amiable sister, believing in Divine Revelation, expecting salvation only through the merits of our Divine Redeemer, do not publicly comply with the last and most affecting institution of our Beneficent Friend? Every inducement is offered—'Whoso confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father who is in Heaven;' 'This do in remembrance of me;' 'If ye love me, keep my commandments.'

"I would not be deemed impertinently officious, but, sensible a few observations made by an affectionate friend of the same age, who must be expected to feel the same passions, and be influenced by the same objects, often has a greater effect than the more sage advice of those whom age or circumstance has made our superiors, and, of course, removed beyond our opinions and feelings, I would

offer the subject to you, though deeply impressed with a sense of my own inferiority in very many points to yourself."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, April 13th, 1803.*

"Is it *you*, my dear friend, who apply for arguments in favour of Sensibility! *You*, who declare yourself ready to take arms against it! You, who are in gratitude bound to employ all the strength of reason, and graces of eloquence, in defence of that quality which exalts us, nearer than any other, to *Divinity!* Without it, how much better, or happier, should we be, than statues of marble? What is it you best love, in those you love? What is the magnet that attracts to you so many hearts? Divine Sensibility—enthusiasm of feeling—thou art the universal magnet, thou art the guardian and pledge of virtue; the heart in which thou residest, will recoil with horror from vice; thou inspirest the noblest sentiments, the most sublime ideas! To injure the feelings of another appears to thy children more criminal than robbery or murder appears to the unfeeling. Thy joys are rapturous,—they penetrate the soul,—even thy pains are delightful, for they demonstrate our existence, and our capability of enjoyment!

"I acknowledge this is rhapsody, and not argument; but, who can argue coolly on such a theme, or who can judge of it impartially? Those who possess it love even its sorrows,—and those who possess

it not are indifferent even to its joys. Your own heart will plead the cause far more eloquently than my pen. I will, therefore, only add, the same objections offered against Sensibility might apply to every thing valuable; for, is there any thing worth attaining, which can be won or preserved without difficulty or danger? Is there any good which may not be perverted?"

Our next record finds my mother visiting her friend Miss Atherton, in Lancaster. It is a letter to Miss Sarah Ripley, one of a little packet which has been recently found in the garret of the Old Manse, at Concord, which Hawthorne has so inimitably described. Rich as that time-honoured dwelling is in associations, it has none of such interest to us as those which connect it with my mother's memory. During her childhood and youth, and for nearly half a century later, it was the abode of her beloved friend and pastor, the Rev. Ezra Ripley, who was like a father to her, and the parsonage, as she calls it, was her favourite resort, hardly a day passing without an interchange of visits between its inmates and the family of Dr. Hurd.

When, during childhood, my sister and I visited our grandmother in Concord, we were always taken to see Dr. Ripley. I recollect him as we used to find him, in dressing-gown and slippers, seated in his study, and seeming to my young eyes older than much older people have seemed since. His daughter

("Cousin Sarah Ripley," we used to call her) I shall never forget. She is prominent in remembrance among the number of those whose tenderness, not to say sadness, of manner in meeting us made us feel, even at an early age, that the sight of our mother's children renewed their grief under her loss. She and my mother grew up together in the intimacy of sisters.

"*Elm Hill, Lancaster,*
27th April, 1803.

"On my arrival here, I found my friend confined to her chamber, and principally to her bed. Her recovery has been rapid. We have taken the air frequently together, and, I assure you, I have become an accomplished driver. 'T is said, every one is fitted to excel in some particular pursuit, and who knows but your Mary was originally designed for that exalted station,—the coach-box?

"I have visited the grave of my father. I have wept over the turf that covers what was once the tabernacle of an immortal spirit. Mary, alone, of all his children, remains to cherish his memory! I had seen but eight summers when my father was on the bed of death,—never will that scene be effaced from my remembrance. There did I witness the resplendent glory of a Christian's hope. It triumphed over the agonies of dissolution and the terrors of death. Fourteen years have passed away—they appear like a dream. Yet a little time, and I also shall be numbered with the dead. Oh, may I be numbered with those

who sleep in Jesus! I have been insensibly led to this subject by speaking of my native village. The image of my father is connected with everything around me,—his remembrance consecrates every scene."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, May 16th, 1803.*

"You describe your solitude as absolute; to you, I am sure, it is not therefore unpleasant. The opening spring, in a place whose situation is uncommonly charming, must supply you with pure and animated pleasure. For myself, however, I acknowledge 'sober Autumn' has charms more attractive than any other season. Perhaps it is endeared to my heart by the recollection that the last months I passed in the society of friends inexpressibly beloved, and whose eyes are now closed in death, was at the conclusion of the year.

"Do you not think, my dear friend, it is equally duty and good policy to *cultivate* a taste for the beauties of Nature? Are there any pleasures purer or more transporting? Is not our devotion animated by it? Is it not even a species of devotion to admire the works of the Creator? The calm enjoyment, the elevating serenity, which pervades the soul, and raises it above the cares and sorrows of life, is seldom felt more perfectly than when contemplating the sun sinking behind distant heights, and gilding, with his setting rays, a fine prospect. I have rarely attempted to analyze my feelings at such a time. I felt that I was

happy in myself, and that my mind glowed with a warmer love to the Creator and His works.

"When at Lancaster, I became acquainted with a lovely woman whom you have seen, and whom I wish you to love. Mrs. Lee, formerly Miss Leighton, the cousin and friend of Miss Soley, whose heart, understanding, and accomplishments entitle her to general admiration, but whose unassuming modesty rather shuns than claims applause, is the lady to whom I refer. She spoke feelingly of you, and I think she must have retained a place in your memory. Though educated in the metropolis, her taste and her pursuits fit her remarkably for the enjoyment of retirement.

"I am hastened to conclude my letter. Adieu, therefore, my friend. May the beauties of Spring, the glories of Summer, the bounties of Autumn, and the sublime horrors of Winter, be to you exhaustless, and ever-varying, sources of delight: and when 'rolling years shall cease to move,' may we meet never to separate—in the mansions of our Heavenly Father. Again Adieu, says your

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK."

Two days later my mother wrote the following letter to Miss Emerson:

"*Concord, May 18th, 1803.*

"Permit me to say, you have only changed the name, not the nature, of the correspondence you proposed. I still find myself compelled to be your

opposer, still find myself obliged to combat the ingenuity of your wit, and the cogency of your reasoning. I coincide perfectly with you in the opinion that 'hazardous fallibility,' that weakness and imperfection, attach to every mortal pursuit. Friendship, like every other affection of the human heart, like every other engagement, and like all other good, may be disappointed in its exertions, is liable to change, and may be perverted to an evil. But, should we argue because there are bad Christians, Christianity is in itself bad? Because friends are often weak and sometimes false, Friendship has a natural tendency to weaken and corrupt? What do we understand by Friendship? Is it not a sympathy of tastes and opinions, of likes and dislikes, proved by familiar intercourse, and cemented by mutual offices of kindness? Is this a right definition? What are its duties? Are they not to benefit and improve our friends to the extent of our ability, without injuring any other; to enlighten them as much as possible by our discernment and judgment, to defend them when injured, to sympathize with them in affliction, and rejoice in their prosperity? If I have been deficient in detailing the duties of Friendship, your own heart and understanding will correct the deficiency. Is evil *necessarily* an attendant on a connection like this?

"You inquire if it does not lessen the independence of the mind? Were we, my dear Miss Emerson, designed for independence? Are we not natu-

rally dependent on each other's aid? To what would amount the knowledge of a single man, unassisted by the reason and experience of others? Would it not require a whole life to acquire that which a child might attain by a communication of the light of others? Does not our whole structure, moral, intellectual, and physical, demonstrate our mutual dependence?

"'But,' you ask, 'does it not cool our ardour for a purer state, and turn the tide of our affections from eternal to mortal beauty?' *Possibly*, but I repeat, not *necessarily*. Do we adore the Creator less fervently because we admire the reflection of His splendour in the soul of His creature? Is our grateful adoration diminished by communication? On the contrary, when conversing with a friend on the wisdom and goodness of our common Father, does not 'our heart burn within us,' and do we not feel the ardour of our love increased by being participated?

"Your last objection is most difficult to be obviated, and its evils are most generally attendant on a connection which, by prejudicing our judgments, renders us too indulgent to the failings, and too exaggeratingly kind to the good qualities of our friends. It is, however, undoubtedly one of the most heroic proofs of genuine Friendship to repress this weakness where it would be injurious, and to correct our friend with the same firmness with which we should endeavour to correct ourselves."

The following passage is from a letter without address or date:

"You cannot suppose I should hear with indifference anything suggested to the disadvantage of N. The mystery blended with your accusation of her heart gave me serious pain, since it incapacitated me for undertaking her defence,—and defended I am certain she deserves to be. You say you derived your information from a source that cannot be controverted, but, tell me, is it possible for any one to judge unerringly of the heart of another? Actions apparently wrong may originate in pure motives, and sentiments may be expressed in the gaiety of the moment, totally the reverse of general feeling and opinion. As you express a reluctance to be explicit, I cannot urge you farther. *Less* I could not *say; more* I think and *feel.* I entreat you to examine candidly to the bottom of the affair. I am certain a thorough investigation will terminate to her advantage. My acquaintance with her is not superficial. I have known her from ten to twenty, and one cannot be a deceiver at that age, and for such a length of time."

We come now to my mother's first letter to her new friend, Mrs. Lee, with whom she corresponded quite regularly for several years, the friendship continuing, on both sides, with unabated warmth as long as my mother lived. I do not remember ever meeting Mrs. Lee, but when on my marriage I moved to

Springfield, I found myself a neighbour to her oldest daughter, who had married one of Mr. Dwight's cousins. We used often to talk of the friendship of our mothers, and it was through her that I received my mother's letters to Mrs. Lee.

"*Concord, May 20th, 1803.*

"According to the rules of etiquette, this should be a formal, complimentary, introductory epistle. I should commence by speaking of the honour of addressing a lady so much my superior, etc. etc. and, after flourishing a few laboured periods, after having presented a few flowery compliments, and having introduced two or three studied sentimental observations (Ellenora like), I should conclude, very much to your joy and my own. Instead of this, behold me seated at my writing-table, scribbling with all the ease and pleasure with which I should address an old and beloved correspondent.

"Scarcely can I realize, my dear Mrs. Lee, our acquaintance was formed but yesterday. The affecting circumstances under which that acquaintance commenced, our mutual friendship for S., the deep interest we both felt in her happiness, and the congeniality of our sentiments on that, and several other subjects, have given to our acquaintance the sacred stamp of *Friendship*. At least, this is what I feel, and flatter myself with your sympathy. As I do not think it probable our characters will change essentially, and, as I do not think my present feelings the effect

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You will not I hope & must disappoint me in the
expectation I cherish of seeing you in Concord this summer —
Mamma joins me in soliciting a visit, & feels already acquainted
with you ———. Miss Elizabeth for me — & accept the
affectionate adieu of

Mary Van Schaick Kenny

of romance (having passed the age of fifteen), I calculate on their durability, and anticipate much satisfaction from their indulgence." [After a page given to the troubles of a friend, and the solicitude felt for her, my mother closes with] "Kiss Elizabeth for me, and accept the affectionate Adieu of

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK.

"P.S. I am enchanted with Gessner's 'Premier Navigateur.' Have you perused it? Recollect I shall not return the volumes you had the goodness to loan me, till you come for them. May I not hope this commencement of a correspondence will not remain long unanswered?"

The following is part of Mrs. Lee's letter in reply:

"*Lancaster, 21st May, 1803.*

"And, 'according to etiquette,' my lovely friend, it ought, at least, to be a month before I should suffer myself to inform you, (and then in a very limited degree,) how much gratitude and pleasure I felt in the receival of your very kind letter. Shall I not address you by the endearing appellation of Friend? My heart has yearned to do it, from the moment I first beheld Mary Wilder; and your begun goodness gives me reason to hope it will not be unpleasant. The repeated conversations that our mutual friend and myself have held concerning you, have always ended with a sincere wish, on my part, to share a portion of your regard; I felt none of those feelings

that are usual in first interviews, and longed to embrace, the moment we met. Fearing your delicacy would be injured by so sudden an avowal of friendship, I restrained the better feelings of my heart, and appeared the common acquaintance."

From my mother to Ruth Hurd:

"*May 25th, 1803.*

"I renew my self-congratulations every letter I have the pleasure to receive from you, my dear Ruth; and, though a numerous correspondence is no more desirable than a very large acquaintance, and neither, in my opinion, can be extremely interesting, yet an epistolary correspondence with a select number whom we either love cordially, or esteem sincerely, appears to me one of the dearest enjoyments of social life. It has this advantage over conversation,—we are more cool and collected, we are not so completely under the influence of that sweet enthusiasm, which so often blinds our judgment, when warmed by the presence of a friend; and our opinions and sentiments are expressed more clearly, because conceived more distinctly.

"Do you think, my dear Ruth, a taste for natural pleasures, and for the beauties of Nature, is cultivated with sufficient care? Generally speaking, is it not, with many of our nobler faculties, neglected till it becomes *almost* extinct?

"Are you not alarmed at the length of my letters? In compassion to my correspondents, I have sent to

town for paper of a smaller size; for, when writing to those in whom my heart is interested, I find it impossible to prevent filling up the sheet."

To Mrs. Elizabeth Lee:

"*Concord, May 27th, 1803.*

"I shall never find words, my dear Mrs. Lee, to express the grateful pleasure with which I received your immediate answer to my introductory letter. I can only say I considered it a pledge of our new-born, but, I trust, immortal friendship.

"What have you read since I saw you? I have perused, with delight, this morning, 'Estelle,' by Florian, a charming little pastoral romance, which speaks eloquently to the heart, and interests its best feelings. Do you not think that species of romance has a fine effect on the heart? Would it be possible for any one to be conversant with Gessner, and not to find the wish of emulating the virtues he paints so lovely and interesting, glow in their soul of souls? The heroes and heroines of tragedy soar often beyond our imitation, the situations in which they are placed are not those of common life; but every one has the power of bestowing and enjoying happiness, either in the character of an affectionate child, a faithful friend, an endearing companion, or a tender parent. 'Estelle' is preceded by an 'Essai sur la Pastorale.' In giving his opinion of the style most suitable, the author says: —'Il faut qu'il soit simple, car l'auteur raconte; il faut qu'il soit naïf, puisque les personnages dont il

parle, et qu'il fait parler, n'ont d'autre éloquence que celle du cœur; il faut, aussi, qu'il soit noble, car partout il doit être question de la vertu, et la vertu s'exprime toujours avec noblesse.' Do you not admire here Florian's style? He seldom attempts the grand, nor has he need; he is certain to charm whenever he follows the dictates of his genius, which is pure, tender, and affecting."

To Mr. Rockwood:

"*Concord, June 7th, 1803.*

"Your picture of fashionable follies, and life à-la-mode, is highly coloured, but, alas! the sketch is too just. I hope, however, the number of fashion's votaries is more circumscribed than you appear to imagine. Few, indeed, are uninfluenced by her in externals; it is perhaps wisdom to acquiesce in trifles; but, I trust, there is a good proportion, whose independence disdains to sacrifice at her altar moral principle, or essential duty. You called me an enthusiast at Charlestown; may I not, with justice, retort the charge? Can sober reason have told you the great body of mankind was light and unprincipled, devoid of taste and judgment, without discernment to see, or strength to pursue, the path of rectitude and happiness? Methinks, you insinuate even more; you think them not only frivolous and vain in themselves, but insensible to the beauty of virtue, or brilliancy of genius, in others. Are you not too severe? Is it not true that, though there is a proportion of society

denominated *fashionable*, who, desiring to distinguish themselves from the 'small vulgar,' and unable to do it by any real superiority, endeavour to effect their purpose by singularity of dress and manners; yet, that good sense still retains her empire over the minds of very many, and that virtue and talents ever did, and ever will, irresistibly command the admiration of the world?"

From a letter to Mrs. Lee, dated June 30, 1803:

"I am much obliged by your immediately procuring me the satisfaction of perusing Sully. His memoirs ought to be *studied* by every one who has any connection with Courts or Governments, and should be *read* by all who have leisure and taste for history, and who wish to profit by the example and advice of one of the most virtuous and enlightened men Europe ever produced. Is it not astonishing that any man should find it possible to fulfil the various duties, and neglect none of the important offices, of Counsellor, Minister, Financier, Field Marshal, etc. etc. *Order* and *industry* effected all; aided by them, there are few things which may not be accomplished, and, without them, man must not hope to become eminently great or useful."

In reference to the troubles of a friend, my mother says: "I have, through the whole course of this complicated affair, dreaded more from her romantic and mistaken generosity, than from any other source.

She forgets that truth and justice, though less brilliant, are more valuable than this refinement of generosity."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, July 12th, 1803.*

"I was this week made happy by a short visit from Mrs. Lee, and Miss Soley. I have the satisfaction of assuring you the latter is delighted with Lancaster, and has found the air peculiarly salutary. We had a violent dispute on the merits of Ossian,—you know her opinion on that subject. I was gratified by learning from her, that you, like myself, are an enthusiast in his praise. The picturesque epithets, to which she objects, in my opinion constitute one of his most striking beauties. When he describes 'the white-bosomed daughter of Toscar, with soft blue eyes, and dark-brown hair,' the image is conveyed perfectly and distinctly to my imagination. No general terms could have this effect. His pathos, and sublimity, appear to me almost unequalled. In marking the appearance of his ghosts, sailing on the red flame, or descending on the moon-beam, 'the stars dim twinkling through their forms,' we wish to prolong the delightful terror that thrills through the heart. Think you, my dear Ann, the imagination of the Poet was not much aided by the scenery to which he was accustomed? Think you a bard of modern times, surrounded only by cultivated nature, *could* equal in

wild sublimity the songs of the war-like Ossian? Or that the hero, on his mountain, followed by his dogs, and listening to the thundering torrent, *could be correctly tame?*

"Have you not enjoyed the delightful evenings of the last moon? To me no season is so lovely, no hour so enchanting, no scene so soothing, as a moonlight stroll in the country, on the evening of a sultry day. The heart expands, the passions sleep, and devotion, like the object for which it is felt, becomes pure and elevated.

"Yes, my friend, I assign to Cowper the high reward you mention, and think, with Wilberforce, he may be truly called the Evangelical Poet. All his productions are charming, but I have been lately extremely delighted with his address to his mother's picture. The simple pathos, the exquisite touches of filial love and gratitude it contains, and the tenderness and piety of the concluding sentiments, render it one of the most affecting little things I ever read."

From Mrs. Elizabeth Lee to Mary Van Schalkwyck:

"*Lancaster, 31st July, 1803.*

"What is society, my Friend? Is it our afternoon and evening circles? You are more fortunate in Concord than elsewhere, if they are either instructing or agreeable. But I must confess we have not all your talent of drawing out sense, where it is hid either by

timidity or reserve; for my part, the chief I hear is sweetly affected monosyllables, with the commonplace phrases of ignorance and stupidity.

"Are not the Americans generally the least fitted, with all their advantages, to add a zest to society, of any civilized people? They have now every aid, and might, with attention, be as pleasing as the Europeans. I am sure you find more real pleasure from an afternoon spent in any favourite study, than weeks passed in the common routine of visiting. Life is short and uncertain; why not pursue that train which most conduces to our real satisfaction? Why waste life in false parade, or still more tedious female society?

"The first class, although possessed of every advantage, are not more shining, commonly, than the second. They feel their own superiority in such a manner that, even if they have knowledge, it is too great a condescension to converse with those who are not equals; for (by the way), I really think there is more aristocracy in this country than in England; but, too frequently, having riches at command, they think it not necessary to make those exertions of their abilities which falls to the share of those who have fame alone to depend upon.

"The second ape the first by getting a smattering of their accomplishments, without the ease of behaviour which makes them alone interesting. Their conversation is chiefly novels and fashions, for their reading never extends to a history.

"The last and lowest are too frequently vitiated, —the country in as great a degree as the town,—so far as it is in their power to procure these pleasures and dissipations. The greater part of the farmers are very avaricious, and totally devoid of gratitude. There are undoubtedly exceptions in every class of life, but of these it is difficult to distinguish, and we must consequently be civil to those who will despise us when our dollars cease to be.

"Have you yet seen Roscoe's 'Lorenzo di Medici'? I don't know the name, but think I should like to read it."

From notes, by my mother, of a conversation with Mr. Frisbie:

"'T was on a fine evening, which had succeeded to a sultry day; the moon, near her full, shone brightly, the air was soft and serene; all was silent, except the tree-toad and the whip-poor-will. We were seated in the entry. The beauty of the scene led us, involuntarily, to speak of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions. He applauded the appropriate elegance of her style, the frequent beauty of her scenery, and compared the different merits of her novels. He thought the 'Sicilian Romance' a well executed little thing. But, to me, he appeared to give the preference, all points considered, to the 'Mysteries of Udolpho.' He observed, the 'Italian' appeared to be the production of one who, sensible much was expected, endeavoured to excel herself, and, therefore, failed to give

pleasure. Characters and events were, in general, distorted, the mind was kept in constant torture, and the expectation shockingly disappointed."

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, July 27th, 1803.*

"Are you proof against this series of unpleasant weather? Or does it depress even your philosophical temper? I well remember to have felt deeply mortified when I first was compelled to acknowledge the influence of weather on the mind. I wished to believe *mind* more independent of *matter* than experience proved it to be. But, after having been convinced the spirits may be affected by a south-east wind, and the powers of the mind debilitated by illness of body, I have learned to consider firm nerves, and perfect health, as blessings to be ranked next to peace of conscience; and to think with the Poet,

> 'Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
> And I their toys to the great children leave.'

And this I have enjoyed in an uncommon degree, particularly the last six months. Lest I should forget its value, I endeavour frequently to recollect the agonizing pain, and the yet more distressing debility of disease. The recollection of many species of misfortune enhances the value, and adds a zest to the enjoyment of prosperity: for instance, sickness, poverty, and danger. But the remembrance of any real good lost to us always creates pain. Does it not?"

To Ann Bromfield:

"*August 2nd, 1803.*

"Your kind reproaches have roused me like an electric shock from the languor to which I was yielding, in consequence of having passed a sleepless night.

"How sweet was the return of sunshine after the unpleasant weather we experienced last week. I never hailed the golden rays of the setting sun with more cordiality than on Friday. The appearance was cheering as the face of a friend when the heart is sad. Did you not observe, dear Ann, the fine effect produced by the yellow beams brightening the verdure of vegetation, tinting with various hues the west, while the black clouds of the east seemed frowning on the scene, and night strove with day for victory?"

In a letter to Miss Bromfield of later date, my mother says, "I shall be ere long with Mrs. Lee, who has been dangerously ill with the malignant sore throat, as have also her son, and brother."

To Mrs. Elizabeth Lee:

"*Concord, Sept. 3rd, 1803.*

"Mrs. Clarke informed me you were so far convalescent as to take the air, and that Thomas was much better; she told me also you were attended by very good friends. Probably, your aunt and cousin will not remain more than a fortnight with you.

When they quit Lancaster, you will, I hope, accept one who, though she cannot pretend to great merit, will endeavour to find stories and plays for Thomas, and cheerfulness for his mother. I am so daring, I do not despair of gaining the heart of your son. I shall endeavour not to appear more than six years old, in which I but follow the example of many a venerable predecessor, who strives to sink from sixty to sixteen, —like me, with the intention of winning the admiration of some young beau. Every one does not, like me, avow their intentions, it is true; and I hope you will, at least, grant me to be frank."

To Ruth Hurd, in reply to a request from her that my mother would point out to her her faults:

"*Concord, Sept. 15th, 1803.*

"You reproach me delicately for passing over a request that was urged most sweetly by you. I shall not, dear Ruth, make use of the absurd and commonplace compliment, 'You are faultless.' What mortal can lay claim to it? Who is exempt from the frailties of humanity? Nor can I attempt to correct one who appears to me far less imperfect than myself. We are both naturally weak and liable to err,—both blest with reason and revelation to guide and fortify us. We can be, at best, but imperfect judges of each other's character: actions and words lie, indeed, open to human inspection, but *motives* can be correctly known only to ourselves, and to that Omniscient Power who is 'near, though remote, and, though un-

fathomed, felt; and, though invisible, forever seen.' It is, I believe, by analyzing the secret springs of action, by never suffering ourselves to think, 'I did thus,' but 'why did I thus?' that we shall acquire a knowledge of our real characters. That knowledge will, indeed, inspire humility, but humility, we are told, is the beginning of wisdom.

"You are right, my dear Ruth, in calling Mr. Knapp and Mr. Frisbie two of my 'greatest favourites.' I have some personal acquaintance with the former, much with the latter: both have ensured my respect and esteem. Of Mr. Frisbie (whom I have known intimately many months), I can say, with the greatest confidence, his talents, which are certainly uncommon, equal not his virtues. He quits town this week, and will be long and sincerely regretted. For myself, I confess I think the society of such a man an inestimable privilege, and his conversation more improving than the perusal of a library. You know, however, my partiality for conversation: it appears to me better calculated to correct our opinions, and strengthen our minds, than mere study. They do indeed reflect mutual advantage and pleasure on each other; but, in conversation our minds act far more decidedly, and independently, than when reading.

"Write me soon, I entreat you. Inform me if you have seen any new publications, if you have been introduced to any new characters, or if anything interesting has occurred to you."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, Sept. 24th, 1803.*

"*Friday afternoon.* I had half filled a sheet, in spirits,—the consequence of my pleasant little visit to Billerica,—was preparing to conclude and seal it, when I was called from my pen by company,—and now, dear Ann, so miserably devoid of animation am I,—so completely in the *penseroso* mood,—that, though I can not boast any other merit, that of consistency shall, at least, be mine. I will not send you so motley a piece of composition as my former and present epistles would present, but shall throw myself on your mercy, and entreat you to prepare to meet, with patient endurance, three pages of melancholy dulness.

"One would think the enchanting appearance of nature sufficient to correct every propensity to sadness, and to inspire cheerfulness and joy in every bosom. The sun shines brightly, a clear and bracing air invigorates the system, Heaven and earth smile, I am addressing a friend who, I trust, reciprocates the kind and affectionate feelings of my heart,—if I were not incorrigible, so many images of delight would chase far away corroding melancholy. Several causes have, of late, combined to depress me. The season, though my favourite one, awakens painful recollections, the indisposition, the *serious* indisposition, bodily and mental, of our friend——, and a separation which, this week, took place between Mr. Frisbie and his Concord friends. In parting with this

truly estimable and interesting young man, we feel the most sincere regret. We have lost, not a mere acquaintance, but a most valuable friend.

"Were I not unwilling to speak of your lovely friend Susan with my present feelings, I could expatiate on the admiration with which she inspired me. I feel an ardent wish to cultivate an acquaintance with her,—a wish unchecked by any sentiment, except the fear of disappointing her in the expectation she would form of one distinguished by your partiality.

"Present to your excellent mother an assurance of my respectful remembrance. I am desirous, more so than I can express, to see more of her. Her very glance imparts a portion of that purity and benevolence which distinguish her. Do you not think there is an emanation from the souls of the good, which improves all who come within the sphere of their attraction?"

To the same:

"*Concord, October 22nd, 1803.*

"The 'Lounger' I have in vain attempted to procure. It is to be met with only at the Boston Library, and, as my name is not among subscribers, I could not hire it from thence. I am resolved, on your recommendation, to own it ere long, and have with care preserved the numbers you kindly minuted for me.

"Have you seen Klopstock's 'Messiah'? I have this

week been perusing it; and, though the great variety of characters introduced sometimes render it confused, yet, on the whole, I think it calculated to produce a most happy effect. Several descriptions of the angelic host are inimitably beautiful. I am now writing by the light of a candle for the second or third time these twelvemonths. I dare try the experiment no longer, but most affectionately bid you Good-night."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, November 7th, 1803.*

"Miss H. (shall I call her your *friend*, or your interesting *acquaintance?*) has probably left Charlestown. She is a very striking proof that '*seventeen years* is as unfit to go alone in the *world*, as *seventeen weeks* in the *nursery*.' With the very virtues and graces of extreme youth, are connected dangers and mortifications; nor did I ever know a young person, on their first entrance into life, unless shielded by a sensitive delicacy, such as few indeed possess, or by a disposition naturally cold and insensible, who did not expose themselves to mortification, if not to censure."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, Nov. 22nd, 1803.*

"This day, probably, will see my dear Ann depart from scenes rendered dear by long acquaintance. The constantly unpleasant weather of the

last week rendered it impossible, in Mamma's opinion, to visit Billerica, though my heart was often with you. This day, the *first* in which all things, even the attendance of a Beau (which in a village like this is an animal of wondrous rarity, and consequently great importance), are propitious to my wishes, this day is just one too late. I had so much to say to you—how poor is paper conversation! Do you not think more may be expressed in one conversation, where the tone of voice, and stamp of countenance 'comes from the heart, and reaches the heart,' than in ten epistles, even the most flowing and unreserved? I recollect you objected to the danger attending an epistolary intercourse between the sexes. Is there not more,—far more,—peril in familiar conversation with a man of taste and feeling, than can possibly be found in a correspondence? Yes, surely, my dear Ann, to judge only by what I feel for you, I should pronounce decidedly so. When I have passed an hour or an half-hour with you, I receive and communicate more than it would be possible to express by pen; and it is the recollection of what I heard and saw at the interview, that renders the letters I receive or write doubly interesting to my feelings. It was not, however, my intention to quarrel with this best substitute for conversation; I acknowledge with gratitude the delight it procures me. My intention, at first, was simply to express my regret and dissatisfaction that, for months, intercourse by way of letter was all I might hope for, and

that the greater pleasure I anticipated in *seeing* you must be relinquished for the lesser one of *writing* to you. My disappointment is at this time the greater that Miss Lowell, in whom I feel an animated interest, has been your companion. I had determined, too, to carry the 'Lounger' with me, and to read, with you and your lovely friend, the numbers most strikingly delightful."

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, Nov. 26th, 1803.*

"Your very friendly and characteristic invitation, my dear Eliza, would be instantly accepted, was inclination solely consulted. Not, indeed, for the perusal of the 'interesting French novel,' but for the rational satisfaction I have ever found at Lee mansion, in the society of my friend.

"Have you ever seen a paper published at Newbury Port, entitled the 'Repertory'? If so, have you not been enchanted with 'The British Spy'? The second number where is drawn the picture of a blind and aged minister administering the sacrament of the Supper is, for pathos and sublimity of description, inimitable. The author appears to lay as much stress on *manner* and *form* in *devotion* as in the ordinary pursuits of life, where we know them to be *essential.* He thinks it impossible a preacher should warm the hearts and elevate the souls of his auditors, if his unimpassioned manner, and uniform, uninterested, uninteresting, voice, implicitly declare he

either *believes not* or *feels not* the truth he inculcates. Do you not think he is right? Sometimes, when attending to a discourse on the most affecting subjects, the lines of Shakspeare occur to my mind with force:

> 'Pleads he in earnest,—look upon his face,
> 'His eyes do drop no tears, his prayers are jest;
> 'His words come from his *mouth*.—
> . . . . . .
> 'He prays but faintly, and *would be denied*.'

"Make acceptable to Captain Lee the compliments of one who has most sincerely rejoiced in his return to his country, and his restoration to the bosom of his family."

The following, though without address, I suppose to be written to Mr. Rockwood:

"*Concord, Nov. 29th, 1803.*

"How preëminently attractive are piety and virtue, adorned by grace and sweetness! I, last evening, gave a delighted assent to this truth, for, last evening, I saw and listened to Mr. Harris of Dorchester. The sanctity, the modest gentleness, of his manners, the sensibility of heart which animated his countenance, and gave pathos to his voice, brought to my mind the beloved Disciple. I cannot but believe, so thought and felt, so spake and looked, John. This truly good and interesting man has lately returned from an excursion to the Western Territory, where he went in pursuit of health. He entertained us with a description of that beautiful, but almost unknown

part of the country. He expatiated on the mildness of the climate, the exuberance of vegetation, and the balmy fragrance of the air, with the imagination of the poet, and the taste of the painter. He then presented us with scenes yet more interesting, nearer home, and gave us a particular account of the society of Moravians at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. With so happy a pencil did he sketch the place, its inhabitants, their primeval manners, pure, simple, affectionate, the admirable regulation of their time, the striking and affecting forms of their devotion,—that I could not but wish I had been born one of the community. And, surely, no mode of life can be more pleasant or improving.

"In our present weak, imperfect state, we feel the necessity of forms. By them the ardour of devotion is preserved, and the obligations of morality strengthened. A society, therefore, united by mutual vows, regulated by rules prescribed by wisdom and goodness, must have a greater probability of enjoying calm felicity here, and superior bliss hereafter; every hour appropriated to the fulfilment of duty, every duty, the parent of peace. Here, all the advantages of solitude may be found without its disadvantages. Its members cannot be called useless or selfish, since much of their time is devoted to the education of youth, and much of their income to the propagation of the divine truths of Christianity. I cannot, indeed, believe the world, with all its alluring pleasures, offers anything that can be really a counterpoise to the

tranquil, uniform peace which must be the result of such a life."

Among my mother's papers of this period I find a letter to her from the brother of a friend of hers, which is valuable as giving a view of her power of sympathy, and of what she was to her friends under circumstances of trial and suffering. Especially do I value it because it reminds me so strongly of my sister,[1] who inherited with her mother's name so many of her gifts of intellect and heart, and of whom it was said, after her death, "It was in the highest offices of administering consolation and counsel in times of affliction and distress that she found her fittest sphere."

"*Boston, Dec. 29th, 1803.*

"*Dear Madam,*—The subject of which I am to treat I trust will be my sufficient apology for this liberty, but, were it necessary to preface it with further excuse, I should find a justification in the uniformity of your attachment and friendship for my excellent sister. I am not unacquainted with your kind attention to her during the most trying scenes of difficulty. You extended the true and steady arm of friendship and supported her, you soothed her with the sweetest consolations, and lulled her heart to rest."

Two days later my mother and Miss Atherton

[1] Mrs. Mary Wilder Foote. — Ed.

together wrote to Mrs. Lee. I copy one paragraph from Miss Atherton:

"*Concord, Dec. 31st, 1803.*

"I have passed this week with our loved Mary. I met her in health and cheerfulness, and still that wonderful being who fascinates all hearts! In a world like this, how estimable to find a soul so pure."

Miss Atherton's enthusiasm in speaking of my mother naturally suggests the question, How did this "wonderful being, who fascinated all hearts," pass unscathed through the ordeal of flattered self-love, to which we feel sure her extraordinary personal and mental charms must have exposed her? We find an answer to this question in the following records, which, though without date, bear evidence of having been made by her during this period of her life:

"Is it possible! Can the vain conversation, the flattery and attention of beings weak and erring as myself, introduce disorder into my mind, and estrange my heart from Him whose love, whose wisdom, whose perfections, alone are infinite? With such weakness, can I hazard a residence in the world? Can I voluntarily enter society when I feel its fascinations to be poisonous? And yet, if I retreat to solitude, am I more pleasing in the view of the Creator, who hath formed me for active benevolence, for practical piety? Do not vain imaginations pursue me there, does not indolence steal over me, and timidly

dissuade me from exertion? What is the result of this experience? 'The good which I would, I do not; the evil I would not, that I do.' I err, and that continually."

Again she writes:

"A combination of circumstances invigorated the serpents of pride and vanity. They were sustained by my own foolish thoughts and vain imaginations. God, by revealing to my view the recesses of my heart, saddened and humbled it. Yes, this is evidently the goodness of God, for no exterior circumstance, no mortification, or disappointment, has disgusted me with the world and with myself, and has made me to *feel* that 'all is vanity below the skies.'

> "'O Thou, the Source and Centre of all souls,
> Their only point of rest, Eternal Mind!
> Give what Thou canst, without Thee we are poor,
> And with Thee rich, take what Thou wilt away.'

"'I hate vain thoughts,' yet am continually a prey to them. Of this precious time on which Eternity depends, how inconsiderable a portion is devoted to the only object worthy attention. Even the hours spent in devotional reading and prayer are of little worth, unless the *soul* be engaged. Yes, saintly Massillon, thou wert inspired by the Spirit of Truth, when thou didst declare the pursuit of wealth and fame and *science* was 'time lost for eternity,' unless

they are rendered subservient to the love of God, and the real happiness of His creatures.

"How ennobling the idea! God has willed my existence! From eternity this being so frail, so erring, was foreseen, foreordained by Him who *is*.

"Continual company and excessive heat. How fatal to improvement! A short proportion of each day devoted to happier purposes is almost the only part of the week on which I reflect with pleasure."

On another page she writes:

"'No one, however holy his life has been, should venture to die in any other state than that of a penitent,' says St. Augustine. No one who has a glimpse of human depravity can venture to *live* in any other state. I say not how imperfect are my best actions! but confess that even the performance of religious duties is often but specious sin. What wanderings of imagination, what intrusions of worldly thoughts and passions, what pride and vanity!

"Gracious and Holy Father! I desire renewedly to dedicate myself to Thee. I desire to dedicate all my powers and faculties to Thy service, and fervently invoke the aid of Thy divine Spirit to enlighten and strengthen me in the performance of duty. Oh, guide, sustain and bless me, a sinner, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

CHAPTER VII

1804

CONCORD: MISS SUSAN LOWELL; DIARY

THE year 1804 opens with the following from my grandmother's pen. It shows, as do other records, how much the mother and daughter were alike in their religious habit of mind.

"An introduction to the year 1804 is an era which I had very little expectation of arriving to. What then shall I render to Him who has not only granted me time to be useful to my family, and has showered down blessings on me, but, above all, has made me more sensible of His love and tenderness? Surely, what remains of life I, willingly and with ardent desire, would wish to dedicate to Him, adoring Him as the Author of all good from my youth to the present moment.

"Thou, O God, hast appeared for me in dangers, in afflictions, in sickness, and health. When human aid failed, Thou hast been my guardian and friend. I confess my unworthiness. Humbled in the dust, would I beg Thy pardoning mercy. Forgive me, O God, for against Thee have I sinned. But, through the mediation of my Saviour, will I lay hold on Thy gracious promises. Withhold not Thy protection! Save me from the consequences of my sins, and,

when life shall cease, wilt Thou crown me with everlasting felicity in Thy presence!

"May I never, while life shall last, forget Thy goodness in restoring my only child. Most merciful Father, bless her with the communications of Thy Holy Spirit, guide her in the paths of religion, succour her when tempted, preserve her when distressed. Through every change, in every scene, uphold her by Thine Almighty power, secure her by Thine all-powerful arm. Bless her, O God, and she shall be blest."

The earliest date of this new year we find from my mother is the following letter to Miss Emerson:

"*Concord, Jan. 7th, 1804.*

"My dear Miss Emerson will treat my long silence with the same indulgence she claimed for herself, at the commencement of our correspondence. She will attribute it to the combination of circumstances, apparently trifling when separately considered, but, united, of sufficient weight to make my conduct the reverse of what I intended it should be when I received her letter.

"I confess I cannot perfectly subscribe to your opinion respecting novels; and, probably, I am, at present, more pertinaciously attached to my own, by the recent perusal of 'A Tale of the Times,' by Mrs. West,—a work, the product of handsome talents, and upright intentions. The author's aim is to display the terrific tendency of the *new Philosophy*,

and I think she has succeeded far better than any of her predecessors. If you have not seen it, I think it will yield you some hours' amusement, if *you* can *condescend* to be *amused.*

"As you kindly consented to hear from me an account of the books by which my attention was most engaged, I will mention Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' which has very much interested me of late. Am I censurable, however, in declaring I think, as a biographer, Johnson causes incomparably more pain than pleasure? He viewed man with a critic's eye, and, by a too minute attention to blemishes, has cast a chilling damp on the pleasure attendant on a perusal of the Poets. Perhaps his criticism on the poet was just, but, surely, he might have exercised more candour on the man."

We have next a letter from my grandmother. My mother was then visiting her friends at Elm Hill, Lancaster. In it she urges my mother's return as follows: "If you should have an opportunity to return, I wish you would embrace it, as you are very dear to the hearts of your parents. Your Papa says, 'Tell that little one I wish she was at home, as I want her to talk with.'"

The following letter from my mother is doubtless to Mr. Rockwood:

"*Concord, Jan. 28, 1804.*

"How has the bitterness of Winter passed with you? It appears to me I never knew a colder. I have

read Thomson and Cowper again and again, with the laudable determination to persuade myself Winter was the season of sublime emotion, and social enjoyment. With Thomson, I listened to the driving tempest, and endeavoured to enjoy its horrors; with Cowper, I drew near the cheerful fire-side, and tasted the delights of friendly converse, but it would not do; when the door opened, I shuddered with cold, and paid involuntary homage to milder seasons. I acknowledge, however, Winter is not destitute of beauty, or pleasure. A landscape, even in January, may have many charms, and a party of rational friends may find a tolerable degree of happiness even in Greenland. It were well for us if we were disposed to see and improve the advantages of every situation in which we are placed; some peculiar good is attached to every season and every state, and it is our own fault if we do not extract good even from evil.

"Your observations,—I should rather say, your criticism—on Salem, amused me by the poignancy of the satire, but, on a re-perusal, drew a sigh from my heart. If your picture be just, alas! for degraded humanity! Is there a propensity in the heart of man more destructive to his nobler feelings, more deadly in its effects, than the love of money? Does it not gradually annihilate his moral sensibility, and leave him nothing of humanity except the form? In woman, its deformity is yet more frightful, as, from her situation, she is less exposed to its power. I believe her very nature is more delicate, more tender and gen-

erous. When, therefore, she violates the first principles of her being, when she becomes rapacious, obdurate, and icy-souled, she is a monster—a very monster.

"Do you not think of returning to Charlestown ere long? I 've been assured it is at present uncommonly brilliant. Balls have taken place of the Assemblies, and the Beaux and Belles are preparing to trip gaily 'on the light fantastic toe,' Tuesday sennight."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, Feb. 2, 1804.*

"My heart is not in fault, my dear Ann, that you have not sooner received an answer to your charming New Year's letter. Circumstances unexpectedly led me to Lancaster the week I received it, and the kindness of my amiable friends detained me there three weeks. I thought, frequently, of addressing you from the bosom of my dear native village, but the bitterness of bitter January prevented writing in my chamber, and, you know, letter-writing is not perfectly consonant with the sociability of a family party.

"Alas! yes,—New Year's day, though fraught with much of pleasure, though abounding with much of mirth and joyous festivity, has long been to me one of the most interesting monitors. It seems a new epoch in life, a commencement of being; and is surpassed only by the thirty-first of December. Did you ever, since you began to realize yourself a rational

and immortal being, close the year without mortifying reflections on the trifling improvement so considerable a proportion of life had produced, without gratitude for the beneficence with which it was crowned, and resolutions to merit better that beneficence in future? I ever feel regret and deep dissatisfaction when prevented passing the last evening of the year in absolute retirement. I seem to have lost what can never be retrieved.

"I think at present I shall not see Charlestown till the Spring opens. I cannot write the name of that charming season without feeling a disposition to expatiate on its praise, especially after having shuddered beneath the rigorous reign of the coldest Winter I remember to have felt for many years. I am sure Winter has no effect on the *heart*, but I do not know with certainty that the *mind* is wholly independent. What think you?"

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, February 7th, 1804.*

"I am reading Denon's 'Tour in Upper Egypt,' and find it very entertaining in general, extremely interesting in some passages. The writer is not only a man of observation, but of great sensibility.

"Will you oblige me by sending the minutes of the passage of the English army over the Desert? I will not trouble you to write the *whole*, only the length of the march, the degree of heat, and the time spent in making it."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Feb. 8th, 1804.*

"Don't you think the present temperature of the air very unpleasant? Did I not hail the southern breezes as the harbingers of Spring, I should acknowledge the severer, but the more bracing air of the west was more welcome. I love the milder seasons extremely; but, in Winter, I dread a warm breeze which dissolves the snow, destroys the elasticity of the air, and, of course, produces a languid, inactive tone of spirits. There are few things which teach us humility more forcibly than this dependence on the weather. We are compelled to admit the astonishingly intimate union between spirit and matter.

"You are very brilliant in Charlestown, I am told. Has the Winter passed with you more happily than usual? I think you must derive pleasure from occasionally visiting the theatre, where, 't is said, the performances are uncommonly good. I have heard much of Bernard. What is his style of acting?"

Miss Bromfield was at this time visiting, in Charlestown, her friend Miss Lowell, and my mother, soon after this letter, herself made a visit in that town. I find among her papers a letter from her stepsister Sally Hurd, addressed to her at Charlestown, and dated:

"*Concord, March 10th, 1804.*

"I may have appeared inattentive in not writing before, but I assure you, my dear Mary, it was in

appearance alone, for my inclination would have induced me to write often, but we expected your return every day. We do not ask you again to appoint the day for us to send for you, but what kind of gallant you would choose, as, on each day you have expressed a wish to return, we have procured a safe conveyance for you, and were disappointed in not seeing you. Now, we will thank you to send word what profession, and of what age, would be most agreeable to you. Lawyers, merchants, a deacon, and a major have solicited the pleasure of escorting you back to Concord, but have not been fortunate enough to meet your approbation. Perhaps, a young student would be acceptable,—more so than these grave gallants who have presented themselves to you."

On reaching home, my mother wrote to Miss Bromfield:

"*Concord, March 19th, 1804.*

"So unexpectedly did I leave Charlestown, I was unable to bid my dear Ann adieu, or to make inquiry relative to her health. At eight in the evening, my brother informed me the stage would call for me by six the next morning. As the storm was then violent, I flattered myself it would justify me in remaining a few days longer, and give me an opportunity of again seeing my friend. Contrary to expectation, the morning was not unpleasant. I therefore took my seat in the stage, and could only look

an adieu towards the Square. The roads were extremely bad; more than once, I thought we should have occasion for a *boat*. Indeed, every movement of the carriage reminded me of being at sea in a storm. The vessel *pitched* and *rolled*, and twice was nearly *laïd on her beam-ends*. By apologizing for the circumstantial egotism of this page, I should pay an ill compliment to Friendship. The letters most grateful to my feelings are those which convey the most perfect image of my friend, her thoughts, feelings, and employments; and such I think most satisfactory to my dear Ann. In writing to a mere *acquaintance*, one may study for ingenuity of thought, or elegance of expression; but in writing to a *friend*, one feels the full value of that easy security with which the soul reposes, the heart pours itself forth, fearless of criticism, confident of being received with affectionate warmth.

"Let me know if you have determined to pass the summer in Newbury. If so, I presume it will be principally spent in solitude. Miss Emerson, (a friend whom you have heard me mention as one of the first of women) has often observed to me, so far did she think the pleasures and advantages of solitude surpassed those of society, so much more perfect was her consciousness of existing in the presence of Deity, a 'Deity *believed*, *adored*, and *loved*,' that she never quitted her retirement without regret, nor returned to it without the most delightful emotion. I do not know but this principle may be dangerous.

What think you? Have we a right to seclude ourselves entirely from the world? Can we dispense with the social duties?

"To Susan, I add a postscript. May it be received, as it is proffered, in the spirit of love, with which I am, my dear Ann, affectionately yours,

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK.

"P.S. Will you, my interesting friend, welcome through the medium of our Ann, an assurance of my affectionate remembrance, and of the interest I shall ever feel in your happiness. I shall never forget, nor can I consent to be forgotten by you. With those dear ideas that make this life supportable, and the next desirable, I class the hope of meeting you, where friendship shall be perfected, and friends forever united. I cannot think it improbable that, at some future period of existence, we may recollect the time when this was only *hope*, and rejoice in the perfect satisfaction of reality.

"Adieu—accept an affectionate good evening from MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK."

This postscript was the beginning of a correspondence between my mother and Miss Susan Cabot Lowell (afterwards Mrs. Gorham), which lasted as long as my mother lived. Mrs. Gorham preserved many of my mother's letters. After her death they came into my father's possession, and were read by him to my sister and myself, with other letters of my mother, when we were very young. I never knew

Mrs. Gorham, who died only a few years later than my mother, but it is a pleasant circumstance to me that friendships now exist between those of her lineage and my mother's hardly less warm than that of which we have so full an expression in these letters.

From Miss Anna Cabot Lowell, a niece of Mrs. Gorham, I learn that her aunt, whose memory she cherishes with affectionate reverence, was distinguished for the enthusiasm and disinterestedness of her affections, and for her refined and literary tastes. She was the daughter of Judge Lowell, who was appointed by Washington Judge of the United States District Court—the same office which his great-grandson, our valued friend Judge Lowell, received from Lincoln. Mrs. Gorham's mother was Susan Cabot, the second wife of Judge Lowell. Her home, until her father's death, was in Roxbury, at Bromley Vale, in the old mansion-house which afterwards descended to the son and to the son's son of Judge Lowell, and which has but recently been removed to make way for the encroachments of the city. When Judge Lowell died, in 1802, his widow and third wife (who was a Miss Russell, and the grandmother of James Russell Lowell) removed to Charlestown, where her relatives lived. There it was that my mother, while visiting her cousins, met Miss Lowell and her sister, and formed the friendship of which these letters are the memorial. The elder sister of Miss Susan Lowell, Miss Anna Cabot Lowell, who according to the fashion of the day was called Nancy,

was a daughter of Judge Lowell by his first marriage. Her mother was a Miss Higginson. From my earliest recollection I have heard of Miss Nancy Lowell as the woman of her day most distinguished, among all who knew her, for her remarkable intellect. Her niece and namesake has told me that her Aunt Susan looked up to her elder sister with an almost idolatrous affection, and that her Aunt Nancy was regarded with hardly less enthusiasm by a large circle of admiring friends. She and my mother died within a few months of each other.

It would seem that the spring of 1804 was to my mother a season of more than usual thoughtfulness and self-examination. We find that on her return from her visit to Charlestown she began a journal which, after a few pages, she thought it best to discontinue. This precious manuscript was given to me by my dear father in the days of my youth. Coming to me at that impressible period, a message from her to whom I looked up as to a saint in heaven, it influenced me as no living teacher could do. The religious views which I then received, as it were from my mother's lips, are the cherished convictions of my declining years. I copy passages from this journal, as follows:

"*Sunday, 18th of March, 1804.* Commenced this journal, with the humble and fervent hope of its being the means of assisting me in self-knowledge, and advancing me in the graces of the Christian character.

"In the morning of this Lord's day, I awoke early; but the dangerous habit of rising late which I have too much indulged, rendered me unwilling to leave the bed. I sought, therefore, to compromise with conscience, by determining, though I rose not, to meditate and pray. How dangerous is it to yield to indolence! My thoughts were incoherent, my prayers mere ejaculations, and those not fervent,—thus an hour or more was unprofitably spent that ought to have been devoted to the service of the Lord, my *Creator*, my *Preserver*, my *Redeemer*. Father of light and life, give me strength to overcome every propensity to the sin of indolence,—that mortal poison to the soul!

"Read this morning Malachi IV. How delightful was the promise that the 'Sun of righteousness should arise with healing in His wings.' Oh, may this glorious Sun warm as well as enlighten me, a most unworthy creature! Read also the different tenets of Calvin and Arminius,—neither of which can I wholly and cordially embrace. Methinks, Calvin, by denying the free agency of man, and by supposing Deity has predestinated many to eternal misery, impeaches His justice and goodness. On the other side, the confident reliance of Arminius on works appears to me altogether unsatisfactory, and opposed to the first principles of Christianity. For myself, I feel it would be a most miserable faith, and would make death, indeed, the King of Terrors. I believe, with Calvin, in the depravity of human nature, and in sal-

vation by grace alone; with Arminius, I believe man is a free agent, that the death of Christ put all mankind in a salvable state, that grace is accorded to every one who will pray for it, and improve it; and that those who have believed may fall, and finally come short of salvation.

"Mr. Ripley preached from II Kings v. 18; the subject was Naaman's petition that he might be permitted to bow in the temple of Rimmon. My devotion, except in the last prayer, was cold; my thoughts wandered on many subjects, and I have brought away less of the sermon than I ought. May I be enabled to profit more in future!

"After my return, read the first and second epistles of Peter, and had a joyful sense of God's goodness in Jesus Christ. In prayer, though I saw through a glass darkly, yet had much satisfaction, and when I offered up a petition for the souls of my husband and brother, my Heavenly Father granted me sweet consolation. I cannot, therefore, believe it is displeasing to Him to hear prayers for the dead. How many wise men, and sincere Christians, have united in the belief that with such prayers God is well pleased. Besides, if no good results to the dead, certainly they cannot be injured by them; and, methinks, it is a kind of piety to treasure their remembrance even in our devotion. The effect on myself, I think, is good. I have never felt my heart more humbled, more penetrated, more deeply impressed with a sense of my

dependence on God than when I approached Him in behalf of my beloved departed friends. I concluded the reading of the day by Sherlock's discourse on the mysteries of the Gospel.

"*Monday.* Rose at half-past six. Was not animated in my devotion. Wilt Thou, O Father, warm my heart by Thy Love, and sanctify me by Thy Spirit!

"In the afternoon, Mr. Ripley called, with an invitation for Betsy and myself to pass a few hours at the parsonage. We went. In the evening, Mr. Ripley spoke of the state of departed souls,—of our recognizing our friends in a future state; gave it as his decided opinion that we should; thought every well-founded friendship would endure eternally; and that the felicity of Heaven would consist, not only in love to God, but love towards each other. He likewise mentioned his idea of future punishment, which he thought would be a series of suffering, terminating in annihilation. He rendered eternal *punishment* eternal *death* or annihilation.

"*Tuesday.* Read in Psalms; was indisposed, a violent head-ache in the morning. Felt a depression of spirits,—coldness of devotion except when reading the Scriptures. Wrote to Guadeloupe, to Mr. Cutler, Miss Bromfield, and Grace Hurd. Read a letter from Voltaire to Helvetius, containing excellent advice for the formation of his style.

"*Wednesday.* Read the third and fourth chapters of St. John's Gospel. Was assisted in devotion by

the Prayer-book of the Church of England. Is it not best when our own devotion languishes, to revive it by the perusal of prayers by others?

"*Thursday.* The state of indifference, so much to be dreaded, prevailed in my devotions. Read in St. Matthew's Gospel. Afternoon, read Goldsmith's 'History of England.'

"*Saturday.* Was assisted in devotion by the Prayer-book. It was a day of sorrow. May it prove profitable sorrow to my soul! In the afternoon, was much indisposed with a nervous complaint in my head. Found consolation in the Bible, and endeavoured to say, 'Father, in all things, Thy will be done.'

"*Sabbath.* Was assisted in devotion by the Episcopal Prayer-book. Read the chief of St. John's Gospel. Was indisposed the whole day, yet did I experience a happy tranquillity of mind, though with less fervour in devotion than I wished.

"*Tuesday.* Read the Scriptures, but was not animated with the spirit of fervent piety. Had many uncomfortable doubts. Knew not how to reconcile the idea of a particular Providence with Man's free agency. Visited Mrs. Thoreau. Spoke of the doctrine of Guardian Angels. Read Newton's letter on that subject.

"*Wednesday.* Was greatly favoured by my Heavenly Father. Felt a greater warmth of devotion than I had long known. Read Newton's life, written by himself in a series of letters. Though I felt my heart warmed toward God, and was impressed with a

sense of my own unworthiness, still was I distressed with doubts of a directing Providence. Oh, that I could see a Providence directing all things! Grant, Lord, this mercy, for Christ's sake!

"*Thursday.* Was highly favoured with a more holy frame of devotion than I had long experienced. Read in St. Matthew's Gospel. Many doubts arose in my mind concerning this method of keeping a journal. Does it, or does it not, savour too much of ostentation? Is not my conduct influenced by the idea that all will be recorded by my own pen; whereas the desire to please God and obtain His Love, should be the ruling, and the only motive of all my actions? Perhaps even my devotions are influenced, in a degree, by a wish to avoid a dark page in my journal. These ideas have determined me to omit, for some time at least, the custom of recording my feelings. But, as a habit of committing to paper whatever remarkable I have read or heard in the course of the day, appears to me to be beneficial, I have determined to continue that practice."

That this was my mother's habit appears from the many loose sheets that we find among her papers, upon which she has transcribed what most interested her in reading, as well as from her well-filled extract-book. The present journal, however, concludes with only the following records:

"*April 29th. Sabbath morning.* Read in Psalms and St. John's Gospel. Methinks, the tenderness.

the consoling love that speaks through the beloved Evangelist must recommend him in a particular manner to every heart of sensibility. When does our Divine Saviour appear so irresistibly lovely, as when speaking through the medium of John? 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' 'I have prayed for you, and not for you only, but for all those who shall hereafter believe on me.' 'I go to my Father, and your Father, to my God and your God.' 'Where I am, there ye shall be also.' 'Peace be with you, my peace I leave unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you.' Who can read unmoved the pathetic tenderness of our Lord! How cold, how ungrateful is my heart, which so often forgets all the Saviour's love,—which dwells hours on the gifts, for minutes devoted to the Giver of all good. How long has one letter from a beloved friend dwelt in my mind and warmed my heart—how frequently has it been perused, how carefully its meaning examined, how dear has the treasure appeared! But how often have the Divine epistles of my Lord lain neglected, or but coldly and superficially been perused! Grant, Heavenly Father, grace to warm, enlighten, and purify my soul!"

The following fragment of a letter, though without date or address, I suppose, from the handwriting and other indications, belongs to this period.

"I have just laid aside Milton, who has become my favourite Divine. In the course of this last win-

ter, I perused several theological works, and have returned to my Bible with increased pleasure, and a delightful consciousness that there is one volume in which is contained pure Truth, unadulterated by prejudice, plain to the simplest, divinely sublime to the wisest. Next to the Bible, I rank the Poets; I am confident Milton, Cowper, Young, and Thomson excite more devotional feelings than all the controversial authors in Christendom. As I would avoid the touch of the torpedo, would I fly from those men who, refining away every thing not perfectly comprehensible to our weak dim-sighted reason, would make us believe a cold, speculative adoration of Deity is all that we can or ought to pay, who regard the Saviour only as the founder of a new religion, and the institutor of a pure system of morals. As though an invisible Benefactor might not be loved, and as though our Creator and Redeemer were not entitled to the best offerings of the heart as well as the head. I know enthusiasm has its attendant dangers, but, to me, they appear far less fatal than its cold reverse; and were happiness, even in this world, my object, I would prefer waking and weeping with enthusiastic Mary, at the foot of the cross, to being the icy-souled, the self-thought rational, enlightened Deist, or his dear friend and brother, the Socinian. Thinking thus, you will not be surprised that the Poets are my favourite Divines. Milton's theology appears to me equally sound and delightful. The most abstruse subjects explained by him be-

come clear, and I sometimes think him inspired by the Spirit he so solemnly invoked."

To Miss Bromfield:

"*Concord, March 20th, 1804.*

"I need not say it would have given me pleasure to have accepted the lovely Susan's invitation. Destiny appears to separate us here. Let us hope,—for me, I fondly cherish the expectation,—that we shall meet at some future period of existence. Were it not for the hope of 'another and a better world,' were it not for the expectation of meeting there those who have been, and are, most dear to my heart, I should be indeed wretched. Certainly, but for this, I would never form a friendship. I would endeavour to extinguish all social affections, to suppress every sentiment of tenderness, and invoke apathy as the best of blessings.

"I am so truly in the writing mood, so perfectly disposed to fill two or three more pages, I find it necessary to repeat, every moment,—'Recollect, Mary, you have letters to write to Guadeloupe.' Bless your fortunate stars, dear Ann, for this circumstance."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, March 23rd, 1804.*

"To live in the constant presence of all those who are dear to us is rarely accorded to mortals. And, indeed, Wisdom and Love Divine have so determined it. *Contrast* is necessary, alike, to *beauty* and

happiness. Separation from those we love heightens exceedingly their value, and the pleasure of a reunion compensates for the pain of absence. I found this reasoning necessary to reconcile me to quitting Charlestown in the abrupt manner I did, and thus it is:—

> "'There is some secret virtue in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.'

"No, my dear girl, I, by no means, imagine Mr. R. so insensible or unjust as to think of you as you intimate. The same observations would apply to me, as well as to yourself. I am perfeetly conscious of my inferiority to Miss N. L., and should think no more of vieing with her than with Mr. Dexter; but I should be extremely mortified did I not believe a man of sense could converse with us both without feeling *contempt.* In truth, my dear Ruth, I fancy there is a natural distinction between the sexes, and that woman may not only be as *interesting*, but as *improving*, when she preserves the distinction, and cultivates those powers that render her the soothing, consoling, amiable, (but not therefore ignorant,) friend and companion. I respect that woman who, to superior strength of mind, unites goodness and kindness;—I do more, I *admire* her as almost a *prodigy.* But, so rarely is masculine strength allied to feminine sweetness, so unfortunately is the woman lost in the confident orator, that I believe had we abilities, we should be no great gainers by assuming superiority. The woman who rightly understands

her interest, will indeed cultivate her mind as highly as possible, she will strengthen it by exercise, she will consider herself *rational* and *immortal*, but she will not forget she is still *woman*, that the duties prescribed her by the God of Nature, are essentially different from those of *man;* and, of course, it becomes her to cultivate those powers by which she is fitted to fulfil her duties.

"I assure you, it was far from my intention, when I sat down, to enter into this dissertation. I have insensibly been led from sentence to sentence by the subject. I flatter myself our opinions harmonize on this as well as on other subjects. Indeed, I am *certain* we think and feel here in unison.

"Most joyfully do I congratulate you, my dear friend, on the resolution you have formed to declare yourself openly the disciple of the blessed Jesus, and to become a guest at His table. Besides the satisfaction of complying with a positive and most affecting command, besides its being the means of our growth in religion, it forms so delightful a bond of union between Christians, that, were the most painful sacrifice necessary to attain the privilege, we should be insensible to hesitate making it.

"Since my return, the walking has been so extremely bad, I have not seen our amiable B., but expect this afternoon to converse with her on a very interesting subject. I believe she has not heard from Mr. ——, several months past, and am astonished, with the certainty which he possesses that the cor-

respondence was not displeasing to her, he should delay writing a single post. I confess, my dear Ruth, I do not much credit the ardour of that attachment, which is so diffident of its own strength and constancy. I believe genuine love never suspects the possibility of change.

"*Afternoon.* I have opened this letter to give you an extract from Moritz' 'Travels through England.' Speaking of Lichfield, which you remember André mentions so enthusiastically, he says:—'It is an old-fashioned town with narrow, dirty streets. The place, to me, wore an unfriendly appearance; I, therefore, passed hastily through it.' Who could imagine this to be 'the beautiful city that lifts her fair head on high, and says:—*I am*, and there is none beside me.'"

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, May 8th, 1804.*

"Your letter arrived most opportunely, my dear Ann, to relieve me from serious anxiety for your health. I was on the point of addressing a letter of inquiry to you, or your excellent mother, when a messenger from the post-office wrought an immediate change in my feelings and determinations. You see I do not easily suspect the constancy of a friend; the idea of diminished regard would be so exceedingly painful, I cautiously avoid it, and impute to any other cause that apparent neglect which is sometimes inevitable, even among the dearest friends.

"*May 9th.* The early morning delightfully invites me to address you. How sweet is the cool breeze after the heat of yesterday, how gratefully the verdure of nature swells to sight long accustomed to dazzling snow, or the brown, lifeless earth! I cannot describe my pleasure at the first warbling of the red-breast, but by referring you to a recollection of your own. Is it not a thousand pities that sportsmen, who know no other gratification in their amusement than the pleasure of destroying, should be permitted to rob the country of its sweetest musician? Are there any sounds more in unison with a calm sunset than the mellow notes of that social bird? At the opening of morning, there are innumerable shrill pipes more enlivening, but not one possesses such full and tender melody. What say you to the proposal of draughting a petition in behalf of this deserving favourite? Don't you think some *wise heads* at the seat of Government might be more innocently employed in framing laws for the preservation of the blessings we *do* enjoy, than in forming schemes for the acquisition of those we do *not?*"

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, May 14th, 1804.*

"How charmingly has the Spring opened upon us! I cannot describe the pleasure I felt at the first opening of the wall-flower; it was the signal of reviving nature, and, while it regaled us with its perfume, it awakened ideas and feelings the most grate-

ful. If you have never preserved it through the winter, I think you will be repaid for the care of doing it, next season. The plant is hardy, and will cost you less attention than any other with which I am acquainted.

"Shall we not see you, with our amiable Hannah, soon in Concord? Being vacation, it is the season of *Beaux* with us; and, as they remain not longer than strawberries or cherries, we shall be happy if you will hasten to share with us the rare view of two or three Gallants.

"This letter is written hastily, but, my dear Ruth will make allowance for incoherence, when she knows I have been frequently interrupted, and am now called on to welcome some of our college friends."

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, June 17th, 1804.*

"Did I not think you confide in the constancy of my affectionate regard, I should make a lengthy apology for permitting Salla to return to Lancaster without an answer to your last affectionate and thrice welcome epistle. In truth, a succession of company has constantly claimed my attention, since the return of the fine season has rendered the country preferable to the town. Many books I intended reading have lain unopened, and several pieces of work I thought to have accomplished ere now, are untouched.

"How little of our short life, my dear Elizabeth,

is at our own disposal, and, of that little, how small a proportion is usefully and satisfactorily spent! I am confident, could we exert the energy and independence necessary to a systematic life, we should find our improvement, and of course our happiness, greatly increased. The desultory manner in which nine-tenths of the world pass their lives, is destructive to good, while it leaves ample room for the growth of evil. Of this truth no one can be more convinced than myself; I am continually forming wise resolutions, and determining in future to fill each portion of time with improvement; and yet I too often find 'trifles light as air' dissolve the plans formed in moments of tranquil leisure; 'busy idleness,' or listless inactivity, steals many of the hours which, in anticipation, we devoted to the performance of duty, the pursuit of wisdom, and the cultivation of taste.

"You are very kind to urge so many admirable motives for my visiting Lancaster at this time. None were necessary to induce me to *wish* to pass part of this charming season with you. Apropos of Lancaster, I have lately heard as many fine things *said*, as I myself ever *imagined;* and by whom do you think? Even by the brother of your angelic preacher, Mr. Channing. He was introduced to us the week before last; I had indeed seen him before, but never heard him converse. He appeared correct and elegant; and, you will not doubt I give him credit for

fine taste, when I tell you he said that, notwithstanding many learned authors had asserted the contrary, he was certain, *Lancaster* was formerly part of *Paradise.*

"I return 'David Simple' with many thanks, and Helvetius with an apology for having so long detained it. I was, several times, on the point of sending the volume, when I recollected something I wished to look at again, and thus it has remained with me till now."

Next we have a letter addressed to "Miss Sarah Ripley, Salem. Politeness of Mr. Cabot,"—another "moss from the old Manse."

"*Concord, June 27th, 1804.*

"This balmy morning, breathing health and peace, has inspired me with feelings worthy to be devoted to my Sarah, could they be transmitted by some magic from heart to heart; but, as André complains, 'they must go such a circuitous route from the heart to the head, through fingers, pen, paper,—over hills and dales,—and then must undergo the scrutiny of the eye, and be received into the head, before they reach the heart again,' that I very much fear the warmth, the animation, the soul, would evaporate, and leave you little more than a mass of words, by the time my letter reached you. I will refer you only to your own feelings on Thursday morning, at five o'clock, if that early hour found you awake, adding,

the sweets of new-mown hay supplied the *perfume* of a *city*. When Mahomet termed smelling 'the sense of the soul,' he approached the truth more nearly than would be, at first, imagined. It certainly has an effect indefinitely great on our feelings, the tone of our minds, and the whole colour of our thoughts. Did it depend on myself, I would embower my habitation with fragrant trees and shrubs, more remote would place the fuller odour of sweet-scented flowers; and this as a promoter of cheerfulness and complacency.

"Do not imagine I have expatiated on the delights of the morning air because I had nothing more interesting, no subject nearer my heart. The health of my dear Sarah has been as anxiously desired by her friend, as she permits aught to be wished, which concerns this momentary existence. I was relieved by learning, from your father, you supported your journey as far as Charlestown, with more ease than he apprehended; I am resigned to the deprivation of your society, so well convinced am I, your health will be benefited by change of air and objects, with the attention, and amiable cheerfulness of Miss Lawrence. Present to her the sentiments you think most acceptable from your Mary; none can more admire the noble sincerity and independence of her character, than myself, none render more justice to the warmth of her heart.

"*Monday, July 2nd.* Company obliged me to quit

my dear Sarah, and company has, until now, prevented my enjoying paper conversation with her. My cousin, E. Gould, from Augusta, is with me; she is a lively, sensible, engaging girl; and, were it not for the solicitude her delicate health excites, I should find her society a cordial. As neither of my sisters is at home, the laws of hospitality, seconded by inclination, oblige me to devote much of my time to her,—of course, little has remained for my pen.

"Yesterday, for the *third* time, I received welcome intelligence of your improved health. Don't be astonished, my dear; distinguished personages must ever expect attention will be paid to their most minute actions, and the state of their health, spirits, etc., etc., afford subject of conversation to all the *little beings* around them. If you recollect with whom you breakfasted on your journey to Salem, you will not be at a loss to know from whom I once heard from you. Hannah gave me yesterday an assurance, the most gratifying, that Salem air, and Salem *friends* had proved as charming restoratives as our hopes had predicted.

"Should you see Miss Jenks, oblige me by assuring her my heart has ever retained the sweet image of the little blue-eyed girl I loved when, like herself, a child."

With my mother's letters of 1804 I find the following note to Rev. William Emerson, the brother

of Miss Mary Emerson. My father has marked it in pencil, "To Editor of the Anthology."[1]

"*Sabbath Evening.*

"Not all my confidence in the candour of Mr. Emerson enables me to transmit the superficial production of a winter's morning without reluctance. It is only in compliance with his sister's request I determine to send, by to-morrow's post, what will be perhaps rejected by the judgment and taste of the Editor of the 'Anthology.' Should this be the case, no one can acknowledge the justice of the sentence more sincerely than the author."

From this it seems that my mother had "gained courage" to write for the public eye. The following note and letter appeared in the "Anthology" for July, 1804.

"FOR THE 'ANTHOLOGY.'

"*Mr. Editor*,—Should you be disposed to admit into your elegant publication the correspondence of two obscure females, who have hitherto written merely for their own amusement, and who still seek concealment, you will probably receive several letters from Constance and Cornelia."

[1] In 1803, the Anthology Club was founded in Boston, consisting of fourteen members, six of them ministers. In November, the first number of the "Monthly Anthology" appeared, and it was continued until June, 1811. It was the first literary and critical magazine of any note published in America. The article mentioned is in the form of a letter, signed Cornelia, and is addressed to Miss Mary Emerson under the name of Constance. — ED.

The editor of the "Anthology" adds the following note:

"If Constance shall manifest the piety of heart, and warmth of fancy, which glow in her friend Cornelia, the Editor will be proud of his new correspondents."

TO CONSTANCE

July, 1804.

The sublime death of Mrs. ——, which you last evening described to me, dear Constance, deeply impressed my mind. Resignation derived from such sources, at the moment of such a separation, from a mind like hers, which, you say, "exhibited a fair and beautiful symmetry, justness in reasoning, strength to investigate, and clearness to discover; with those estimable qualities, sensibility, fortitude, and modesty;" is truly wonderful.

When you left me, I retired to my chamber, with the image of the expiring saint before me. Seating myself at a window, mine eyes were involuntarily raised towards heaven; and "Where is now the abode of the departed spirit?" was my first inquiry. Does that state of progression, which we believe continues after death, permit the idea that the soul ascends to the complete enjoyment of the immediate presence of Deity, which would be at once the perfection of bliss and glory? Of the innumerable "gems that pave the floor of heaven," we know little, but believe them to be suns, enlightening other systems; those systems are doubtless the abodes of intelligent beings;

why may we not suppose them to be the different "mansions of our heavenly Father," of which the Saviour informed His sorrowing disciples, and where He assured them of a reception? And is it irrational to believe congenial spirits assemble in the same planet, and thence pass to more glorious orbs, as they acquire greater purity and perfection?

In this train of thought I fell asleep, but was soon awakened by heavy thunder; severe and frequent flashes of lightning were succeeded by peals awfully majestic; nature was alternately wrapt in flames and in darkness, and the still silence of night was broken only by the voice of God. It was then when I felt that every flash might be the mandate of death; when I tremblingly realized the next moment might terminate my probationary state, and place my disembodied spirit in the presence of that pure and holy Judge, by whose irrevocable decree my fate would be sealed; that I acknowledged the folly of indulging mere speculations, the pastime of the imagination, by which the heart is little affected, and of course the life unimproved; it was then, impressed with an idea that my life was just closing, I felt that true wisdom should engage us to employ with activity each moment allowed us, to seek unceasingly the favour of our Maker, and thus prepare for that death which is inevitable; instead of regarding it as a *probable*, but very *distant* event, and amusing ourselves, in the interim, with fancying the scenes to which it may introduce us.

What is this strange propensity in our nature to turn from the contemplation of indubitable and essential truth, while we readily resign ourselves to imagination, and rove with delight in the boundless regions of possibility? How, my ever valued friend, is this propensity to be corrected; how, (since all our faculties may answer that important purpose,) best made to conduce to our felicity as immortal beings?

The wish to obtain your opinion on this subject induced me to throw on paper the thoughts and feelings of last night; refuse not to oblige your

CORNELIA.

In the "Anthology" for August, 1804, Miss Emerson replied to this letter, defending the use of the imagination; in December, 1804, she wrote on botany as confirming the Christian faith. To this my mother replied, in a subsequent number, as follows:

TO CONSTANCE

January 15th, 1805.

Yes, my dear Constance, the interesting science, whose tendency you have investigated and justly eulogized, does indeed shed new light on the best interests of Man; and though to the mere naturalist, it is little more than an amusement, to the Christian botanist it presents a chaplet of never fading flowers.

And, surely, my friend, since the love of nature is intimately connected with that of her Author, it

is "devoutly to be wished" that a taste for all her sublime and touching beauties might be universally and assiduously cultivated. If the study of her lowliest children tends to contemplations the most elevating, if the vegetable world demonstrates the Wisdom, the Goodness, and the Power of the Creator, ought not an attention to grander harmonies to sublimate the soul and all its capacities?

To a well-toned mind, and refined taste, inexhaustible sources of pleasure are opened. Change of seasons presents objects ever new; and, even in the short compass of day and night, the senses and the imagination are regaled by a ceaseless variety of beauties. The mere connoisseur, who criticises nature as he does the fine arts, is insensibly animated and purified by it. The cheerful morning invigorates his mind and his affections; and the serene evening, while it soothes the jarring passions awakened by the events of the day, communicates to his heart that tenderness and benevolence, of which it seems the reflected image.

But how are these advantages enhanced, these pleasures ennobled, to the being who beholds the great Artificer, through the medium of His works! In the simplicity and grandeur of that system which blesses our world with alternate light and shade, he views the goodness of a Father, and adores the majesty of a God; whilst every proof of His omnipotence and omnipresence fills the heart with that sweet

confidence, which is an antidote to all the ills of life. And, when the west is splendid with crimson and gold, how superior to the pleasure of the painter and the poet is the rapture of gratitude which raises the soul to Him, by whose law grey masses of vapour are transformed into objects pleasing to the eye, animating to the fancy, and elevating to the feelings of the admiring observer!

I know your opinion of Cowper, the faithful poet of nature and of Christianity, too well to imagine you can have perused his life, written by the elegant and affectionate Hayley, without pleasure. There is genuine satisfaction in finding the Author whose *works* we admire, worthy our esteem and confidence as a *man;* his precepts acquire a strength and grace, when illustrated by his own example, which nothing else can give to them. We are grateful to the good-natured biographer, who, by presenting us with a favourable portrait, adds energy to the page whence we derive wisdom and delight. But there are dangers in this species of biography; and, on the whole, which do you think most beneficial to the cause of virtue and science, the tender partiality of Hayley, or the stern investigation of Johnson?

Hoping for an answer, I bid you an affectionate farewell. CORNELIA.

I find an unfinished letter of July 2, without address, from which I copy the following paragraphs:

"There is, in the early death of a Christian, an indescribable charm, which all must acknowledge who behold. To retire from the world with calm dignity, at the moment when its allurements are all displayed to fascinate us; to ascend to the world of spirits, the fresh fragrance of youth yet unwasted, the soul unwedded to this world, and glowing with devotion; to be admitted to the celestial assembly of perfected beings, to become ourselves angelic, and dwell forever near the fountain of Felicity, without having encountered the dangers and the miseries of a long life, without having died a thousand times in those we love,—is not this a boon devoutly to be wished? A beneficent Providence has accorded this distinguishing favour to most of those I best loved. I never lost an aged friend. My father, in the meridian of life, died as all would wish to die, and the tombs of the friends who have since ascended to Heaven, bear a yet earlier date. Far from anticipating the long life of those dear to me, I do not even ask it; to petition for their *health* is all I dare. With such sentiments, you will judge the friendships I contract must be for eternity. Not one have I formed, since I was capable of deciding, which I do not hope will be lasting as my consciousness of existence; we may pass but a year, a month, a day, together on earth, but immortal beings may expect eternal intercourse in some mansion of their Heavenly Father."

Probably written to Mr. Rockwood:

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"*Concord, July 5th, 1804.*

"Where shall I address myself to the sage who fled the dissipation and folly of Concord? Is he an anchorite on the woody summit of Beacon Hill, hath he sought an asylum on the lonely banks of the Charles, or, less severe, is he aiding the gentle nymphs of Salem to guard their fleecy charge? In either case, will not an epistle from one of the giddy but elegant and dangerous votaries of fashion, be deemed impertinent? With what patience can he support such an interruption to profound meditation, or tranquil enjoyment? Ah! he will, doubtless, consign this poor sheet to the four winds of Heaven, for having the audacity to bear on its surface a splendid detail of Plays and Concerts, Balls and Routs,—and of what else can I speak from the centre of this dazzling metropolis? 'T is, doubtless, the spirit of contradiction, so congenial with my sex, that induces me to write at this time; and you may attribute my letter to that—to vanity—cruelty—or any other commendable motive your wisdom shall see fit, provided, after all, you render me justice by believing, with all my faults, I am truly gratified to know your health and spirits are good."

The usual tone of my mother's letters is so serious and earnest that we welcome one which brings her before us in her more playful moods, jesting with her friend, as we may suppose her to have done in the familiar intercourse of daily life.

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, July 7th, 1804.*

"How have you borne the extreme heat of this sultry day, my dearest Ruth? The spiritless faces around me, and my own languid feelings, demonstrate better than the thermometer, the degree of heat.

"The humiliation your letter expresses, my dear Ruth, I have felt, I do feel most sensibly, but I believe it has its origin in vanity. (I speak of that humility which arises from a consciousness of *intellectual* inferiority, for rarely does the superior *goodness* of the *simple* and *inelegant* humble us *painfully.*) Those feelings of self-abasement which place us at the foot of the cross, which lead us to acknowledge ourselves to be 'poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked,' are worthy our cultivation, and consistent with the character of fallen creatures; they are far from painful, since they compel us to place our whole dependence on the merits and compassion of the Redeemer, and make 'God all in all.' But, tho' it is our duty to acquire a knowledge of our own strength and weakness, we should not repine if we discover ourselves to possess but one talent; we are required to cultivate all committed to our charge, and to rest content and grateful, should the number be more or less. This, my dear Ruth, is my *opinion.* In *practice* I am very deficient. The superiority of others often draws from me a sigh for my own weakness and ig-

norance, and, I fear, sometimes produces the criminality and folly of repining.

"The pain in my side which writing always increases, obliges me to conclude with an affectionate remembrance of your sister, and respects to your parents."

To Mr. Rockwood:

"*Concord, July 24th, 1804.*

"Your very friendly cautions with regard to my health, I accept with pleasure, though they are rendered unnecessary, if proofs of friendship ever can be so, by renovated strength. I am, indeed, so far recovered I forget I am not perfectly well, till some little exertion reminds me of my promise to write little, and be very prudent, the remainder of the summer.

"Is it that woman, possessing greater susceptibility, receives impressions more easily than man,—or is it that her situation, which generally precludes a knowledge of the world, and her education, which leads her far from the study of the human heart, render her more credulous? Whatever may be the cause, I have remarked my sex to form decidedly favourable opinions of strangers far more readily than yours. Ann Bromfield and Susan Lowell assured me Mr. P. possessed 'exquisite, unequivocal sensibility, taste, and mental elegance.' His classmates express a different opinion; and I observed,

on the Fourth of July, the Gentlemen who knew him not personally, attributed to affectation what the Ladies fancied the effect of feeling. Who is it that remarks the sexes are set as spies on each other? I 'm disposed to think very differently; all rivalry being excluded, I think we judge with greater candour and generosity; and, though a good woman, who has not been a critical observer of others, is credulously kind in her judgment of all, she remarks faults less readily in Man than Woman. This opinion has always had an effect on my feelings; among strangers, I am far more at ease with a male, than female, critic."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Charlestown, August 15th, 1804.*

"Each day confirms my belief that hope, considered in reference to the present life, is a treacherous illusion. I had indulged it in a very, *very* slight degree, when I thought of meeting you, dear Ann, in Charlestown, and now rejoice I gave it not more unlimited empire. My disappointment is tempered by an assurance of your health, and affectionate remembrance; for, to say truth, I have been very apprehensive about the former, and have had my jealous fears concerning the latter; but, I know not how it is, when a silence of two or three months has made me a little angry, a little hurt, and very sorrowful, the sight of your hand-writing is ever a sufficient apology; and, before I have read your letter, I am convinced I

ought to esteem you more highly for the very pain you have occasioned me.

"Three weeks have I been in this place, and, till last Sabbath, I scarcely enjoyed the society of our inestimable Susan for a moment. We have met frequently in parties, and even to *see* her has given me pleasure; but the 'flow of soul,' the rich repast of sentiment and feeling was reserved for the *last*, that it might be the most indelibly impressed pleasure."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, September 12th, 1804.*

"Are you too ethereal to suffer from a change of weather? Does the 'sunshine of the breast' render you insensible to the cheerless storm? If so, I would gladly participate in an exemption from the only alloy to the enjoyment of Autumn. The Spring, I think, is your favourite season; I acknowledge it is unrivalled in beauty, but the Autumn revives in my mind certain remembrances, and awakens a train of thought and feeling more tender and delightful than I have the power to express. At this season, when the weather is fine, the heavens, you know, are peculiarly serene; when I have been gazing at the setting sun till I felt my soul glow with gratitude to the Author of a spectacle so grand and beautiful, I have sometimes thought natural beauty reflected on the mind had a tendency to produce moral excellence; and, for this reason, as well as for the immediate pleasure resulting from it, I would assiduously cul-

tivate a taste for that beauty in every diversity of form, from the humble wild-flower to the majestic rising and setting sun."

Again:

"*Concord, October 11th, 1804.*

"In an union so intimate and indissoluble, *more* than a sense of *duty* is requisite; there should exist not only a mutual wish to please, and to improve, but an affection founded on esteem, and sympathy of taste and feeling. Though constant exertion to promote the happiness of another must produce grateful attachment, yet without that harmony, the heart will mourn in secret."

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, October 11th, 1804.*

"I rejoice to learn, not only from yourself, but Salla, the perfect restoration of your health. At this time, I can perfectly participate in your feelings, for I am, myself, enjoying renovated strength and spirits. I had scarcely recovered from a slight lung-fever, which left me unusually debilitated, when I made a visit to a relation in a neighbouring town. The fortnight I passed at Sudbury was marked by a kind of enjoyment to which I have been a stranger the last twelvemonth. Almost every day, I spent an hour or two in rambling through the woods; the exercise, together with the fresh air of pine and walnut woods, invigorated my frame, while the solemn tranquillity

of retired solitude breathed a correspondent calm into my soul. The season of the year, too, so harmonized with my feelings; it recalled with such tender interest the remembrance of 'days that are past forever,' and, at the same time, animated my hopes of 'endless Spring beyond the wintry grave,' that I have seldom passed hours more pleasantly than in my solitary walks."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, October 16th, 1804.*

"The little journey to Newbury which I anticipated with such delight, I very much apprehend will not take place this Autumn. We have just received letters from Charlestown, which mention the intention of some of our cousins to pass the coming fortnight with us, and, I fear, the season will then be too far advanced to permit Miss Lowell and myself to commence the journey in an open chaise unattended. Not that I apprehend any danger for myself, but I fancy our friends, Ann included, would pronounce us afflicted with some kind of mental disease.

"The day on which I received your letter, was marked in the calendar for an happy one; it not only brought me intelligence from my dear Ann, but a kind sheet from our ever interesting Susan. With the many other pleasures and advantages your friendship has procured me, I remember, with grateful affection, I owe to it an acquaintance with a family

that combines talents the most brilliant with virtues the most rare; and, what is yet more dear, an interest, however small, in a heart which, for purity, generosity, humility, and tenderness, is scarcely to be paralleled."

From Ruth Hurd to Mary Van Schalkwyck:

"*Charlestown, November 6th, 1804.*

"I was rather disappointed in the general society [of Portsmouth]; it was neither so extensive, nor so polished, as I expected from the magnitude of the place. They are uncommonly social, friendly, and attentive to strangers; all formality was banished after the first introduction, and perfect ease and good-humour prevailed. I saw little that distinguished New Hampshire from Massachusetts,—indeed, I think the habits, etc. of the New England States very similar, though there is much difference between them and the Southern.

"The fame of young Buckminster has, no doubt, reached you,—he is the reigning favourite of the day, and certainly his talents entitle him to admiration, even though not exercised in support of the most sound doctrine. I regret extremely that he is not what we call *orthodox*. There is, however, reason to hope for a happy change, as he is by no means bigoted, but candidly acknowledges that he does not feel confirmed in his present opinions, which, I think, incline to the *Socinian*. His father's principles are

widely opposite, and he reluctantly consented to his son's delivering sentiments so repugnant to his ideas of truth. I sincerely pray he may be added to the advocates of 'pure and undefiled religion,' which must give a force to his eloquence that I am sure the most thoughtless cannot resist."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Nov. 26th, 1804.*

"Next to wishing, apologizing is the most foolish employment; candour will ever accept reformation, and, without reformation, apology is but a proof of insincerity or weakness. I certainly did not intend my dear Ruth's last letter should remain so long unanswered, I certainly do not intend to observe similar silence in future.

"Mr. Buckminster I had been taught to admire ere you gave him the meed of praise, and confirmed me in the opinion that he is an extraordinary son of genius. I think, with you, he will not be suffered to stray into the wilds of error; with simple and upright intentions, with a sincere love of truth, and an humble reliance on his Heavenly Guide, there can exist no doubt of his being enlightened as much as is necessary for his own, or the salvation of others. Indeed, my dear Ruth, when we reflect on the many saints of different religious opinions—when we behold the Church of Rome embrace a Fénelon and a Massillon; the Calvinists boast a Saurin, a Doddridge, a Flavel, a

Witherspoon, and a Wilberforce; the Episcopalians a Beveridge and Watson; the Methodists a Whitefield; and the Quakers an Anthony Benezet, and a Warner Mifflin; while the admirable Watts and Baxter classed themselves with no particular sect, but charitably laboured for the good of all; it would seem we must be indeed blind and hard of heart, not to believe there are in our Heavenly Father's house 'many mansions,' and that all who seek the truth in the love of it, shall be received to some part of the glorious abode.

"Our attention has been very much engaged the past week by a young lady who is with us on a visit. Harriet White of Rutland, formerly of Boston, and a pupil of Miss Butler, is in her nineteenth year. For the last three years, a disease in her eyes has rendered her almost blind, added to which, an affection of the nerves, and a delicate state of health, has produced a continued series of illness, and confinement; yet has she preserved the most cheerful resignation, the most patient sweetness, I almost ever witnessed. Ever wishing to be pleased and to communicate pleasure, she never thinks her own sufferings an excuse for murmuring, or even for dejection. It is impossible to see and hear her without being moved, and I think must be difficult for any one in the enjoyment of health to contemplate her in the deprivation of it, without being touched with a sense of their cold ingratitude to *Him who maketh them to differ.*"

To Susan Lowell:

"*November 26th, 1804.*

"Yes, my friend, I think perfectly with you,—obscurity should veil the authoress from the public eye. That her works be justly appreciated, her sex must remain unknown. The Lords of Creation are too jealous of their high prerogative to suffer a woman to enter the lists of fame without hurling the envenomed shafts of illiberal and cruel criticism. But, methinks, when conscious of the power to enlighten and correct, she should risk the possibility of discovery, and nobly dare to *do* as well as to *be* good. There are not many of our sex whose situation and talents combine to make this a duty. Generally, before mental maturity is attained, they are engaged in domestic duties, and engrossed by indispensable cares; but where, with cultivation and talents, affluence and leisure are united, the world, in general, and woman, in particular, may and ought to prefer their claims."

The case here urged by my mother I understand to be that of Miss Ann Lowell, whose intellectual powers she seems to have regarded with profound respect and admiration, as did all of that period who knew her.

Among my mother's undated papers are the following, which perhaps, from their subject, should have been given a place in connection with her journal of this year.

"Let your morning hours be devoted to prayer, reading, and study, and suffer not trifles to break in upon the arrangements you have made.

"Accustom yourself to frequent use of the pen. What we commit to paper is not soon forgotten.

"Be careful to rise early, by which habit you will have time for everything."

With the above I find the following prayer, evidently her own:

"O Father of universal nature! Thou who art everywhere present! Thou beholdest me, Thy creature, laden with transgressions, and unworthy to bow before Thee who art infinitely wise, and powerful, and good. O Father, wilt Thou, for the sake of Jesus Christ, Thy glorious Son, and my spotless Intercessor, forgive me! Pardon all my sins of omission and of commission, for His sake. And Oh, wilt Thou restrain my wandering thoughts—fix them on Thee, who art the only suitable object of supreme attention and love. Enable me to see Thee as Thou art, infinite in every perfection, and altogether lovely. May I see Thee in all Thy works, and in all Thy ways acknowledge Thee. In prosperity, may a sense that every blessing flows from Thy hand add to every enjoyment incomparable value. In adversity, may the assurance that sorrow, as well as joy, flows from Thy hand, and that Thou inflictest chastisements on Thy children for their eternal benefit, render me

submissive to the rod. And O my God! grant that in life and in death, I may be Thine. Suffer no earthly object, however amiable, to steal away my soul from Thee, but wilt Thou reign supreme in my affections through time and through eternity."

CHAPTER VIII

1805

CONCORD

AFTER a visit in Lancaster, with which the year 1804 closed, my mother wrote as follows to Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, Jan. 3rd, 1805.*

"When I left you, I was half determined to defer returning to Concord until Thursday; several good reasons combined to convince me I ought not to change my resolution, even though tempted by considerations the most alluring. At nine o'clock I entered a huge close sleigh, which conveyed to my mind a lively image of the ark; and, allowing the Pythagorean system to be true, it has doubtless been the receptacle of every variety of animal. What strengthened the illusion was its sickening motion, which so affected Miss Channing, that she was half fainting from Lancaster to Stow. Our travelling companions amused *themselves* with agriculture and politics,—but, had *we* even been disposed to find 'good in everything,' our utmost ingenuity could scarce have extracted advantage from conversation either local or common-place. We were, however, too much engrossed by selfish sufferings to pay profound attention to the Orators of the day, and, of course, escaped much of the ennui we should have, otherwise, unavoidably felt.

"I found my friends, as I left them, well, and all interested in making inquiries concerning the health and spirits of my dear Elizabeth. They unite in friendly remembrances to both my friends. Do not let Mrs. S. see that sentence; she would think me *quixotic* or *hypocritical* for presuming to bestow that epithet on *angels*, if I had not known them a long time.

"I am disposed to fill this sheet, and closely too, but am surrounded by girls, who are chatting at such a rate as to preclude the possibility of writing two connected sentences."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, Jan. 3rd, 1805.*

"'Write me all about yourself.' Indeed, my dear Susan, my life is so uniform, my employments, my pleasures, so little varied, that to sketch a day would be to describe a month. In the wintry season, I seldom quit the family fireside except for church, or an unceremonious visit at the Parsonage. Books, family conversation, the pen, and the needle, vary my occupations; and, though they would not shine with splendour on the page of history, they make time pass pleasantly, and, I hope, not altogether without improvement."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Jan. 26th, 1805.*

"To one whose life passes uniformly as your Mary's, and whose little circle of friends is ever the

same, your animated description of new characters is doubly grateful. You have, my sweet friend, a golden opportunity to obtain a knowledge of the world without being greatly in danger of contamination. Improve it, and let no character, no event, escape you unnoticed; but, above all things, attend to your own heart,—watch those serpents that are ever ready to entwine even around our virtues,—that *pride*, which assumes the front of noble *independence*, that *vanity* which wears the mask of a *benevolent solicitude to please*. These, and other dangerous passions, are the growth of every human heart, and to repress them should be the warfare of our lives. Nor is it enough to repress them, unless we cultivate in their stead the opposite virtues. Pardon me, my dear Ruth, if I assume the monitorial style. Were I placed in your situation, I should much require your friendly counsel."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, February 16th, 1805.*

"Since we parted, I have been constantly engaged at the Parsonage, and with my Father, who has been seriously indisposed. During several days, we apprehended a nervous fever; the most alarming symptoms have now disappeared, and we trust he is convalescent. Sarah, in whose health you have kindly expressed an interest, is not essentially better. She is now attended by Miss Emerson, whose watchful attention to all the little wants and comforts of an

invalid, together with her sublime views of immortality, render her peculiarly fitted for her charge.

"There are few offices so delicate and so difficult to discharge as that of *garde-malade*. Mary Emerson possesses just the firm decision, the patient vigilance, the animating faith, and enlivening vivacity of mind and manner, that fit her for it. Had I the eloquence of Ann Lowell, I would describe the influence of religion on the mind, the temper, and the life of this uncommon woman; as it is, I despair doing justice to her. The expiration of vacation has deprived us of our *Mercury*. Since the illness of Papa, he has been literally a *messenger;* he has become almost too necessary to the happiness of his sister, the gloom of whose confinement he has gilded with the sunshine of his mind and heart. Alas, my friend! the danger there is in the most innocent of all attachments! fraternal love, while it twines around the heart-strings, prepares the poison of anxiety, disappointed hope, and fond regret, for the remainder of life. I never see my friends Sarah and Daniel, without a recollection that penetrates my soul; and, at such times, the only balm is faith in the Wisdom and Goodness of Omnipotence."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, March 18th, 1805.*

"And now, how shall I express my admiration of your sentiments, acknowledge my sense of their justness, and yet defend the wish to deviate from them?

I confess it was my wish—it *has been* my *design* to become a member of the Society in Bethlehem. By a concurrence of Providential afflictions, I found myself, at an age when others are just commencing their career, apparently at the close of mine. When I lost the three *natural protectors* God accords to woman, —Husband, Father, Brother,—methought it was for no ordinary purpose I was thus afflicted, the fairest blossoms of human hope blighted, and the tenderest ties of humanity broken. I believed my Heavenly Father was disconnecting me with earth, that I might be wholly devoted to Him. Till then, though *I thought myself a Christian*, my heart, my hope, my joy, was all of this world. But, when I began to consider the present life as the infancy of existence, in which I was to be educated for *eternity;* when I saw and felt that the title of *Christian* was synonymous with that of *combatant*, and implied the necessity of encountering hosts of external and internal foes; I thought it my duty to avail myself of the liberty Providence had granted me, to retire to a situation fraught with richer advantages, and blest with greater security, than any other I could imagine. And, in this, I thought not to violate my filial duties. I should not have bound myself indissolubly to the Society,—I should have, annually, passed some weeks with my mother, who is happy in her family, and who would, at any time, possess the power of recalling her child. You will recollect that, were I engaged in domestic life, it would be impossible to remain with her, and

I should, probably, be far less at liberty to devote myself to her, should such devotion be necessary to her happiness. Were I at leisure, I could adduce many arguments in support of my favourite plan, but I am not,—and will only assure you that, since I have discovered that by carrying it into execution, I should deeply pain my Parent, who does not think my improvement would be proportionate to the sacrifices I must, in her opinion, make,—I have *resigned* it. Nor should I at this time, my dear Susan, have wearied you with this egotism, had not your letter insensibly drawn me into a defence of my late intention."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, March 25th, 1805.*

"The 'Life of Richardson,' by Mrs. Barbauld,—what a treasure, my dear Ann! The subject was worthy the Biographer.

"I thank you for your interesting sketch of Mrs. Klopstock, which has awakened curiosity to know more of her. That she possessed a pure and feeling heart, and a refined taste, is very evident; she was the beloved of Klopstock. But what were the peculiarities of her mind, what were her habits, what her education; all, but particularly the two first, are interesting enquiries.

"Miss Emerson has been seriously indisposed, and I do not believe any ancient Philosopher ever sustained pain with greater heroism. It certainly is a

privilege to witness the elevated height to which faith and habits like hers may conduct a frail and sensitive woman. Unwilling that *matter* should for a moment triumph over *mind*, in proportion as the sufferings of the former increased, she endeavoured to interest the latter in reading or conversation. 'Why,' she would say, 'should we lose any portion of existence which may be improved or enjoyed?' And in this she is simple and true; her Philosophy, like her Religion, is sincere and unostentatious. She does not waste a wish on admiration,—the applause of the world appears to her an object too inconsiderable to engross the thoughts of an immortal."

To Susan Lowell:

"*April 1st, 1805.*

"I regret that, with your ardent love of this animating season, you should quit the country; our meadows are becoming verdant, we have the morning song of birds, and the evening hymn of frogs,—both harmonize perfectly with the hours they celebrate. Tell me, does the pathos of Cooper, and the voice of artful music, compensate for this loss? You 'retained your senses,' after listening to Cooper! Tell it not in Gath—your reputation for *taste* could never survive such an avowal; if you are really so *outré*, conceal it, lest the *beau-monde*, which has hitherto imagined Susan L. to be a *civilized being*, should pronounce her a mere *barbarian*. Should Washington arise from his grave, think you he

would excite greater enthusiasm, or should Napoleon invade our country, would the public be more agitated than by this celebrated actor?"

To Mrs. Lee:

"*Concord, May 4th, 1805.*

"Let me again thank you for the loan of Euler. You do not know how precious an obligation you have conferred on me, unless you have received as much pleasure from his ingenious and admirable work as it has yielded me. Euler shines with conspicuous splendour in the constellation of sublime Philosophers and profound Mathematicians, but his most resplendent rays proceed from the principle of piety that animated his soul. I shall not rest till I make some part of his ideas my own. They can, indeed, scarcely pass through the mind, without leaving it wiser and better."

Mrs. Lee, in reply, says:

"*Lancaster, May 19th.*

"This is the first time Euler has been borrowed of me, and happy I am to find one who enjoys equally with myself a work, as they say, so very dry and tedious."

The following letters are from my mother to her youngest stepbrother, Benjamin Hurd:

"*Concord, May 15th, 1805.*

"As you neither came nor wrote yesterday, my dear Benjamin, we conclude you determine to see

us no more till you return from France. Painful as we find this idea, it is perhaps less so than a formal leave-taking. Accept, before you quit your country, an affectionate adieu from your sister Mary, accompanied by a few lines of serious and sincere advice.

"I am acquainted with the habits, the manners, and the customs of the People among whom you are going to reside; I know the fascination of their social powers, the enchantment of their elegant and varied amusements; and I know, likewise, how fatal to Religion, how destructive to the pure Morality of the Gospel, is a life devoted to them. True, virtue and vice are found among every People,—they are confined to no nation or clime—but, without bigotry, I think I may securely say, in every Christian country, the Sabbath is the standard by which to judge of national correctness. If that is devoted to Him who claims it for His own, and to a contemplation of the sublime truths contained in His Word, —we may be confident virtue rests on a solid basis; but, if the reverse is the picture of truth, we must be cautious in confiding, and scrupulous in avoiding imitation.

"In addition to the Bible, you will provide yourself a few books of Devotion and Morality; for my part, I would particularly recommend some compendious work illustrative of the truth of Christianity. For instance, either Lord Lyttelton's 'Conversion of St. Paul,' Watson's 'Apology for the Bible,' or Bonnet's 'Interesting Views of Christianity.' But,

above all, I would recommend prayer; God will never give you up to infidelity, so long as you feel the necessity of a Mediator and Saviour, and pray that your faith in Him may be strengthened.

"I have said nothing of the practice of Morality, because, in my opinion, it cannot be separated from Religion. Whoever is *sincerely pious*, will be *truly virtuous*. Be assured, *that* Religion which does not make men more *benevolent, upright, just, charitable, temperate* and *pure*, is either *false*, or *hypocritical*. And be likewise certain, *that* Morality, which is unsupported by *Religion*, like the house built on the sand, will fall with the rising tempest.

"Write frequently, be cautious in choosing your society, regular in your hours, modest and decent in your dress and appearance, and do not forget your affectionate sister and friend,

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK.

"Don't forget tamarinds, oranges and lemons, capers, and cream of tartar,—you will wish for all on your voyage."

To Benjamin Hurd:

"*Concord, June 28th, 1805.*

"When you receive this, my dear Brother, you will probably be surrounded by the ambitious, the busy, and the gay, whose ardent pursuit of their favourite object leaves little leisure for serious reflection on the grand purposes of Man's creation. But

you, my Brother, will never, I trust, forget that the '*fashion of this world passeth away*,' and we are passing away with it; but that, transitory as is the present life, it is the vestibule through which we pass into the Temple of *Eternity;* and this latter consideration, I am confident, must and will chasten every thought, every wish, every pursuit. Oh, let nothing be done for which you should, as an immortal being, blush!"

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, July 3rd, 1805.*

"With heartfelt joy, I offer my felicitations on the return of your brother, dearest Susan. May this happy event be the prelude to similar scenes, and each give you a faint image of a more perfect reunion. I know, indeed, if there be a bliss on earth that rises to suffering, 't is that of meeting a dear, long absent friend. Our capacity to enjoy must be astonishingly strengthened beyond the grave, my dear Susan, or we could never sustain the ecstasy of meeting all we love, *Divine and human.* Nothing conveys to me a more exalted idea of the perfection we shall acquire, than our possessing the power to *enjoy supreme happiness.*"

Among the papers left by my mother, and carefully preserved by my father, is a half-sheet containing a diary of several days, written in July, 1805, parts of which I copy, as follows:

"*6th.* The heat of the three last days intense, company, etc. How does the week close? Alas! I have indulged far too much the indolence of summer feelings. Except a little devotional reading, have read nothing but works of imagination, and some pages in Martin's 'Philosophical Grammar.' Perhaps, however, Campbell's 'Travels' do not rank with works of imagination. This is certain,—I ought to have exerted more energy; and what attainments, moral and intellectual, might I have made! May present regret conduct to future wisdom!

"*7th.* Had we not innumerable proofs of the infinite benevolence of our Heavenly Father, and Saviour, the institution of the Sabbath and the Lord's Supper would carry conviction to every heart that had experienced the blessed effects of *both.* Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless and praise His holy name!

"*8th.* Doddridge recommends aspirations of gratitude in morning devotion,—confession and penitence at night, and this seems the rational order of erring and dependent creatures; but, for myself, humiliation and supplication are most voluntary in the first,—grateful adoration and thanksgiving, with confession, in the last.

"*13th.* Received several interesting letters,—one from Madame Lambert, who, on account of her husband's health, returns to the West Indies, with a view of passing the remainder of her life there. It affected me deeply, but I recovered composure and

happiness by perusing the 37th, 38th, and 39th verses of the 8th chapter of Romans, and by committing her to God in Jesus Christ.

"*14th.* 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' How enlightening and consoling is the whole of this chapter, 5th of Romans! Redemption is indeed a mystery into which angels may desire to look. Like the Pillar of Fire, it enlightens all objects, while itself, by its dazzling brightness, remains impenetrable to human scrutiny."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, July 15th, 1805.*

"I have not told you with what feelings I heard the pious Channing, for the first time, explain the extent, and fervently urge the performance of duty, from Psalm 119. 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' If it be the soul of eloquence to penetrate the heart, to arouse or to subdue, to humble or to elevate its feelings, then Channing is most eloquent. And his is not the art of the Orator,—it is evidently derived from an intimate acquaintance with his own heart, and habitual intercourse with the Father of Light and Love."

After a visit in Charlestown, my mother writes to Miss Lowell:

"*Concord, September 6, 1805.*

"My little journey homeward was as pleasant as a brilliant sun, clouds of dust, and a crowded stage

would permit. As we entered Lincoln, the sun set gloriously, surrounded by clouds of gold and crimson. I could not but fancy such a scene might arouse even the slumbering muse of Mr. G. The evening soon became damp, and, unprepared for the change, I caught a violent cold, which has affected me unpleasantly ever since."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, Oct. 12th, 1805.*

"After a Summer of debility, Autumn wakes the spirit to new life,—its breezes restore the languid frame, its serenity pervades the soul, and capacitates it to see more clearly, and feel more forcibly, the beauties of Nature, sentiment, and taste. Perhaps, at any other season I should not admire so much the appearance of an elm which fronts my window. Probably its youth, and expanded branches, which equally expose every part to early frost, occasion the sudden change of its foliage from green to yellow, without any intermediate shade, while other trees are glorying in verdure, or reluctantly resigning leaf after leaf. This has a charming effect. At the first *coup d'œil*, one imagines a golden setting sun is lavishing his whole splendour on that single object,—the entire tree appears gilt. Notwithstanding the frequency with which I see it, I am often surprised, on raising my eyes suddenly, with the idea of sunset. And when shall I be surprised by a letter from Ann? You cannot imagine me indifferent to the smallest occurrence that in-

terests you, and I am ignorant of almost everything, even the place of your abode.

"Have you seen Cooper this season? Do gratify me by saying you do not intend to see him frequently. I really fear to visit Charlestown or Boston, lest the fascination of 'Richard Third,' 'Othello,' or 'Hamlet,' should draw me to the theatre."

She then speaks of Mr. Hoar as "characterized by integrity, frankness, candid opinions, and benevolent feelings."

And again, in a letter to Miss Lowell of near the same date, she says: "Mr. Hoar has just left us, after passing an hour or two, and awakening many interesting recollections of the past Summer. This young man is a valuable acquisition. In any society he would be considered such,—but in our little village, his 'price is above rubies.' He mentioned Mr. Rogers' intention to oblige me by White's oration; when you see our friend, thank him for the intention, which I receive as the pledge of performance."

Here we have my mother's first mention of my father's name, which is repeated in her next date, addressed to Miss Lowell:

"*Concord, Oct. 12th, 1805.*

"I thank you for mentioning the Oration which reached me last week. The healthful mind and heart will find it a rich repast. It is worthy of White."

To Mr. Rogers, who was the intimate friend of my father, she writes as follows:

"*Concord, Oct. 21st, 1805.*

"Mr. Rogers has indeed conferred an obligation on me in the oration of his friend. The performance bears the impress of the author's mind and heart, sound, perspicuous, delicate and benevolent,—such, at least, I have ever supposed the one and the other. In the friendship of such a man, you possess a treasure. Long may he live, improving and improved, to communicate and receive happiness.

"I am delighted to learn 'the desert smiles again.' I am surprised you can, for a moment, regret the uninteresting bustle of New York. But, to be serious, (and pardon me if mistaken wishes for your happiness render me too much so,) I was grieved to find in your letter an expression of the same *ennui*, and indifference to life which alarmed me in Charlestown. As a man of good sense, of cultivation, of respectable rank in society, is this despondence reasonable? As a son, a brother, a friend, is it right? As a *Christian*, is its *indulgence pardonable?* How many sources of felicity even in this world are open to you! Who can better taste the delights of science, literature, and elegant society? And, as a Christian, an immortal who believes the present life to be but the dawn of being, —but a nursery for eternity—Oh, you cannot regard it lightly! It is a path, rugged indeed, but ter-

minating in glory, honour, immortality. Should not the celestial rays emanating from the crown that awaits the conqueror, shed lustre over the deepest shades of life, and animate the combatant to 'persevere even unto the end'? For myself, whatever may be the afflictions that wound, or the disappointments that deject me, I supplicate Heaven never to suffer an impatience of life, till I have subdued every evil, and perfected every good quality,—which period, I know, will never arrive. You will not deem this arrogance; you know the motive whence it proceeds."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, November 23rd, 1805.*

"Not the recollection of a certain three months' silence, not the gentle glow of friendly resentment, which such a cause might be conjectured to originate, nor yet a diminution of interest in your happiness, or tenaciousness of your affection, my dear Ruth, has caused this sleep of the pen. What then? Why, various intruders, my dear,—some in the form of winter robes, neckerchiefs, etc., others assumed the more serious appearance of visiting volumes, to be returned after perusal; and others, more interesting, wore the visage of long absent friends. Among the latter, Mr. Frisbie would claim a conspicuous place, could his presence, at any time, be deemed an intrusion by those who know his rare character, rendered more than ever interesting by affliction, and its usual effect, a diviner

lustre of piety. His health is not good, and his eyes still debilitated, but never did the acuteness, the justness, the elegance of his highly cultured mind, never did the delicacy, the refinement, and elevation of his feelings appear more refulgent; and never did the *spirit* of religion appear more completely infused through the whole mind and heart."

To Mary Emerson:

"*Concord, 7th December, 1805.*

"To a mind but little accustomed to the abstraction of metaphysical disquisition, a minute attention to the finest links that unite the chain of reasoning is essential. When to this observation, I add—my dear Mary writes too much like other great people, to be always legible, she will not be surprised when I acknowledge I have not enjoyed the whole of her valuable manuscript. Let me render myself justice, however, by saying I was particularly gratified by Drew's idea of the Soul, and most of the arguments I comprehended, in favour of its immortality and ceaseless consciousness, appeared to me conclusive. If it is in my power to procure the volume, I shall not fail to do it."

CHAPTER IX

1806

CONCORD

WE have now brought my mother's record to the year 1806, memorable as the year which, during its closing months, witnessed her introduction and growing attachment to my father.

Her earliest date of this year is in a letter to her friend Mrs. Lee, to whom she writes after an interval of several months, in the course of which, it appears, Mrs. Lee has received a large accession of fortune.

"*Concord, January 10th, 1806.*

"I know not if I ought to present my congratulations or condolence on the change in your situation. With the bauble splendour of wealth, I know you could easily dispense; possessing resources of heart and understanding which render you independent of external pomp and pleasure, you would, perhaps, have been equally happy in the tranquillity of Lancaster, as in the brilliant scenes of Cambridge and the Metropolis. But an accession of fortune is an increase of power to diffuse happiness, to diminish human woe, to discountenance vice, and abash folly. I think with pride and pleasure that, by your influence in the circle in which you move, it may

become fashionable to be a good wife and an attentive mother; and therefore, on the whole, though my friend may be wearied by company, and disgusted by the vain and the weak, I shall be well pleased with knowing she presides in a splendid mansion, and rides in a coach—circumstances which will render those opinions and that conduct subject to observation, and perhaps imitation, which would otherwise have passed unnoticed.

"I will send Darwin to our amiable friend by the first opportunity. It was not till September I received it from Acton, and then, I fancy, not in precisely the state in which you loaned it. I thank you for it. The notes yield amusement and instruction, but the poem appears to me too visionary and florid. Some of his philosophical ideas, too, are absurd, some beautiful, and highly satisfactory."

To Miss Bromfield:

"*Concord, Jan. 18th, 1806.*

"You will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Hoar rises in our estimation in exact proportion to the frequency of his visits,—for every visit unfolds some new, or confirms some previously discovered, excellence. Possessing that genuine dignity of character which is the result of a sound, enlightened understanding, and a heart of incorruptible integrity, he commands esteem; while the candour of his opinions, and the benevolence of his feelings, inspire involuntary friendship."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Jan. 23rd, 1806.*.

"Poor ——! He is ill formed to buffet the turbulent sea on which he has embarked; this he knows, and, wrapping himself in the mantle of reserve, seeks security in concealment. Is there any event, dear Susan, from which a susceptible heart may not extract pain,—either by reflexion or anticipation,—if the habit of dwelling on the shades of life be once established? Montesquieu's nature, or, I suspect, his habit, was the reverse of this. You recollect he observes, 'I have sensibility enough to enjoy all the pleasures, but not enough to suffer the pains of refinement.'"

The following, to Miss Lowell, evidently refers to my mother's correspondence with Mr. Frisbie:

"*Concord, Feb. 5th, 1806.*

"Again, and most sincerely, I thank you, dear Susan, for an admonition which friendship only could originate. Your sentiments are just; I am convinced the dangers you portray are not imaginary. Afflictive circumstances alone have induced me to continue the correspondence you deprecate, the last six months. To my dear Susan's heart I appeal; let that decide if, in the present pressure of domestic and personal woe, I should deprive F. of the *sole* friend to whom his feelings are communicated. His father, I am told, is fast declining,—that life, so long the dearest treasure of his family, is closing—closing

like Cowper's. We will waive the subject till we meet, only observing that friendship, and that alone, is professed or felt by *either*."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Feb. 18th, 1806.*

"Concord has been enlivened the past fortnight by the presence of Mrs. S. Thacher, and Mrs. Jones. To the latter, when a school-girl, I was much attached. She possessed an ingenuous simplicity, an affectionate warmth, and an unaffected vivacity of character, which irresistibly interests us. Time, and cruel experience of the perfidy of a cold-hearted world, have corrected these prominent traits, or, at least, thrown over them the veil of melancholy. Mrs. Thacher is unchanged. The plain good sense, and uniform feeling, by which she is characterized, enabled her, when young, to form a correct estimate of life, and she has been neither surprised by pain or pleasure. She mentioned Mary P. with high praise, observing she had become one of the most interesting and amiable girls she had ever known. This will give you pleasure, for you probably recollect her at a period of her life when this character could not, in full extent, have been accorded her."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, March 4th, 1806.*

"Your letter from Salem, dear Susan, conveyed unusual pleasure,—not only as it was in itself inter-

esting and grateful to my feelings, but as it removed the apprehensions your unusual silence had excited.

"Your description of the polished hospitality of your amiable hosts charmed me. How closely allied are genuine politeness and benevolence! Indeed, it appears to me impossible to practise the former, for any length of time, (unless stimulated to exertion by some important object,) if the latter does not shed its light and warmth through the heart. The innumerable sacrifices real politeness makes, and the restraints to which she submits, must be insupportably irksome and painful to the cold-hearted and selfish. I have ever admired St. Paul's description of charity, as a portrait of all that is most graceful and lovely, and calculated to put fictitious politeness to the blush.

"The obituary of Saturday probably informed you of the irreparable loss my friend has sustained. Such a loss!—and so heightened by circumstances the most afflictive! He is indeed involved in the deep mysteries of Providence. A few months since, and that beloved parent, possessing a sound understanding, a vivid creative imagination, a heart of exquisite feeling, and sublimated piety and benevolence, diffused happiness through his cherished family, and was at once the object of their pride and their affection. To his darling son he was peculiarly endeared by a perfect congeniality of taste and feeling, and habits of the most tender and familiar intercourse. But He who gave hath resumed,—in the

manner and at the time His perfect wisdom and goodness selected as the best. Let your prayers, dearest Susan, ascend for that afflicted family. Implore the widow's God and orphans' Hope, to pour into their bleeding hearts the balm of divine consolation—no other balm can be effectual. What an asylum, dear Susan, is prayer, from the host of sorrows that follows us through life!—and intercessory prayer—how elevating to the soul, how ennobling to our nature! It is one of the most precious privileges that Christianity bestows on friendship,—a privilege that leaves us never weak, never powerless."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, March 18th.*

"We have been much alarmed by the indisposition of my younger sister, who has had a cold, several days past, and, since I commenced this letter, has, in coughing, thrown off blood,—a very little, but sufficient to alarm."

Again:

"*March 27th, 1806.*

"I received my dear Susan's letter from the post this morning, as a boon from Heaven; as indeed, like her love from which it proceeded, it undoubtedly was. It cheered a dejection of spirits which I have feared to indulge, and, till now, have not imparted, save to my pillow; a dejection the more unreasonable, as my sister has, notwithstanding the de-

bility produced by diet the most abstemious, uniformly progressed in convalescence.

"I do not think one can with facility, or certainty, penetrate the sentiments of R. Without the appearance of reserve, she has the reality; and, by this fortunate trait of character, escapes the indifference which the former inspires, and secures all the advantages of the latter."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, April 9th, 1806.*

"Will you this morning, dear Ruth, receive my congratulations on the prospect of retaining our estimable friend R. [Rogers], in Charlestown. Mr. Channing, who has just left us, communicated the intelligence, and I assure you it was welcomed with the sincerest pleasure, as was his feeling eulogium on the excellence of his friend. Before I proceed to tell you how much I was delighted with the conversation of Mr. Channing, let me soothe your anxiety for Betsy, by assuring you, notwithstanding the vicissitudes of weather, she has acquired strength, and is, in every respect, better. Were it possible to subdue that self-tormenting propensity of imagination to anticipate an uncertain, and often an improbable evil, to the exclusion of a not more uncertain good,—how much suffering might be avoided! Were it possible! And shall a being to whom Omnipotence has said, 'My strength is sufficient for thee,' doubt the possibility

of controlling even the wildest faculty of the human mind? But, in truth, we are equally reluctant to conflict with indolence, by the complete exertion of our own powers—or to abase pride, as we must, ere we acknowledge all our own weakness and unworthiness, and apply, in sincerity, with fervour, to the Source of light and strength. I acknowledge myself too much a prey to imagination. I have never found the *real* evil with which I could not cope. Religion offers an all-sufficient antidote to every *real* woe; and, were her sway extensive and supreme, as it should be, where were the innumerable ills we feel or fear? Sickness and death, as the dispensations of a wise and tender Parent, would lose their corrosive power, and disappointment would be robbed of its sting.

"Mr. Channing's conversation aided my feelings in producing this sober page—to you I will not believe it unwelcome—if indeed it be legible. Benevolence was among the topics on which he descanted with his usual eloquence and feeling. In painting the many modes in which it might be exercised, he disclosed his own benevolent heart. He lamented that ladies who are not engaged in the turmoil of business, as is the other sex, should not escape from the lassitude and ennui of life by visiting the abodes of poverty and sorrow, soothing the one by that sympathy they so much boast, and alleviating the other by the sacrifice of superfluities, and even, (to give his idea,) by the exercise of the needle."

To Sarah Ripley:

"*Concord, May 2nd, 1806.*

"Mary [Emerson] beamed on us the day before yesterday, and, like a ministering angel, consoled, fortified, and elevated. The happiness that results from a connection with her, is it not nearly without alloy? We can suffer no anxiety on her account—she is beyond the reach of *real* misfortune,—and this is the inestimable privilege of loving those who rest on the arm of Omnipotence."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, May 7th, 1806.*

"Were it possible, I would join you, though but for an hour. To see your happy family reunited would be a cordial. But, in the present state of my sister's health, I do not even call at the Parsonage. She does *not* progress in convalescence; even the joy of our brother's return has not renovated her languid frame. Our time—attention—hopes and fears—are hers. But what have Christians to do with paralyzing fear? Alas, my dear Susan! is it not deplorable evidence of the insincerity of our confidence in the all-wise and perfect Controller of events, that we are reluctant to commit to His disposal 'all we have, and all we are'? Oh, for that confidence in God which His perfections *invite, justify, command!* It is, as Mr. Frisbie once said to me, 'richly worth a life of blindness.' Possessed of it, we defy calamity, and triumph in death."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, May 10th, 1806.*

"The vessel that wafted hither our friend Ann Lowell, returned my younger brother to the embrace of his family. He remained with us but few hours; that short time produced an assurance that the integrity and purity of his youthful character was unchanged; an assurance that terminated most gratefully one source of anxiety. Another, in the illness of my sister, remains—because we are *weak*, I sometimes fear criminally so. Would not a genuine, heartfelt confidence in Him 'in whose hands are the issues of Life and Death' exclude this trembling solicitude?

"I need not say with how much delight I should embrace you, how much I long to hear and to say the thousand things understood only by friends. You *know* I *love* you, and you will feel the pain it costs me to say I cannot this month offer,—what I would wish ever to retain for you,—an apartment in my dwelling, as your remembrance has ever a place in my heart. Previous to my sister's illness, my father had undertaken to enlarge a building; and, at present, every chamber, my parents' and sisters' excepted, is occupied by carpenters, masons, and domestics."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, May 19th, 1806.*

"Do you recollect that pathetic little poem by Bruce, commencing with, 'Now Spring returns, but

not for me returns'? It often comes to my heart with irresistible force, as I contemplate the pallid, interesting figure before me; but faith and hope combine to chase the sad emotions it inspires."

Again:

"*Concord, June 18th, 1806.*

"You ask me of my sister. Patient, composed, resigned to the will of her covenant God, she is an object of congratulation. On the eve of receiving the crown of immortality, of escaping from the sorrows and pollutions of life, of being admitted to the immediate presence of her Creator and Redeemer, and to the society of the beloved friends who have preceded her,—and this in freshness of youth, ere she is withered by 'the burden and heat of the day,'—O my friend, what a privilege! I check as ungrateful the starting tear which usurps the place of thanksgiving and praise to Him whose promises sustain her."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, July 17th, 1806.*

"Yes, my dear friend, 'every murmuring thought is dispelled' by a contemplation of the felicity to which it has pleased the Author of all good to elevate our darling Betsy. Far from avoiding her remembrance as afflictive, we recall, we cherish it, as associated with ideas the most sublime, consolatory, and delightful. She has been, indeed, a privileged being; the

purity of her soul, (a purity rarely equalled,) was never sullied by an intercourse with the world, and her Heavenly Father, to secure it forever, translated her to His own abode. How few have lived so innocently, and so free from personal suffering! how few have exchanged worlds so peacefully and delightfully!

"My dear Ruth, may we, at the hour of death, possess her humble confidence, her gentle firmness; and may we be blest, as she was, with the soothing presence of some beloved spirit, who may conduct us to our compassionate, our adorable Saviour! How rapturous the anticipation of that moment,

> 'When souls that long have loved before
> Shall meet, unite, and part no more;'

when we shall be permitted to behold 'Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us,' with Mary to embrace His feet, and express our overflowing gratitude and love!

"Thanks, my dear Ruth, for your affectionate invitation. Our newly awakened fears for Benjamin will not permit us to quit our home for many days, until he shall be perfectly restored."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, July 18th, 1806.*

"Yes, my dear Ann, we have closed the eyes of a sister whose loveliness, delicacy, and faithful affection, bound her to our hearts by indissoluble ties.

Never was a tranquil, innocent life closed by a death more peaceful and happy. Firmly confiding in her Saviour, reposing her all of hope and happiness on Him, she was peculiarly privileged at the hour of death, and her weeping but delighted family peculiarly consoled. I speak not to the world, but to my dearest Ann, and *she* will not impute to enthusiasm or superstition a conviction that shed lustre on the closing life of a Christian, whose heart was calm, and whose mind was clear; a conviction that she beheld our darling Henry, that he addressed her, and attended to conduct her to another and a better world."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, July 19th, 1806.*

"Beloved Susan, you have sympathized in the sorrows of your friend,—share her grateful joy that another Angel has entered the courts of Heaven, and entered as an Angel should, the presence of the God of Love. No terror, no anguish, clouded her brow, or ruffled the serenity of her soul: humble, though confident, relying implicitly on the intercession of her Redeemer, the world of spirits opened to her view ere her eye closed on the world of sense. The day preceding her dissolution, when her mind was clear and collected, she told me she had seen our beloved Henry, that he came to her bedside blooming and lovely as when he left her, and, embracing her, said, smiling, he must leave her for the day, but should be with her again at night. We scarce believed it pos-

sible she should continue with us till then, but to Mamma, with an earnest and solemn countenance, she expressed a certainty of beholding him at the appointed time. Evening arrived, and brought with it emotions of indescribable sublimity. We all felt a conviction that he knelt with us around the bed, or bent over the pillow of death. The lovely object we regarded remained placid and serene; her respiration became shorter, her eye dim, but a faint smile animated her face to the last,—and thus passed from earth to Heaven one of the purest souls that ever inhabited this world. As a daughter, a sister, and a friend, she was all we could wish—few so young performed the duties of life so well; but her whole confidence, her whole hope in death reposed on the merits of her Saviour. May God grant to us an exit so delightful,—and, for all the tempests that may arise between the present and that blessed moment, His will be done!

"The darling brother, who so lately returned to us, is the present subject of our hopes and fears."

The following to Miss Lowell, relating to Mrs. Farnham, shows us how severe a trial my mother considered the one which was in store for herself.

"*Concord, August 8th, 1806.*

"To one who has but few ties to this world, and whose affections are placed on Heavenly objects, death is the herald of joy. Day before yesterday, I visited a most interesting object, whose situation is

widely different, and who is advancing with slow, but certain step, to the tomb. Mrs. Farnham, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Ripley, is the mother of ten children, seven of them girls; in the bloom of life, strongly attached to her family, and feeling all the solicitude of an intelligent and affectionate parent, she is the prey of consumption. Such a sufferer, my dear Susan, makes us blush to weep over our own inferior sorrows, and causes us to tremble while we ask if our confidence in God be so firm as to enable us to meet with composure *such* a fate." [After speaking with sympathy of the recent death of an aunt of Miss Lowell, my mother writes words which might have been appropriately addressed to herself in reference to her own coming fate, from which her affectionate nature then recoiled.] "Do not imagine, my Susan, such a deprivation would be to you *insupportable*. 'God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' and mingles with the sorrows from which nature recoils, consolations of which the mind has no conception till the moment of trial arrives."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, August 20th, 1806.*

"Had I the pen of A. C. L., I would describe a ride with Sarah, which occupied yesterday afternoon. More than two hours we were lost in an intricate wood, which extends over part of Lincoln and Concord, and which embosoms two sheets of water of considerable extent; and round which we wound

through paths overgrown with shrubs, the branches of trees on either side frequently striking the chaise, and impeding our course, without the power of directing ourselves into the travelled road. The idea of being lost within three miles of Concord is rather ludicrous; but our situation was rendered distressing by the charge of Mrs. Farnham's sick infant, and the approach of night. I have seldom felt a more joyous surprise than when, on emerging from the wood, we discovered ourselves to be within a mile and a half of home.

"You have doubtless seen our friends, Rogers and Ruth, since their engagement has been announced. On no one could I have seen Ruth bestow herself with equal pleasure; the firm, consistent character of her friend inspires a degree of confidence justified by few men of the world. I have apprehended her fate might be united with some one more splendid, but less estimable than Rogers."

My mother seems at this time to be constantly in scenes of sickness and death. Her next date finds her in Billerica, to which place she and her stepsister Sally went on the occasion of the illness of Sally's grandfather. To Miss Lowell my mother writes:

"*September 6th.*

"The date of my letter will surprise you, dear Susan. The illness of my grandfather Thompson attracted hither my sister and self; his death, which has left Grandmamma afflicted and solitary, detains

us. Yesterday, his remains were committed to the tomb where reposes our beloved Betsy. The scene, in itself interesting, thence acquired double power to affect us. This, with the necessary exertion of receiving and providing for the accommodation of numerous guests, has exhausted every power of body and mind."

A week later my Grandmother Hurd writes from Concord to her absent daughters:

"*Friday, Sept. 12th.*

"I think of you, my dear girls, almost every moment, and certainly made a great sacrifice in consenting to your tarrying in Billerica, as humanity seemed to demand it; but the avocations of the week, thus far, have required your assistance at home much more. Your father has never been in such immediate danger since I knew him. Two nights, Tuesday and Wednesday, he had the genuine quinsy, which appeared to be the last struggles of nature. He has kept his chamber since, and is better. Benjamin is much the same."

It makes one's heart ache to think of the dear, unselfish mother worn out with anxiety and fatigue in the absence of her daughters, whom she has given up to others at a time when they were so much needed at home. Of their return we have evidence in a brief but interesting diary of my mother's, and a not less interesting record contained in a letter ad-

dressed by Sarah Ripley to her stepsister, Mary Emerson.

"*September 17th, 1806.* 'Retire, O my soul, to thy quiet rest!' Let the serenity of nature be impressed on all thy feelings! The air is mild, the heavens are cloudless, the earth, ever changing, yet invariably beautiful, presents fruits instead of flowers, the varied hues of Autumn in place of the vivid verdure of Spring. Let thy progress in life be analogous; let the warm feelings and bright hopes of youth mature into self-possession, confirmed good habits, and steady confidence in thy Creator, Preserver, and constant Benefactor!

"An eventful Summer has closed. Shall I ever forget the friend and sister whose smiles adorned its opening, and who now exists no more on earth! But she exists in a better world, and, through the merits of a Redeemer, I may yet hope to meet her; this conviction dries the falling tear. Through the past season, I have been an interested spectator of the progress of disease and death. I have seen the blooming girl of twenty, and the hoary head of eighty, committed to the same tomb. How soon its doors will unclose for me I know not; but this I know, religion can make death *lovely* and *desirable* at any age. Death! what is it? The termination of our probationary state,—the commencement of immortality,—how interesting! how glorious! O Thou Author of my being! enlighten my mind, purify my

affections, elevate my views,—and grant that every action of life may be influenced by just ideas of death!"

The following has special interest for my mother's descendants, whose privilege it is to cherish, with love and reverence, the blessed memory left them by my father.

"*Sept. 18th.* A character of rare excellence presented in D. A. W. Esq. The world speaks of him with respect, his friends with enthusiasm. For myself, I should judge him to possess a sound, correct understanding, a benevolent heart, and uncommon tenderness and delicacy of soul. To these he adds a dignified firmness that gives weight to the milder, and more graceful virtues."

A more admirable sketch of my father could hardly have been given by his most discriminating friend, after a lifelong acquaintance, than is here given by my mother on the evening of their first interview.

In the letter of Sarah Ripley to Mary Emerson already mentioned, which is dated "Concord, Sept. 19th, 1806," we have an account of my mother's introduction to my father on the previous evening, from which it appears that it was through Miss Emerson's intervention that they first met. Miss Emerson often stayed in Newburyport, where her sister, Mrs. Farnham, lived, and where my father was then established in the practice of the law. I think that

Daniel Appleton White

he boarded at Mrs. Farnham's. There Miss Emerson became intimately acquainted with him, and, apparently, made up her mind that he and her fair Concord friend were kindred spirits, and should be brought to know each other.

This letter of Miss Ripley's, so carefully preserved by my father and mother, was doubtless valued by them for the sake of what it contains on this subject, which I here copy, as follows:

"*Concord, Sept. 19th, 1806.*

"My beloved Mary will expect me to write a line by so direct a conveyance, and, since the gallantry of Mr. White has allowed me time, I shall follow one of the strongest propensities of my soul, that of speaking to you. We were surprised, and much gratified by the arrival of Mr. W. Well, sister Mary, I endeavoured to execute your wishes last evening; and with the result you may be flattered, I think. As sister Farnham was not at home when Mr. White came, and we wanted to get Mrs. Schalkwyck up here, we rode out and brought her home with us, and, I assure you, Mary never appeared to greater advantage. We walked a little, she sang, and conversed with unusual ease and freedom, and really, I don't think our friend was insensible to her charms. He was in fine spirits, and acknowledges the justness of our encomiums, which, for one so little acquainted with her, is remarkable. Mary, I suppose, will write to you, for you have written to her lately, and she

can say for herself, the fine things she *thinks* about Mr. White."

It is to be regretted that we have not the letter which my mother doubtless wrote to Miss Emerson at this time. The following are the next entries in her diary:

"*Sept. 19th.* Languid feelings and little exertion. This will never do!

"*Sept. 21st.* Enjoyed, in a sense of the Divine perfections, and in confiding every interest respecting time and eternity to my Heavenly Father, inexpressible peace."

Here she ceases for some weeks to write in her diary. The gap, however, is partially filled by her letters.

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, Sept. 22nd, 1806.*

"Mrs. Farnham, for whose health you express so kind a solicitude, returned, last Monday, from a journey of considerable extent, with improved health and spirits. A beam of hope, though faint, dawns on her family. The infant declines; it is at Newbury Port, where Mary Emerson supplies the place of her sister. Mary E.—you should know her intimately, dear Susan, for you would mutually love and esteem each other. Mr. White delighted me by the full justice he rendered to her excellence, acknowledging her to

possess a consistent elevation of principle, feeling, and conduct, such as he had never known surpassed.

"Too stupid to offer anything of my own worth perusal, I transcribe, for my dear Susan, part of Mary E.'s last letter, which I received at Billerica. Speaking of Niagara, she observes, 'Nothing can seize on the affections like the wonders of Creation, for they present the grand idea of a God. And may not the meanest Christian say, This Being, with all His power, His magnificence, His love, His truth and justice, is *my* God!—Mine, for the fleeting vicissitudes of a perishable, and often excruciating, mortality, and mine for all the grandeurs of an eventful and happy immortality! O my friend! when awed and sublimated by a sense of His *attributes*, even His *works* fade on the mind, and all the transactions of time disappear. Did not the sublime Apostle mean feelings like these, when he spake of living above the world while in it? This divine art robs disappointment of its arrow, and disarms the whole artillery of worldly mortifications.'"

To the same:

"*Concord, Sept. 22nd, 1806.*

"The messenger who deposited this morning's epistle to my beloved Susan in the post office, brought me in return her welcome pages.

"My Aunt North, that beloved relative, whose blindness and whose active benevolence you have heard me mention, is now our guest, but will soon

proceed with my uncle, on her journey to Albany, there to meet General North, the only brother of her husband.[1] She is to me a very interesting object. To reflect on her past life, and witness her present exertions is delightful. At the age of sixty-one, she was deprived of sight. How many would have sunk into despondence, or, at best, have submitted with quiet acquiescence; but she, while feelingly alive to the deprivation, bows to the decree of Providence, and opens every remaining source of usefulness and felicity. She has acquired, at this age, the art of writing, of sewing, and knitting, without the aid of one solitary ray. We have received many charming letters from her since she ceased to distinguish between day and night, all written legibly, though irregularly."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Sept. 26th, 1806.*

"I don't recollect to have heard you mention Mr. White, except with general sentiments of esteem and regard. He certainly appears to be a very interesting man, and his humane attentions to Mrs. Farnham and her lovely family prepossess her Concord friends highly in his favour."

[1] She is described as follows in Hon. James W. North's "History of Augusta, Maine": "Madam North was a Boston lady of the old school. She had a good person, a cultivated mind, dignified and graceful manners, and, being remarkable for her powers of conversation, was the delight of the social circle. Her sprightly and spirited remarks, in tones which were music to the ear, were peculiarly pleasant and animating." — Ed.

In the month of October my mother made a visit to Charlestown, where she had a serious illness, which detained her long from home. In the following letter from Sally Hurd, we see that her good mother was "given to hospitality."

"*Concord, October 9th, 1806.*

"You must not expect, my dear sister, I shall write you a long letter at present, for, as fast as one company leaves us, another comes to make their place good. We are now in momentary expectation of seeing our Charlestown friends, and, likewise, our Topsfield friends. If we are disappointed in the first, we shall not be in the last, so do not be anxious for us."

From my grandmother to my mother:

"*Concord, Oct. 18th, 1806.*

"Your letter, and confirmation by Miss Hale of your returning health, has given me pleasure. I think you will not need caution, as Cousin Grace says you are very prudent, so much so that you declined riding with Mr. White. What carried him to Charlestown? Perhaps he wanted to buy the 'Studies of Nature,' or something else not to be purchased elsewhere."

A week later, Sally, in a letter, indulges, like my grandmother, in some jests on the subject of Mr. White's visit, and closes, saying, "We have constant company; I have scarcely time to think, much less to write."

After my mother's return to Concord she wrote the following letter to Miss Bromfield:

"*Concord, Nov. 20th, 1806.*

"Last Saturday, I returned to my tranquil home,—returned, trembling with apprehension of my brother's increased illness. My Ann will gratefully rejoice with me that I found him much better than my fears,—his situation is delicate,—is critical in the extreme, and awakens all the feelings of the past months; but I would not excite painful sympathy in the bosom of my kind and feeling friend. Let me rather express thanks for the pleasure you procured me by your animated praise of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' Did ever the echoes of Scotia reverberate a wilder, sweeter strain! Scott is, indeed, a *poet*,—his very faults evince a master's hand, and scarcely does the polished beauty of his finest pictures more delight us, than the simplicity with which he chants of other men and other days. Oh, how I wished you to participate in the alternate emotions of pity, admiration, terror, and tenderness, the minstrel so successfully inspires!"

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, November 26th, 1806.*

"'T is the privilege of my ever dear Susan to be placed above the suspicion of negligence, or any of the petty crimes that mar, and so oft undermine, the fair fabric of friendship. A much longer silence would have alarmed me, but would not have excited any

apprehension that you ceased to love, or voluntarily suspended intercourse with your friend.

"My brother is now much worse. With perfect conviction of his danger, he is calm and composed. His family endeavour to fix a steadfast eye on Providence, and humbly to submit to its decrees, while they implore an averting of its keen sorrows. My friend, M. M. Emerson, passed with me last Wednesday and Thursday evening. Her society ever fortifies and elevates above the events of life. Regarding nothing as evil which tends to moral improvement, she places sickness, sorrow, and death in a sublime and consolatory point of view. My dear Susan, you must know her. Ann already does, and admires,—I am not certain, *loves* her. A longer, or rather a *closer* intimacy, a more complete acquaintance with her heart, and all its generous, tender feelings, is necessary to ensure *affection*. She is disposed to love you, Susan, already,—your countenance and manner impressed her strongly in your favour,—and it is among her weaknesses to yield to first impressions. 'T is perhaps wrong to style that propensity a weakness, since she regards it the least deceptive mode of judging of those who are not perfectly known to us."

Four days later, my mother makes the following record in her diary:

"*Nov. 30th.* A lapse of more than two months,—two interesting months. The rich and varied boun-

ties, the unmerited mercies, I have received, demand acknowledgments,—demand a *life of gratitude.* A short, but painful and dangerous, illness, at Charlestown, has been succeeded by unusual health. During my illness, all that assiduous friendship, all that compassionate tenderness could offer as alleviation, I received,—and, what infinitely transcends human consolation and aid, the light of God's countenance cheered and sustained me. Oh, what love, what entire devotion is due to Him who hath 'healed all my diseases, and redeemed my life from destruction.' Blessed Source of being and felicity! add to all Thy mercies a heart to appreciate them and to love Thee!

"My acquaintance with D. A. W. Esq. has progressed. Radical worth ever gains by inspection,—the more I have seen, the more I have admired."

We cannot doubt to what "most interesting event" my mother refers in the next record.

"*December 17th.* A fortnight of suspense and anxiety, rendered supportable only by confidence in the Father of my spirit. On Him, who careth for His children, I have cast my care. To Him I have resigned a most interesting event. O Thou who art—whose being and perfections are displayed in all Thy works,—I rejoice that Thou art omnipotent, for Thy wisdom and Thy goodness equal Thy power. In Thy perfections I behold a supply for all my wants, a balm for all my sorrows. Be this my peace, my con-

fidence, my happiness,—Thou art omniscient, omnipresent, infinite in goodness, perfect in wisdom, in power Almighty!"

A week later the record shows her relieved from suspense and anxiety on the subject nearest her heart.

"*December 23rd.* A day ever to be treasured in memory, to be embalmed by gratitude to the Giver of every good."

Many years ago my father gave to my sister and myself the letters which passed between him and my mother before and after their marriage. The first in order is the following, from my mother:

"*Concord, December 24th, 1806.*

"Why should I hesitate to acknowledge that Mr. White's professions were received as he could wish. To his character I am no stranger,—it justifies me in confessing that, in the approbation of affectionate parents, he will meet that of

MARY VAN SCHALKWYCK."

Three days later my mother wrote the following letter to Miss Lowell. The first paragraph has reference not only to her own happy engagement, but also to that of Miss Lowell, which occurred some months before, awakening my mother's most affectionate sympathy.

"*Concord, Dec. 27th, 1806.*

"My dear Susan's felicity is a rich source of satisfaction. Such I have found it when the shades of affliction obscured my every earthly prospect,—and such I have experienced it when, through the opening clouds, the unexpected sun appeared. That *sunbeams* have visited me, I apprize you,—but guard the secret a few days, even from Mr. Gorham.

"My time, my almost undivided attention, has been my brother's. Would that I could tell you he was better. That he is resigned and composed, that his faith and hope fail not, is cause of gratitude; but, my dear Susan, however fixed our conviction of the perfection of the Divine government, to contemplate the dear youth without emotions the most penetrating and affecting is impossible; the brightest hopes, the dearest expectations connected with this world fade on the mind, and immortality is the only idea on which it rests with satisfaction,—immortality purchased by a Saviour, and endeared by His presence."

Benjamin's death must have occurred within a few days after this letter was written.

CHAPTER X

JANUARY–MAY, 1807

ENGAGEMENT TO DANIEL APPLETON WHITE, AND CORRESPONDENCE

THE first date we have in 1807 is that of a letter from my father to my mother, evidently his first. Its contents indicate that, as early as the third of January, he had, in visiting her, unexpectedly found the house to be one of mourning. My father's has always been my ideal character. This letter is its index. I find in it the same charm that he had for me from my earliest recollection to his latest hour.

"*Newbury Port, Jan. 5th, 1807.*

"I cannot avoid hoping a few lines from me this morning will be acceptable to my dearest friend, though I write without her express permission, and in a very hurried moment. The strong and mingled emotions which filled my mind during the few but precious moments of my last interview with her, prevented my asking this permission, or even expressing my gratitude for her goodness, or saying any one of the many things which I had thought to say. Perhaps, had my situation been different, I could not have done all this. The best sentiments and feelings, those certainly which I value most, I find most difficulty in expressing. I always wish them to be

understood, without degrading them by words which cannot express them. But, though my visit to Concord was of so different a nature from what I had anticipated, I cannot regret it, only as it may have given pain to my best beloved: and I hope she will not much regret an interview which has made, if possible, a dearer impression of her excellence upon my heart. There are feelings, though I know not by what name to call them, which sometimes attend our deepest sympathy and sorrow, infinitely more precious than any which the brightest moments of prosperity bestow. Such I experienced when I retired from your father's door, as from a dwelling sacred to grief,—too sacred for my intrusion. I felt all your affliction, and thought of your divine consolations. Many tender recollections of dear, departed friends mingled with my thoughts of your lamented, excellent brother, and made me truly appreciate the privilege of solitude. My heart was prepared to yield to the most delightful impressions of my loveliest friend. I hope soon to have the happiness to see her consoled and happy, with all that real and genuine cheerfulness which her own mind, and our divine religion, are so well calculated to impart. She never forgets the duties and privileges of life amid its afflictions.

"I have just read several times over two exquisite poems in the 'Anthology' for December, selected from James Montgomery. I cannot help pointing them out to my friend, as I know they will give her pleasure.

"I safely reached home on Saturday evening. I found Mrs. F. no better, and probably not so well. I am in haste (as you must perceive), preparing for a journey to Portsmouth, where I shall pass some days. On my return, shall I find a letter from my dearest love? Nothing would so gladden the heart of her most affectionate D. A. WHITE."

The following is my mother's reply:

"*Concord, Jan. 7th, 1807.*

"How highly I appreciate the sympathy expressed in the countenance, the manner, and the letter of my friend, I need not say: at no period could it have produced an effect more grateful. The scene I had just witnessed when I saw you, in itself most interesting and affecting, was heightened by every tender recollection, by an impressive sense of the immediate presence of Deity, and, (shall I incur the charge of superstition?) by a belief that the spirits of dear, departed friends were hovering round the bed of death, to hail the emancipated soul. If, indeed, the shock was not too painful, I cannot regret meeting my friend at that moment, I cannot regret the necessity of ever after associating his image with the sublime and affecting ideas which a recollection of that scene cannot fail to inspire. 'A death-bed 's a detector of the heart.' Benjamin's character then requires no encomium, but a simple description of his closing scene. Tranquillity so unmoved, confidence in his benignant Mediator and his heavenly Father so fixed,

—are rare indeed. O my friend! may the ever present, the ever beneficent Being we both adore, conduct us as innocently through life, and receive us as tenderly to His bosom in death!

"Mrs. F. is 'no better.' I cannot think of that interesting woman without admiration. That in her situation resignation can be felt, is the triumph of Religion. I cannot conceive of a test so agonizing.

"The 'Anthology' for December I have not received, but several little poems of inimitable beauty by Montgomery, I have read."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, Jan. 12th, 1807.*

"Ah my friend! who could present themselves at the tribunal of a Holy, Omniscient Deity, unshielded by His love, manifested in Jesus Christ? And *with* this shield, who can tremble to cast upon Him every care, to repose on Him soul-cheering confidence, and to 'ask in faith, nothing wavering,' pardon and eternal life? Confidence in the merits and intercession of the Mediator gave to my darling brother the most perfect tranquillity in death. Though his moral habits were remarkably pure, and his life uncommonly innocent and useful, he disclaimed all self-dependence; and, when my weeping father said to him 'You are now happy in reflecting on a virtuous life;'—he replied, 'I am now happy in meditating on the merits of a Saviour.' Though his feelings were less animated, (he possessed constitutional equanimity,) his

resignation in sickness, and his faith in the hour of death, were equal to my sister's. Both have left on memory a savour of Heavenly things."

To Ruth Hurd:

"*Concord, Jan. 14th, 1807.*

"Ever dear Ruth, reserving for next week an answer to your last kind letter, for which I most affectionately thank you, I would now express the solicitude I feel for your health, and that of our dear Hannah. Caution the most scrupulous is necessary. Do not attend meeting. Communion with a God Omnipresent is confined to no spot;—intercourse with a Saviour who is 'with us always,' is as practicable in the silence of night, and the pillow may form an altar from which gratitude and devotion may ascend as acceptably, as from His Temple."

To Susan Lowell:

"*Concord, January 16th, 1807.*

"Though certain of my ever dear Susan's sympathy, its kind expression in her letter of this morning was welcome and precious. The perfect resignation, and firm tranquillity, flowing from habitual religion, which marked the illness, and rendered the departure of my brother sublime, is balm to our hearts. Perfectly sensible to the last moment, confiding entirely in the Love of God through a Mediator, with calm dignity he quitted this world, and with fixed hope entered another.

"If my dear Susan could know, (and she *shall* know,) every circumstance relative to a late event, she would instantly acquit me of every shadow of disingenuousness. She was the first friend out of town, to whom I suggested a syllable,—Mary Emerson excepted, who has long been the confidante of Mr. White. To know my friend has long possessed the esteem of my dear Susan is to me delightful; she will not regard him less warmly for knowing his affection to be the dearest earthly treasure of her Mary. For years I have admired his general character; for many months the finer traits of tenderness, delicacy, and benevolence, by which he is distinguished in private life, have been unfolding to me, and could not fail to interest. Our personal acquaintance is recent; on his part it has been marked by feeling, delicacy and honour, and your friend has not been insensible. I have ardently wished to see, and to impart to my friend *everything* which could interest her in an event to me so important. When will that happiness be mine?"

My mother's diary of this period, the last, so far as I remember, that we have from her pen, concludes as follows:

"*January, 1807.* Eventful month! Thine entrance beheld a brother committed to the tomb. Thy progress has witnessed the growth of an attachment founded on esteem the most perfect,—confidence the most entire.

"*January 18th.* On this Thy day, Father of mercies! Giver of every good! I would present myself before Thee, to celebrate Thy beneficence. Verily, Thou art a Father to the fatherless! Thou hast not ceased to protect and bless me, from the dawn of being to the present moment. From Thee I derive every blessing, and the value of every blessing is enhanced by this consideration. I delight, especially, in recording the goodness that preserved me from every other connection, to unite my fate with that of the human being I most respect and love."

My father to my mother:

"*Newbury Port, Jan. 19th, 1807.*

"I am returned, my dearest love, to my books and business, in health, but with little power of application to either. I cannot withdraw my mind from the delightful contemplation of the dear object of my heart, who inspires and possesses my whole soul, who has led all my affections into a most enchanting captivity. O my Mary! my inestimably precious and dear Mary, permit me this once to pour out my feelings of love and gratitude! Yet I cannot. I have no words for the fulness of my heart. May I be blest with a sympathy in your feelings, which will speak better than words! And 'may the ever present, the ever beneficent Being,' in whose hand our breath is, and whose are all our ways, accept the effusions of my gratitude for His Providential goodness, and

make me worthy to enjoy His richest gifts! I never before realized such a lively sense of gratitude to Heaven; I never before knew the extent of my feelings; I never dared to hope in this life for the happiness I now feel. I am not romantic; I am solemnly serious; and Oh, my lovely friend, lovely in every charm that can interest and elevate the heart, it is with a hallowed affection, I yield to your power, in a confidence that knows no bounds. I am sure to incur no risk in acknowledging the full extent of your power over my affections. I feel that it is a heavenly power, calculated to improve my heart and life, to animate my devotions, and to elevate my eternal hopes. May it ever be blest to our mutual improvement and happiness. May our Heavenly Father ever smile upon the union of our affections, and bless all our wishes and exertions for each other, and may He, my dear love, 'conduct us innocently through life, and receive us tenderly to His bosom in death.'"

Her reply is as follows:

"*Concord, January 21st, 1807.*

"Tears,—irrepressible tears,—more truly, more tenderly than language can, expressed the feelings of my heart on reading the letter of my dearest friend. And the Source of felicity, 'the Giver of every good gift,' alone knows how fervently I pray that your hopes may not be disappointed, that we may be mutual and everlasting blessings to each other. And

such, I trust, He will make us. 'T is not for a day—for a year—for life—no, my dear friend—I confess to you, were our affection to terminate on this side the grave, did its hopes, its prospects, extend no further, I should not have courage to harbour it. But I do believe I shall love eternally the virtues I now love; I do believe the sympathy of feeling which attracted us on earth, will be equally attractive in Heaven. I fear to say too much; yet, such is the confidence I feel in you, a confidence surprising even to myself, that I know not how to unfold to you less than my whole heart. Ah, my friend! if that heart should ever be less dear to you! but I do not fear—I know that in your character candour and constancy are not less conspicuous than tenderness.

"The storm on the Sabbath prevented my attending public worship; I remained at home, and read two of Saurin's sermons. If you have not seen his fifth volume, you have not seen the perfection of eloquence. On that morning, my soul expanded with unusual gratitude to the Father of mercies; and, perhaps, the voice of conscience influenced my choice of a sermon on 'Transient Devotion.' It is, all in all, superior to any human production I ever met with. I cannot refrain from giving you an extract; I know your soul will ascend with the devout author. 'O Almighty God! we humbly beseech Thee, enable us in the offerings we make to Thee, to resemble Thee in the favours Thou bestowest upon us! Thy gifts to us are *without repentance*, Thy covenant with

us contains this clause, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed. I have sworn that I will not be wroth with thee." Oh, that our offerings to Thee may be *without repentance!* Oh, that we may be enabled to reply, "The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my fidelity shall never depart from Thee, neither shall the dedication which I have made of myself to Thee, ever be removed. I have sworn, and I will perform it, that I will keep Thy righteous judgments. Amen."'

"I hailed the unclouded sun with more than usual pleasure on Friday; for I was not a little apprehensive that, with your interesting companion, you might suffer from an unpleasant day. You saw our excellent Mary [Emerson]. You admire her for her own sake; I entreat you to love her for mine. Imperfect as I am, and illy as I have profited by her admonitions, you know not how much I owe her. Courageous in correcting, and generous in commending, she stimulates her friends to the pursuit of excellence, by every motive and by every method that piety, good sense, and affection can suggest."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, January 21st, 1807.*

"The cordial sympathy of my dear Ann, and the approbation and blessing of her revered parent, dif-

fused a glow of pleasure through my soul. To my friend I do gratefully acknowledge the beneficence of that Being who has preserved me from other connections, and who, in the best time and manner, has bestowed upon me a heart of inestimable value. I fully appreciate it—and only pray that I may not *too* highly prize it. Like you, dear Ann, I dare not anticipate, fixedly anticipate, future happiness on earth. Else should I dwell with delight on the prospect of being one day near you, of frequently communing with you, of associating with you and your admirable mother, till I should become in some degree like the friends I admire and love. Am I *singularly depraved* when I confess receiving pleasure from a knowledge that even Ann was vulnerable to jealousy, when the affection of a friend was its object, and that friend was myself? But, most unjust was the apprehension that you could ever inspire less than the most heart-felt esteem and cordial love. Should Providence conduct us to each other, and protract our lives, you will, I trust, receive the most entire conviction of this truth.

"Our dear Sarah will probably present you these hasty, but affectionate pages. Alas! on what scenes is she entering! The family of Mrs. Farnham must interest every heart. Have you ever noticed particularly the second daughter, Louisa? She has, of late, passed some weeks in Concord, and seldom have I beheld a countenance more interesting, from its expression of tender melancholy, or manners more at-

tractive from their affectionate simplicity. You know the mother, and feel the severe deprivation these innocents must soon experience. We do, indeed, firmly believe the orphans' Friend will be their guardian, but we cannot behold the excellent mother of a numerous family 'fade as a flower,' in the bloom of life, without anguish."

Of Mr. Popkin, who was afterwards her pastor, and, throughout his life, one of my father's most honoured and beloved friends, she says, in reference to his sermons: "One would imagine the spirit of Scougal had descended to animate a second time, the form of humanity."

My father to my mother, in reply to hers of January 21st:

"*Newbury Port, Jan. 23rd, 1807.*

"Had anything been wanting, my dearest Mary, to complete my happiness, your tender and elevating letter would have supplied it. Accept my warmest thanks for all your goodness. Never, never, I trust, will my Mary have cause to repent her confidence in one who has yielded to her his whole heart, and lives no less for her than for himself. Our hearts, I trust, will bear exposure to each other with all the frankness of sincere friendship and love. For myself, I feel no more a wish, than I have the power, to conceal anything from my dearest friend. But I will not trouble you with more professions; you know you possess my whole heart, and you will always find it

open to your inspection. May you ever view it with pleasure, though you find much to correct, and much to lament: may the sincerity of its love, and the honesty of its intentions draw the mantle of your candour over its errors and imperfections: and may the Father of lights inspire me with wisdom and goodness to secure your affection, and mingle my joys with yours, not only in this imperfect state of good and evil, but throughout our whole existence!

"I have just finished reading the inimitably beautiful and excellent story of 'Rasselas,' and am so impressed with its beauty and excellence, that I cannot avoid speaking of it to my dear Mary. The story is undoubtedly calculated to leave the mind pensive, solemn, and thoughtful, if not gloomy, and I don't know that it has not served to give me a sort of apprehension that my present happiness is too great, and my prospects too bright, for such a world as this. My mind, however, is not apt to cherish such apprehensions, or of a nature to suffer from the story of Rasselas. But, granting the picture of human life as here drawn to be too deeply shaded, yet, what profound reflections, what just and useful observations, what accurate and beautiful descriptions from the moral and natural world, abound! What taste, what elegance of language, what powers of reasoning, what knowledge of nature, of mankind, and the various conditions of life, are most happily and forcibly displayed! What charms of sentiment and imagery, of truth, wisdom, and eloquence, are all combined to

fascinate, exalt, and improve our minds! From my heart would I pity and forgive that disposition to morbid melancholy in the mighty mind of Johnson, which inclined perhaps too greatly to darken the picture. At the time of writing this work, he was solitary, and had just lost his mother; to defray whose debts and funeral charges, it is said, the work was composed in the evenings of one week! No one, perhaps, can realize the sufferings of this great and good man, without possessing his strong feelings and gigantic talents; but he that can contemplate his ever-returning pains and sorrows amidst his ardent zeal and exertions for the promotion of virtue, piety, and human happiness, and not feel his heart melt in reverential compassion, is surely not much to be envied. Johnson had no vices; and his failings are nothing before the bright constellation of his virtues and excellences. But I was speaking of his 'Rasselas,' and would just add, that though the evils and sorrows of this present world are so strikingly portrayed as to sink it in our estimation, yet human nature is presented in a dignified and endearing view. This distinguishes him from the misanthropist. We find nothing to disgust us with our species, and freeze our souls with horror. All has a tendency to soften and solemnize the heart, and prepare it for deeper impressions of virtue and piety; and to induce us to exclaim with the princess:—'To me, the choice of life is become less important; I hope, hereafter, to think only on the choice of eternity.'"

From my father to my mother:

"*Newbury Port, January 29th, 1807.*

"Your letter of yesterday, my dear Mary, has proved a most delightful cordial to my spirits. It found them drooping under a very severe head-ache, which I have suffered through the day, and am indebted for, probably, to intense and long-continued application to Selfridge's trial last evening. This prevented my setting off for Concord this morning; otherwise I was well enough. My indisposition was owing to an ordinary cold only. Indeed, to this source I so invariably trace the slight interruptions my health experiences, that I was not aware you might be liable to receive any other impression. But, my dear, I presume your solicitude has given me quite as much pleasure as it possibly could give you pain; so, you see, nothing is lost between us. I have now the pleasure to assure you I feel perfectly well, excepting a little of the aforesaid head-ache. Selfridge's trial, I think, would entertain you, as giving a full view of our judicial proceedings, and of lawyers' lives and labours. With Mr. Gore, I am sure, you will be charmed.

"On last Lord's Day, being detained at home, I also read two of Saurin's sermons. They were those on the fear of God; of the last of which I could speak almost as highly as you do of that on transient devotion. I believe I shall become as enthusiastic in my admiration of this sublime and eloquent preacher

as yourself. But how much will be owing to your influence, I cannot say. Sure I am always to feel thankful for that influence. I begin to suspect that your power will not be confined to my feelings, but will make my sentiments, opinions, and even taste bow to it."

I find that my father has preserved, in the same package with these letters of my mother's and his own, one which my mother received at this time from her friend Mr. Frisbie. This indicates the peculiar respect my father felt for their friendship. It also indicates his own strong and tender attachment to Mr. Frisbie, to which I have so often heard him give expression. I remember my father's account of his last interview with Mr. Frisbie, a few days before his death. Mr. Frisbie had had a dread of the last awful change—a dread which he considered the effect of the gloomy religious associations of his childhood. In moments of depression induced by disease he could not wholly prevent the influence of these early impressions upon his mind. But on my father's last visit to him, immediately upon receiving him, Mr. Frisbie said, "You know what a dread of death I have had. I can now not only view it with perfect calmness, but the prospect of the future world is delightful to me." I remember my father's saying, with tears in his eyes, that among other visions of the future, Mr. Frisbie said, "I shall see your Mary."

The following is a copy of the letter:

"*Ipswich, January 26th, 1807.*

"If, my dear sister, my visual faculties would permit, I should have much to reply to your letter. And first, I should reproach thee as becometh a disappointed lover. Knowest thou not that, for more than three years, I have been in love with thee myself; at least, so saith the world, and the world, thou art aware, always concerning such subjects judgeth aright. Next, I would ask thee, if thou art now about to take thy departure for Bethlehem, as thou speakest of prospects of felicity, and this was once a favourite plan of thine? If so, I will e'en bear thee company, and *take the veil* too.

"But pardon me this trifling: I will be more serious. I thank you for the confidence and the friendship of your letter. As I cannot say all I would upon the subject, from my eyes, I shall merely observe that I rejoice in your prospects, and pray you may enjoy every blessing you can reasonably anticipate."

On my father's return home, accompanied by Miss Sarah Ripley, after a visit in Concord, he writes as follows:

"*Newbury Port, Feb. 7th, 1807.*

"The day we left you was rather cold, but our ride was pleasant, and, having dined, and passed two or three hours with our excellent friend at Malden [Miss Emerson], we reached Salem before dark. Sarah passed the night with Miss Lawrence, and your friend with Mr. Pickering, and all very agree-

ably. How yesterday morning opened upon us, you must recollect. We ventured to set out in the midst of the violence of the storm, but, having proceeded as far as Beverly, I insisted on leaving Sarah at Mr. Brown's, where they strongly urged me to tarry also; but, being obliged if possible to reach home yesterday, and fearing lest the storm of snow would block us up too long, I continued my journey, and arrived at home just as the storm ceased. Sarah came on in the stage in the afternoon, and here we both now are, grateful and happy. My ride was, to be sure, solitary and tempestuous from Beverly, but not unpleasant. The dearest and the tenderest recollections filled my heart, and made me insensible to the raging elements without. My thoughts dwelt on my inexpressibly dear friend, and I would have cheerfully encountered all the storms of nature, for the joy of seeing that friend. Did you never experience, my beloved Mary, that, after parting from a friend, dearer to you than all the world, you for some time could feel no other wish, but to renew your interview with that friend? I am sure you have, and will not accuse me of weakness if during the pensiveness of the storm yesterday, I found my heart melt within me, and my eyes overflow, without being able to assign any reason for it, satisfactory to the schools. Oh, my love! do not forget to cherish and preserve your health, Write *only* what is *necessary*—but to me as much as you can without injuring yourself, and no more. Let me know, my dearest love, a few

lines as soon as possible, and remember you have in your power all the happiness of your devoted friend,

D. A. W."

My mother to my father:

"*Concord, February 5th, 1807.*

"*Friday morning.* Am I departing from the *letter*, or obeying the *spirit* of the law of kindness which interdicted writing? Till I can receive the opinion of my counsellor, I shall determine in favour of the latter opinion, and act accordingly. And this, too, without personal injury; for, by writing ten minutes in the morning, afternoon, and evening, a letter may be easily completed without fatigue.

"*Monday morning.* My plan was blighted in the bud—unexpected company, etc., etc., stole from me the pleasure I anticipated, in devoting to my heart's dearest friend a little part of each portion of the day. Your letter was expected with anxiety, received with eagerness, and read with delight. But, why attempt to express the inexpressible feelings originating in a sentiment in itself indefinable, and which can only be felt. Let your affection interpret what would be unintelligible to indifference: to that I refer you for a picture of all the solicitude, the confidence, the anxieties, and hopes, that swell the soul, wresting from every other object the attention—*obtruding* even on *devotion.* Yes, *obtruding.*

"My dear mother peremptorily forbids another page. A little cold taken yesterday at church has

stimulated the kind monitor in my side; it unites with her in warning me to close. Farewell, with truth, with prayers, constant and fervent, for your present and future felicity, your MARY.

"Do not be anxious. I assure you my cold is slight."

To this letter my father replies:

"*Newbury Port, Feb. 10th, 1807.*

"Indeed, my dearest love, my feelings at once declare that you follow both the *letter* and the *spirit* of the law of kindness, when you write to me. Out of your presence, I can receive nothing to be called pleasure, in comparison with the delight your letters afford. Yes, my heavenly friend, write to me as much and as often as you can, without injury and without fatigue; and be assured that volumes to others cannot possibly produce so much happiness as a single line to me. Your plan I think excellent, and hope you will be able in this way to give me happiness, without suffering yourself.

"What could induce you, what *could* induce you, my Mary, to expose yourself at Church in the severest of weather? You have all the means and all the feelings of devotion at home, and where and what is the counsellor who advises you abroad at the risk of your health? In vain do you forbid anxiety—nothing but assurance of your perfect health can prevent it. I

wish not to alarm you or myself, but your 'kind monitor' may possibly prove most unkind, at least to me. It surely ought not to be needlessly roused. Do, my dear Mary, try some expedient to estimate the importance of your health to my happiness; and, then, I shall be sure, from your benevolence and compassion at least, of all the attention to yourself I wish. I know this is all tedious to you, but I cannot repress my solicitude—do relieve me by a few lines as soon as possible. Tell me you are well, and mean to be kind and attentive to your precious, your inestimably precious *self*—where are all my heart's dearest treasures,—all its tenderest joys, and hopes, and wishes. Oh, may that kind Being, who loves us better than we ourselves, protect and tenderly cherish you, and preserve and prepare us both for pure and never-ending happiness!

"Our excellent pastor gave us a very pious and excellent discourse last Lord's Day, and very feeling and appropriate, on cold weather, from Psalm 147, 16th and 17th verses. It made me, for the moment, almost forget that intense cold was an evil—little did I think my dearest friend was then suffering; though I could not, amidst all the charms of the preacher on the subject, forget her,—for I am sadly exposed to *obtrusions*—but, while my attention is withdrawn by them, my feelings acquire animation, and return with more ardour and heart-felt gratitude to devotion, and I hope therefore to be forgiven."

My mother to my father:

"*Concord, Thursday morning.*

"Soon after closing my last to my beloved friend, I was attacked with every symptom of a lung fever. The applications made have reduced the disease. I am now sitting up, and much better, though debilitated by bleeding, blisters, etc. I do not wish to see you at the risk of your health, or any serious inconvenience, but you are constantly in the thoughts, and inexpressibly dear to the heart of your

Ever faithful and affectionate

MARY.

"Come not but in pleasant weather. You see I am not *very* sick—writing is demonstration."

As might be expected, this letter brought my father to Concord. On his return to Newburyport, he writes:

"*Feb. 18th, 1807.*

"I have only a moment before our mail closes; for, if you will believe me, we did not reach home till in the evening of yesterday. I lost entirely one day, which I might have enjoyed with my beloved Mary. The cold on Monday was much more severe than I had expected, and when I called at Malden, our friend there [Miss Emerson], at once protested against coming on the whole way, and would consent to accompany me only on condition that I would pass the night at Salem or Beverly. We accordingly came that way, and put up at Mr. Brown's, in Beverly. I

felt none the better for the journey, but Mrs. Brown, with true motherly kindness, nursed me up, and we might have come home yesterday morning, had I not laboured under a mistake, and supposed I was too unwell. Dr. Fisher, however, cured my mistake, told me nothing was the matter, and I might come as soon as I pleased: and I am thankful to find, this snowy morning, that we are safe at home, and very well. My slight cold, (the infirmity which most easily besets me,) has already left me almost wholly, and I have only to think of my ever dear and lovely Mary. How happy should I be, could I but look upon you once a day, and witness the joy of returning health! But health is not necessary to make my Mary interesting and lovely. I can almost speak of the *charms of sickness*. O my dearest love, what an ornament is a 'meek and quiet spirit,' adorned with all the tender virtues and Christian graces! Never could I have seen my friend more interesting to my heart. I will not be anxious; you are cherished by the attentions of most affectionate friends, tenderly guarded by your earthly and your heavenly Parent. We have always cause for joy, for we are constantly under the care and protection of that kind, almighty Being, whose tender mercies are over all His works.

"Adieu, my dearest, my ever precious love. God will bless and preserve you, and with your health and happiness make entirely happy

"Your most faithful and affectionate

D. A. W."

From my grandmother to my father:

"*Concord, Feb. 19th.*

"'As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' Our dear Mary is better, and, as her amanuensis communicates the intelligence, her fever appears to have left her, her sleep easy and refreshing. She is still very weak, but better than when you left her. We ardently hope she will be spared for many years, as her life is very precious to her friends."

To this my mother adds the following:

"Dearest of human beings, as a tribute of gratitude for past, and the promise of future blessings, let us offer to God an *entire* sacrifice of ourselves. In public and in private, let us enter anew into covenant with the *Almighty*, who condescends to be our *Covenant* God. Mamma wrote the above, but no eye inspects this. I seal it myself."

In reply to my father's letter of the 18th, my mother, made anxious by that letter, writes to him as follows:

"*Concord, Feb. 20th.*

"*Friday morning.* You are not well. I ought not to have consented to your returning on so cold a day. Write soon, and *honestly.* Tell me just how you are, and, if you love—truly love—your Mary, guard attentively against the foe that most easily besets you.

"*Saturday morning.* I hope I am childish and grieving causelessly, but I have no letter this morning, and cannot but apprehend. My own health continues to improve, but I have little increase of strength. If I were well, I should fear less,—for it would be *possible* to see you if you were ill, and that possibility would be a relief. But you are the care of a Being who is equally present in all places, and of whose power and beneficence I am, at this moment, a monument. I rejoice you are at His disposal who wills only the happiness of His creatures, and I will cheer my poor heart with the idea that He would not so singularly have united our affections, had He designed an immediate separation.

"Let me hear from you soon, and do not give me present peace, at the expense of future confidence, by deceiving me with respect to your health."

On February 21st, her friend Sarah Ripley, who was then in Newburyport, wrote to her, and my father added a postscript of half a page. On February 28d he wrote again:

"I need not, I cannot describe, my dearest Mary, the emotions I felt at sight of your letter to-day, charmingly greeting me in your own fair and steady hand, as your letters were wont to do in your better health. I am thankful, above all expression, that you are so well, and am delighted, as you alone can conceive, by your letters; yet I entreat you to spare your strength, and make no untimely exertions. Be-

stow all your care and all your attentive thoughts upon yourself. I am distressed for the pain I have given you, for the moments of solicitude on my account which you have suffered amidst such sufferings of your own, and which I might and ought to have prevented. Forgive, I pray you, my want of consideration. I know my Mary will forgive me, but this will not change the past. I can form some idea of what may have been her feelings, from what I myself suffered on Thursday. The letter which I expected with such confidence, and waited for with such anxiety, did not reach me that day, and I speak 'honestly' when I say that I could not then write to you. Had your letter arrived, as you doubtless expected it did, you would have received a line from me on Saturday. But as I then supposed, from some cause or other which I could not conjecture without infinite distress, you had thought proper not to send the letter which you were so good as to promise me, I did not think of your expecting a letter from me, even were I perfectly able to write it. And, on Saturday, Sarah's writing prevented my making a long letter; she delayed it to the last moment, and I added without consideration a few lines, when I ought to have written a letter. I say *without consideration*, for Mary Emerson afterward told me that *malice itself* could not have devised a more effectual method to make you anxious. I again entreat your forgiveness, for I must have been criminal, or our friend would not have thus disciplined me. I was

under two general impressions,—that more letters than were necessary would not be beneficial to you, and that you could not be solicitous about my health. But what a tedious letter this! Mary Emerson has just laid claim to a small part, which I hope will enliven the whole.

"*À Dieu*, my love,—tell your dear friends around you how grateful I feel for their kind attentions to you. Be cheerful and happy as you are good. A most tender and merciful Being protects us both. Health will soon smile upon you, and may you always smile upon your undeserving, but most ardently and constantly affectionate D. A. W."

Miss Emerson's postscript is as follows:

"I cannot, my beloved friend, be wholly silent, when I recall your sickness and recovery. Do be careful, without anxiety, of your self. Hope for every thing, for there is nothing too good and too grand, here and hereafter, for a Being infinite and happy to bestow. Times of prosperity often incite tender anxiety. Pass by these, and appreciate thy blessings. Happiness is rare,—but, perhaps, a large draught very healthy. M. E."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, Wednesday, Feb. 25th.*

"What would I have given for a line yesterday, telling me how you were on Monday morning! As-

sure your Mamma how thankful I felt for her kindness the other day, and intreat that she, or some of your attentive friends around you, would give me a still more minute account of you. A full diary would delight me; indeed, I wish you had some little *Boswell* about you to record whatever you do or take, all your remarkable sayings and delightful whispers. I would give more for his book than for Boswell's 'Johnson,' inestimable as it is."

From my mother:

"*Concord, Feb. 26th, 1807.*

"Speak not of forgiveness, most dear and attentive friend; I rather should ask it, for the childish letter with which I troubled you on Monday. Blessed be the merciful Being who is, I trust, restoring health to us both; for all the suffering He wisely inflicts, and for all the rich blessings He kindly bestows,—adored be His name!

"I have been thinking, beloved friend, of the design of Providence in this illness—some good is intended by it—let us not neglect to gather sweet fruit from the bitter tree. Let the fruit be, a deeper sense of our entire dependence upon God, a more perfect devotion to Him, a livelier gratitude, a warmer love, a more vigilant attention to our hearts and lives! Dearest friend, I write this less for you than for myself; show me this letter when you find me backsliding, re-animate my devotion when you see me cold and lifeless, by reminding me of what I owe to

the Father of Mercies, 'who forgiveth all our iniquities, and healeth all our diseases.'"

My father to my mother:

"*Newbury Port, Feb. 28th, 1807.*

"My dearest love, for several days I suffered an inexpressible anxiety which no exertions of my reason could control, till the arrival of your charming, your most heart-cheering letter. I cannot avoid embracing the first opportunity to assure my beloved Mary how happy and how grateful I feel, and how fervently I pray that my heart may never become insensible to the goodness of our Father in Heaven, which we are now experiencing. Oh, may my gratitude and love to God not pass away 'as the morning cloud, and as the early dew.' But I shall always need your gentle, stimulating monitions. May I always profit and improve by them! What you write or speak, 'less for me than yourself,' may I always earnestly strive to improve, as I feel there is, and fear there ever must be, a greater need of it for me than for you.

"Let me now again entreat you to be constantly careful of yourself—now is a most important time to your health—make no unnecessary exertions of your strength, let no cares trouble your mind; remember that, notwithstanding my wishes, I would submit to any *delay* rather than your mind should be exercised by any solicitude.

"Mrs. Farnham is very feeble; she is truly an ad-

mirable woman. In the multitude of thoughts that must so tenderly, so awfully exercise her mind, that she can feel resignation, that she can manifest such sweet composure, must indeed, as you once observed, be the triumph of religion.

"When I shall have the greatest happiness I can now realize, that of visiting my Mary, I know not. The two coming weeks are the last of doing business for our next court, which almost necessarily confines me."

My mother to my father:

"*Concord, March 2nd, 1807.*

"*Monday morning.* I would not rise this morning till I had a letter to inspire me with strength and spirits. Your affectionate pages dispersed every cloud that rose on Saturday and dimmed the Sabbath; for I had calculated on seeing my dearest friend at the close of the week. I am now happy you did not come. I cannot wish to purchase the pleasure of seeing you for a few hours at the risk of your health, at this ever-varying season. Having consulted the almanac, I knew the two ensuing weeks must be important to your business. I shall not therefore expect you till the 'time of service is up.' Are you astonished at my legal learning? I would say something more of it, but that I must not write voluminously as usual.

"I continue to improve in health, and Papa thinks this illness will prove advantageous, should I be spared a relapse. A thousand times I thank you for the ten-

derness that would shield me from danger and solicitude. But solicitude, of the kind you allude to, has never distressed me. I have many kind friends who are ready to spare me every care, every exertion. I wish to say innumerable things, but fear to write; I would not injure *your* MARY."

After the proposed visit to Concord my father writes:

"*Newbury Port, March 10th, 1807.*

"My dear Mary will not be unhappy to learn that her most affectionate friend is well and safe at his office this unpleasant, stormy morning. I did not pass through Methuen as I had intended. Finding the bridge at Andover destroyed, I turned aside, and enjoyed two hours at Madam Phillips,' with her and my good friend Farrar, where I found a most cordial and warm reception. I renewed my journey about three o'clock, and reached home at seven with perfect convenience and satisfaction.

"What joy would it give my heart to look in upon you with a *good morning!* The sound still dwells most sweetly and most tenderly on my thoughts. You are 'in my mind's eye' at this moment, lovely and cheering as when, with 'sweet sorrow,' we exchanged it at this hour, yesterday morning. O my Mary, with what emotions does my heart anticipate the time when these 'outward eyes' shall daily behold in delightful vision the lovely object, so inestimably dear and precious to me! May Heaven, in its

goodness, speed this time! May you be blessed with health and every favour to make you happy. And may our hearts ever be as united in love and gratitude to the bountiful Giver of all good, as in affection to each other. Write me often as much as your health will allow, and no more—and *all* about your dear self. Heaven bless you."

From my mother:

"*Concord, March 11th, 1807.*

"You do not say, 'Make yourself your subject,' without sincerely wishing it; for my beloved friend can never degrade himself or his Mary, by unmeaning compliments. I need not say you were constantly present to my mind all the day—that I turned my eye every moment to the window, and watched the increase and decrease of the storm with a heart responding to every variation. The unpleasant weather had yesterday a little effect on my lungs. I could not have bid you *good-morning* in an audible voice, but to-day I am quite well.

"I am warned to close by significant glances, nods, and, where these fail, by friendly hints that 'the mail is closing,' etc."

Again she writes:

"*Concord, March 12th, 1807.*

"It is a most perplexing mystery to our good and faithful Betty, that Mr. White and Mrs. Schalk-

wyck should have *so much to say.* '*What* can they find to occupy so much time? I 'm sure they must repeat the same things again and again.' Unless the heart of the postmaster should instruct him, I think the mystery must appear to him no less dark. But in truth, I have now *important* intelligence to communicate. Yesterday, I dismissed my sick robe, and, my cap excepted, clad myself in the attire of health. I wished to have written this from the sitting-room, but Mamma objected to the morning as too cold and windy for a first essay. And, really, I have no very strong inclination to make the first floor my stated place of residence, till after Court. Company necessarily produces exertion, and the society of friendly acquaintance is far worse than any other. There is not sufficient affection to render silence supportable to them, and there is not enough indifference to their opinions and feelings to render it easily practicable. 'He who, silent, loves to be with us, he who loves us in our silence, has touched one of the keys that ravish hearts.' If Lavater had never written anything more visionary, he might have passed for a sage of the first order. But this delightful silence, which alone conveys the best feelings of the soul, is too sacred to be profaned by vulgar use.

"My dearest friend, I have not written very long, but the girls think quite long enough. Adieu, then,

Most affectionately,

MARY."

From my mother:

"*Concord, March 13th, 1807.*

"I know my dearest friend would not have disappointed me this morning, had not necessity compelled him to it. He knows the anxieties of an affection ever solicitous for the health and happiness of its object. By reposing on the perfections of Deity, I endeavour to resign myself to all possible events, but there are sorrows from which my soul recoils, and which, I feel, nothing but divine grace can enable me to sustain."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, March 13th, 1807.*

"My dear Mary's letter reached me yesterday, and greatly delighted my heart, as her letters cannot fail to do. This morning's mail I fully intended should carry you a few lines, but a severe head-ache caused by a slight cold and unusual fatigue, kept me in duress until it was too late. For several days, I have been obliged to confine myself in a close room at an arbitration with such a clan of the 'sovereign people," that I could scarcely breathe with any pleasure to myself. Last evening I was released, and to-day I choose to confine myself at home, not doubting but a little penance at water-gruel will restore me."

From my mother:

"*Concord, March 16th, 1807.*

"Your letter of this morning, dearest friend, relieved me from the most painful apprehensions,

though it informed me of your indisposition. You must bear with me, when I am thus unreasonable; were my heart less interested, I could more calmly see the expected post arrive without a letter. Your health is certainly delicate, and requires constant attention. Pay that attention, I entreat you, for your Mary's sake, whose happiness is most intimately connected with it. You say colds are the only illness to which you are subject. Dr. Ratcliffe used to say to his patients, when they told him they had only a cold—'What, in the name of conscience, would you have?'—considering them the foundation of every other disorder."

How often I have heard my father attribute my mother's early death to the ignorance that then prevailed, even among the medical faculty, with regard to the laws of health. It is evident that, from this or some other cause, his health was at this time interrupted almost as frequently as her own.

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, March 17th, 1807.*

"My imagination has been feasting itself in viewing my beloved in her 'attire of health,' and Queen Esther in all her 'royal apparel' appeared not half so lovely."

Again:

"*Newbury Port, March 18th, 1807.*

"I think you cannot make the sitting-room at present, your place of stated residence, without be-

ing insensibly led to make exertions which may retard your progress to perfect health, which, surely, nothing you could do in the way of politeness and civility would atone for. Silence, as you most justly observe, cannot be resorted to for relief in the company of such friends as you would be exposed to; and, if it could, I should think that sort of silence which in your presence could alone be sustained, too sacred, not only for vulgar, but for any general use. I could not feel willing to have any, even of your friends, participate with me in the exquisite pleasures of social silence, which are, peculiarly, the heart's, and which a stranger intermeddleth not with. Lavater's maxim shows he had a heart as well as head, and would alone rank him among first-rate sages in the science of human nature."

From my mother:

"*Concord, March 19th, 1807.*

"Dearest friend, a serious lecture by good Mr. Ripley, approbated by Papa, restrains me to one page. Most affectionately I thank you for the kind pages by which my heart has been daily cheered this week. I will not dispute the point of obligation with you at this time, and at no time may a point less endearing be contested by us.

"My Parents think I gain strength and health as fast as I ought to expect. Do not, however, come with an idea that I am perfectly well. The truth is, my lungs are still very much debilitated. Papa is

very unwell,—we fear a lung-fever. Much love to our excellent Mary, affectionate sympathy to Mrs. and Miss Bromfield, and for yourself everything your heart can ask from your MARY."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, March 20th, 1807.*

"Notwithstanding all I have said, and intimated, to my beloved Mary about writing, and its injurious effects to herself, which I confess almost amounts to a prohibition to write at all, yet I cannot possibly be disappointed of a letter, when I only *hope*, and have no particular reason to expect one, as was the case yesterday, without feeling my heart sink within me, as if a blow of sudden misfortune came upon me; and it takes some time and many efforts to raise it, and rightly restore all its circulations. You will think me inconsistent or capricious, but I hope I shall be neither; or may suppose that I wish to enjoy all the happiness your letters give, and, should any evil accrue to you, on you to leave all the responsibility, but this, I am sure, is not in my thoughts. My dear Mary's candour and affection will, I hope, ever take away all difficulty in interpreting the feelings and wishes of my heart. Frankly, my dearest love, I must say, you cannot omit writing to me without exposing my heart to much suffering; yet I must, in reason, add that I would rather encounter this suffering than your health should suffer any inconvenience."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, March 21st, 1807.*

"One sentence only of my beloved Mary's 'page' would have charmed my heart. I care not how much her kind friends restrain her, when her health requires it, sure I am she cannot be so restrained as to fail of delighting me, if she takes her pen at all."

My mother to my father:

"*Concord, March 21st, 1807.*

"I have only ten minutes to say all my heart would dictate to my best beloved friend,—and what time would suffice for that purpose? You know something of your Mary, and may judge if she would, or would not, submit to any mere inconvenience, rather than subject her most cherished friend to pain. Alas! to how much pain and anxiety have I already subjected you!—when my most fervent wish and prayer has been to be only the source of happiness to you."

Again:

"*Concord, March 23rd.*

"*Monday morning*. Harriet entered my chamber this morning with a kiss, and 'Cousin, did you hear the stage pass?' 'Yes.' 'And do you expect a letter?' 'Not much.' She drew from her bosom your precious letter, the most welcome visitant I could possibly have received, the writer excepted. Beloved friend, for your attention to yourself, I thank you a thousand times. Be not anxious, but fail not to implore of Him who

healeth, the exercise of His power,—if it consist with His will, and our ultimate happiness. For I confess I desire not life—to be less than a blessing to my heart's dearest friend; and He who knoweth all things, to whom the future is present, alone knows if I should prove such."

My father in reply:

"*Newbury Port, March 27th, 1807.*

"I have almost thirty minutes this morning to write to my dearest Mary, and could I say as much to charm her heart as she did mine in *ten*, I should feel perfectly happy. How can my dearest love speak of subjecting me to 'pain and anxiety,' which she must know I experience only so far as it is inseparable from the affection which is, indeed, the source of all that my heart deigns to call happiness here below. You are therefore just what your prayer has been,—'only the source of happiness to me.' You have taught me what happiness is, you have inspired my heart with feelings which a whole life of pain would not counterbalance. I cannot express by words, nor even by actions, the pure love and tenderness which fill, and constitute the happiness of my heart. Oh, could I but daily and hourly enjoy your sweet society, and bestow my exertions in improving your health, and promoting your happiness, what a constant cause of gratitude to Heaven should I have!"

Again:

"*Newbury Port, March 28th, 1807.*

"From what I have written to you about our dear Mrs. Farnham, you will not be surprised to learn that she continued through the day, yesterday, tranquil and easy, resigned and happy, and in the evening, breathed her last, in perfect composure, and free from pain and distress."

Again:

"*Ipswich, March 31st, 1807.*

"Though I have made a public and most solemn profession of my faith, and dedication of myself to God, yet I feel full of imperfections, and liable continually to deviate from the standard of elevated love, devotion, and purity which the Gospel enjoins. Oh, may my sincerity make my heart an offering acceptable to a holy and merciful God; and may my life prove such as I now humbly hope and resolve to render it! Then, dearest love, we shall be happy here, and supremely blest forever in the presence of our Heavenly Father."

The following is her reply:

"*Concord, April 1st, 1807.*

"Could I give language to the feelings your letter of this morning inspired, you would receive pages more expressive of the tenderness which fills your Mary's heart, than you ever have done. Dearest of human beings, you have a new claim on my tender-

ness, my esteem, and confidence. Most gladly, most affectionately, does my heart acknowledge it. And the Almighty Parent to whom you are devoted, the God with whom you have entered into covenant, will most surely direct, preserve, and bless you. Eternal Truth is pledged, and 'the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed' ere you shall be forsaken by Him, who is 'Omnipotent to bless.' May He, in His infinite goodness, grant that we may be permitted to tread the path of life together; that we may mutually encourage, strengthen, and console each other; and, when His will shall terminate our present state of existence, may He decree that we

> 'Together sink in social sleep,
> Together, freed, our happy spirits fly
> To realms where love and bliss immortal reign.'"

From my father:

"*Ipswich, April 3rd, 1807.*

"You cannot easily conceive what delight my heart enjoys from the contemplation of my dear Mary, even amid the jargon and litigation of the bar. It is indeed, if possible, more inexpressibly delightful from this very contrast. To turn from scenes of human depravity to view and contemplate all that is lovely and endearing in human nature, to retire from the agitation of noisy and angry passions, to indulge the pure and sweet sensations of love and joy—Oh, my Mary, this is pleasure I cannot describe, but do this moment richly enjoy. How blest am I to possess such

a friend! I fear you will think I almost ought to apologize for filling my pages in this way. I know my Mary is not desirous of it, but I really have not time to say anything but what the moment pours forth. I must now return to all the aforesaid jargon, litigation, etc., but hope to quit them entirely, and reach home in course of to-day."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, April 4th.*

"Most devoutly do I sympathize and concur with you in your prayers that we may be kindly preserved to 'encourage, strengthen, and console each other,' and be made mutual and everlasting blessings. I feel most sensibly how much I shall need your gentle guidance, your mild corrections, your stimulating influence in treading with you the path of life; and becoming prepared with you, and like you, for 'realms where love and bliss immortal reign.' My hope rests in what I trust is the sincerity of my heart, and in the goodness of the Father of lights and God of love.

"The minute has come for me to close. Before I see you next week, I hope to have decided as to a house. This I find more difficult than I expected; something or other very material is wanting in almost every situation I have viewed."

From my mother:

"*Concord, April 9th, 1807.*

"You mentioned your intention to decide respecting a house ere we met. In fixing, you will recollect

that closets are *very convenient*, though not absolutely indispensable; a painted kitchen floor is much preferable to one unpainted,—when washed, it is soon dry,—this, however, is not very important; but a good well, and accommodations for wood, may be considered.

"This is an unusual exercise for Fast Day; I hope not a transgression of duty."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, April 10th, 1807.*

"I hope to find you have taken the softened air with advantage and pleasure. Indeed, it has almost been my hope that, should this delightful weather be indulged us next week, you might be able to ride with me to Charlestown. I cannot remove from my mind an inexpressible solicitude till Heaven has blessed me with the most exquisite and exalted happiness I can conceive of in this life. The perfect re-establishment of your health is, I am induced to believe, as all your friends do, connected with this my happiness. They all assure me the air of Concord is not propitious to you as would be that of this place. And, at length, I have engaged the southwesterly half of a very well-built new house, in a fine situation for enjoying the gentle and health-inspiring breezes of this season, with the mild and cheering rays of the sun. I cannot but think your health would improve better in such a situation than where you are, and cannot but hope your happiness would not

be diminished. Any personal inconvenience or delay I am sure I would cheerfully submit to, that you might take the time most agreeable to yourself, but should that time very soon arrive, how greatly relieved, and how unspeakably happy, should I be."

After a visit from my father, my mother writes as follows:

"*Concord, April 15th, 1807.*

"'Surely the light is sweet, and it is a pleasant thing to behold the sun.' But never do his rays so gladden the heart as when the dear idea of a beloved object is blended with them. On opening my eyes on this fine morning, gratitude to the Giver of all good, united with and increased by the tender recollection of my friend, filled my heart. Emotions the most delightful were, however, blended with a sense of my own unworthiness,—and 'what shall I render for all these mercies,' was the involuntary language of my soul. Oh, may I never lose the Giver in His gifts! Singularly blest as I am, may my gratitude and devotion be proportionably ardent and active! To you, dearest and best, I write and speak the first thoughts and feelings which arise: to each other, we can never be egotists,—we can, at least, never disgust by egotism.

"How much I feel your absence! I busy myself with imagining your occupations, your pleasures, your companions, the subjects of conversation, your tone of voice, and expression of countenance, but this

does not equal reality; and, to say truth, I had rather hear and see you one hour, than spend a fortnight in imagining how you might look, and what you might say.

"My chamber grows rather cool,—you will not, therefore, regret an early adieu. Generous, tender, best beloved friend, you know that you possess the heart of your MARY."

To Ann Bromfield:

"*Concord, April 16th, 1807.*

"My ever dear Ann requires no written assurance of my tenderest sympathy, she *knows* how sincerely I have participated her sorrows. Dear Ann, I have felt—*have* felt! can the bosom ever forget to feel,—the poignancy of the pang inflicted by the sudden departure of an object idolized from infancy! And I know the afflicted can receive consolation from no other source than the immutable perfections of Deity. Those perfections are all engaged to promote the ultimate happiness of His children, and not one of them can be lost.

"My heart would long commune with yours, but a more than usual pain in the side warns me to close."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, April 17th, 1807.*

"Dearest love, I had not thought it possible I could realize in your absence such exquisite happi-

ness, as your letter gave me yesterday. Never is my heart more softened in tenderness and love, than when I have journeyed home with the dear image of my Mary, after enjoying the sweet charms of her society and affection. How I thank you for your most noble, generous, frank, and tender affection! How does my heart ascend in pure and ardent gratitude to the Father of mercies, the ever beneficent God of light and love, 'whom we both adore!'

"The chairs we spoke of are already painted, but, instead of dark, as I mentioned, what they call bamboo colour was thought best for us. If you prefer the dark coloured, just say so in your letter to-morrow. Would you like a little settee with them, for the sitting-room? Such an one, and very pretty, may be had. The white chairs for the best chamber are ready, with the rest, to be taken to the house to-day."

My mother's reply:

"*Concord, April 18th, 1807.*

"I have been engaged with company till it is almost time to send my letter to the post-office. How much rather, dearest and best beloved friend, should I have passed the morning in the only kind of conversation now permitted me to enjoy with you.

"Yesterday, I rode four miles with our friend Sarah, without fatigue. I think, should it be convenient for you to be here on Monday or Tuesday, I shall probably be able to accompany you to Charlestown with advantage on Wednesday.

"The chairs you mention will, I am sure, please me. As the sitting-room is small, a settee would be better dispensed with. Have the goodness to take the size of the windows, that curtains may be fitted to the chambers. Also, to inquire if mirrors can be procured reasonably at Newburyport. The risk in transporting them would be considerable.

"My heart breathes ten thousand affectionate wishes for your felicity. Let me rather say, for *ours*, —for there can be no separate happiness or misery with my dearest friend or his MARY."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, April 18th, 1807.*

"I have nearly a half hour this morning, before the mail closes, which I cannot turn to better account than by conversing with my beloved Mary. She is now the object of my tenderest cares and solicitudes, as well as the source of my sweetest joys, and why should I not yield to the impulse of my best affections, which cling to her dear image in my mind, and constantly direct all my thoughts to her. Every morning, after reverencing the 'ever present, ever beneficent Being whom we both adore,' I should wish to dedicate my first sentiments and feelings to the best and dearest friend of my heart, to my ever lovely and beloved Mary.

"We can ever converse together without reserve or restraint, and give to each other our first thoughts, as they arise, for we know each other's hearts, and

that the dearest happiness of each consists in giving happiness to the other. Certainly, the most exquisite joy of my heart arises from its power of giving joy to yours, and feeling itself the object, and in some degree worthy, of your affection. Indeed, here is all my earthly happiness,—nothing else merits the name. I cannot cease to feel that I am most highly blest, or to express my feelings to you. They are the feelings which are ever first in my heart, and therefore must be expressed to you. And, I trust, dearest love, we are both of us infinitely above the necessity of disguise, or even of what is called policy."

My mother, a few days later, went to Charlestown, from which the following letter is dated:

"*April 27th, Monday morning.*

"Notwithstanding the remarkably unpleasant weather, your Mary continues as well as when she parted with the friend who is all the world to her. To say any object is capable of bestowing complete pleasure in your absence would be an untruth. I do indeed feel *from home*, without the kind, sustaining arm of affection, without the soothing voice of sympathy, or the eye beaming tenderness and truth. But, if I can know you are in health, and depend on the happiness of seeing you in the course of a few days, I shall be content, and, I hope, grateful. We are going to be very notable this week. Don't apprehend anything however from my industry,—I am, and

shall be, very prudent. Adieu, dearest and best of friends.

"With unalterable fidelity and tenderness, your

MARY."

From my father:

"*Ipswich, April 29th, 1807.*

"I cannot deny myself the pleasure of retiring a few moments to converse with my beloved Mary this morning, before I shall be debarred the privilege. We must soon have good weather, when you may freely receive and enjoy the smiles of blooming nature as well as of your friends. These smiles of nature, I delight to behold. But one smile from my Mary more penetrates and charms my heart, than all that nature ever gave or can give.

"It will give you pleasure to learn that I am at Swasey's, very commodiously and agreeably situated with a number of choice companions, superintended by the Judge."

Again:

"*Ipswich, May 1st, 1807.*

"Agreeably as I am situated here, I cannot feel at *home*, nor enjoy any of its genuine pleasures, for these are pleasures of the heart, and cannot be found where the heart is not. Nothing, therefore, but the dear society of my Mary can be home to me. I hope I shall find a few lines, to-day, from you. Not a word have I heard since your dear letter of Monday morning,—and what effect this damp and heavy air has

had on your lungs I cannot but fear. Don't consider me, dearest love, as complaining that you have not written. You had reason to expect I should not be here so long, and I had hopes by this day to have visited you. I cannot now do it, till after Monday, as a cause is assigned for that day, which requires my presence. I will, however, repress anxiety, and humbly trust in the goodness of that Providence whereby we have ever been preserved and blest."

From my mother:

"*Charlestown, May 3rd, 1807.*

"Many months, I believe I may say years, have elapsed since I wrote a letter on the Sabbath. Yet, on this Sabbath, so interesting to your feelings, dearest and best beloved friend; this Sabbath, which, like the first, presents Nature in the morning of beauty, and on which the Lord of Nature invites us to rejoice in His beneficence, I feel not that I can greatly err in addressing you. Though detained from public worship, and surrounded by friends, I have not failed to derive a precious joy from the hope that my best beloved friend was enjoying the sacred privilege of communing with his compassionate Redeemer.

"Your heart will unite with mine in gratitude to the Being who has so far restored my health. If life and health be dear, it is principally owing to that attachment which has bound us so firmly to each other; and, if I welcome the strength and ease which evince a freedom from disease, with greater rapture

than I ever yet did, it is because I love my dearest friend with inexpressible tenderness.

"My kind cousins have been constantly occupied with *our* concerns, and much has been accomplished by them and sister Sally, without calling forth the smallest exertion of *my* powers.

"I rejoice in your pleasant accommodations at Ipswich. An agreeable home is universally, and justly, regarded of the first importance; and I know not why a temporary home should not be considered important in a high degree. Of our short life, how great a part is passed in these temporary homes. When, therefore, I can know you happily situated, though but for a week, I shall experience an expansion of heart which fervent devotion, or genuine affection, alone can create."

After receiving a visit from my father my mother writes:

"*Charlestown, May 7th, 1807.*

"*Thursday afternoon.* Never did the rain beat more tempestuously, never, at least, in the opinion of your Mary, than during the two hours allotted for your ride to Salem. How you supported it, what are your feelings, and what the state of your health to-day, I am yet to learn. Oh, may you continue very, very many years to be blest with the health you have, of late, enjoyed! I cannot suppress the tender anxiety which constantly agitates my heart when you are absent; an anxiety certainly unworthy a Christian;

but I hope that He who created the human heart susceptible of the strong, mysterious attachment which forms of two beings one, will pardon what is weak and erroneous in us both. And, surely, dearest friend, we shall not less sincerely adore, or endeavour to imitate Him, for the affection we bear each other. That affection may sometimes render us insensible to all else; but, generally, will it not animate devotion, and shed a benign influence on our hearts and lives?

"You know my whole heart; it expands with grateful joy to Him who formed you what you are, with nobleness of soul to bear a knowledge of your influence over the heart of another, and with tenderness to love 'as the world loves not!'"

My father, on reaching Newburyport:

"*Newbury Port, May 8th, 1807.*

"Here I am, dearest beloved, in good health, and happy. I reached Salem the evening I parted with you, seasonably,—rode to Ipswich yesterday morning before breakfast, attended to what business called me there and arrived at this place, (I can't say home,) last evening, without having suffered from the violence of the storm, though I manfully faced it all the way. To be sure, I had not a very gay ride, but it was by no means an unhappy one. The winds and rains rushed upon me rather furiously, but the tender, the ever precious, recollection of the dearest and loveliest of friends kept alive within my heart a

serene and sweet joy. And, on my arrival at Ipswich, I found in your heavenly letter everything to elevate and cheer my heart. Hesitate not, dearest love, thus to improve your time on the Sabbath. To write thus must be a holy exercise, worthy of such a day, and calculated to produce in the heart which is devoted to you, and aspires to be devoted to Heaven, the heavenly sentiments and feelings that exalt your own.

"During the interesting Sabbath you mention, while enjoying 'the sacred privilege of communing with our compassionate Redeemer,' I thought much of you. The tenderest recollections of my best and dearest friend could not fail to mingle with the feelings which the affecting occasion inspired, and to give my heart a deep impression of the holy and sublime joy, which this sacred privilege can never fail to inspire us with, in the presence of each other. Heaven grant that we may often enjoy together this sacred privilege here, and enjoy forever hereafter the blessedness to which it leads and tends to prepare our hearts!"

My mother in reply:

"*Charlestown, May 9th, 1807.*

"How joyfully I received your letter from the hand of cousin Joseph yesterday afternoon, I need not say. Heaven be praised you escaped injury on the tempestuous evening, when I fancied everything terrible would assail you! Don't pride yourself on

superior courage and fortitude. Your Mary, too, has met real evils and dangers, and, when they menaced herself only, she has not shrunk from them; but you know exactly when, and where, and to what degree, she is a coward.

"I am well pleased the coaster cannot be here till Thursday or Friday. There are so many last things to think of and to do, that I doubt if all would have been in readiness had it come early in the week. I have been writing to Concord this morning, and feel somewhat fatigued. Adieu, therefore, ever dear, ever precious to the heart of your affectionate

MARY."

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, May 9th, 1807.*

"Your charming letter, dearest love, rejoiced my heart last evening. It was a new thing to possess such a blessing as a letter of my best friend cannot fail to be, on the very day it came from her hand. Whether this idea, or some other cause, produced the effect, I know not, but my heart expanded with uncommon emotions of joy. I am almost as unable to express the feelings your letters inspire, as I ever have been the sweet magic of your presence. They are inestimable treasures to my heart, and my tender and best beloved Mary will, I know, bestow them upon me as freely as it is proper she should make the exertion. She knows that nothing has such power to increase the ardour of my affection, as the manifes-

tation of her own. Indeed, I could not love, as my Mary knows I now do, had not this manifestation been so frankly made. To know I entirely possess the heart I adore, perfects the happiness I feel—the happiness resulting from 'that strong and mysterious attachment which forms of two beings one.' Without such knowledge this happiness, the only happiness I expect on earth, must be imperfect. Our affection, I firmly trust, will ever receive the approving smiles of our Heavenly Father, 'who is love, and dwelleth in love.' If, at times, this affection 'renders us insensible to all else,' He will pardon the excess of it, since His goodness has inspired it, and since, generally, it will, I am sure, 'animate our devotion, and shed a benign influence over our hearts and lives.'"

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, May 11th, 1807.*

"My anxiety, constantly alive and tender, is alarmed more easily than is rational or manly. Imagination, if I have not continual assurances of your safety and health, is too fond of acting an unfriendly part with my feelings. Such apprehensions, I confess, ought not to find place in a mind resolved to trust itself and all its dearest interests to the good and wise Providence of God. But, with my best and loveliest friend, I hope to be forgiven if my heart is too tenderly and anxiously devoted to one whom His own goodness has formed so excellent and so lovely. I feel

that it can never be possible for me less sincerely to adore, or endeavour to imitate Him, for the affection which devotes me to such a heavenly friend. Let us endeavour, dearest love, to repose in His goodness with entire confidence.

"Nothing, I hope, will occur to retard the time when I shall be entirely blest. Mr. Toppan, who is the most careful coaster, and has a new sloop, will set out on Wednesday, and return here on Saturday, unless unexpectedly prevented, and can take anything we wish to have him bring. I intend coming to see you on Wednesday, and hope to be able to attend to every command of my dearest love,—all her wishes are commands. The stage is just departing, and I must bid you adieu, leaving to your own heart to understand the tender and constant prayers for your health and happiness, which are offered up by the heart of your affectionate D. A. W."

My mother in reply:

"*Charlestown, May 12th, 1807.*

"What would have induced me to believe I should have requested my beloved friend to delay, even for an hour, an intended visit? But I have come to this. Be not alarmed, however, no rival has supplanted you, no *discovery* has shaken my confidence in you, nothing *terrible* has occurred. The truth is,—I am engaged with a mantua-maker, and, unless you can remain in Charlestown till Friday, I must request you to delay your visit till Thursday. I do most cor-

dially wish to see you,—that, too, is another truth, —and no mantua-maker can detain any portion of my heart, nor any great proportion of my attention from you.

"I enclose the measure of the cornice, which you will have the goodness to direct to be made immediately, and painted white. My dear friend, can you pardon this incoherent scrawl? Could you see my situation, I know you would. The variety of voices sounding in my ears, the variety of questions asked, and observations made, distract my attention, but have no power to withdraw my heart from you.

"Adieu, and remember, if you can be absent from Newbury Port till Saturday, I entreat you to be here to-morrow; otherwise, Thursday will, I hope, bring you to your most affectionate MARY."

From my father to my mother, addressed to Concord:

"*Newbury Port, May 19th, 1807.*

"After enjoying so much the sweet society of my dearest and loveliest friend, it is not wonderful if, to-day, I feel in unusual solitude. Human beings do indeed surround me on every side, but in vain may I look for the charm of society, without my Mary. Her kind, endearing voice and smile, warm from the purest of hearts, impart a fulness of feeling and felicity which all the world would not purchase from me, or for me. But why should I attempt to express what I have so often found inexpressible? I need not do it.

"The coaster on which I depended has not yet gone to Boston. He still says he shall, if possible, go so as to return the first of next week. I have written to Jno. Hurd, to send the things by the coaster now at Boston, if he can; if he does not, I presume we can do without them for a few days. I hope you will not find it necessary to make a postponement of the time contemplated. I have engaged a hack to come up on Saturday, [May 23rd]. If you should wish to return by any other route than the direct one through Andover, be so good as to mention your wishes. We might return so as to dine with some of your friends, if you should think it best."

CHAPTER XI

MAY–DECEMBER, 1807

MARRIAGE TO DANIEL APPLETON WHITE, LIFE IN NEWBURYPORT

IN the *Columbian Centinel* of Wednesday, May 27th, 1807, we find the following notice: "Married—In Concord, on Sunday evening last, by the Revd. Mr. Ripley, Daniel White, Esqr. of Newbury Port, to Mrs. Mary W. Van Schalkwyck, of the former place."

We cannot but wish that her letters from her new home had been preserved as carefully as those which were written from the West Indies. But not one have we of the many she must have written to her mother from Newburyport.

As it is, we get our first glimpse of her through a note addressed to her by Miss Bromfield, the kind "Cousin Ann" of my childhood. One of the greatest pleasures to which my mother looked forward in Newburyport was the companionship of Mrs. and Miss Bromfield. These friends had suffered repeated bereavements during the winter preceding my mother's marriage. It is to the recent loss of a beloved brother that Miss Bromfield refers in the following note, which we may suppose was written soon after my mother's arrival in Newburyport.

"*Monday morning.*

"*My very dear Mary,*—So entirely have I entered into your feelings, that the sorrows of my own heart have been silent, without an effort, when I have seen, or even thought of you; so much have you occupied me that I decided, without hesitation, to save you what I could of the awkwardness of *sitting up* to receive company, by my presence, and volubility of course; but, as the time approaches, my foolish heart misgives me, and, as Mr. White will be with you, and is more extensively acquainted with the inhabitants than myself, I shall decline being with you. You will fully enter into my feelings when I tell you that, until I visited you, I have not voluntarily seen any one for the last three months, save Mr. White, and Grandmother's[1] family. To the ladies who are with you, and to your honoured lord and master, present us suitably. If the day is good to-morrow, I will come early after dinner, and escort you all to our little parlour, where I hope you will consent to pass a social afternoon, without the addition of any other company."

It appears, from a letter addressed to my mother by her cousin Ruth, that the day to which Miss Bromfield's note relates was not the only one given by my mother to the reception of her friends. She says: "I hear the good people of Newbury Port

[1]The venerable Madam Atkins.

availed themselves of the appropriated days to manifest their respect and civility."

From these papers it is seen that the custom in Newburyport at this time was the same with that of Boston twenty years before. Mrs. Ticknor, in writing of her mother, the beautiful and admired Mrs. Eliot, a bride in 1786, says: "At that time, as in many succeeding years, newly married ladies 'sat up for company' for several days. These visits were not returned in the present brief, cool, fashion, by bits of pasteboard, but by liberal tributes of time, —a half-hour in the morning, an hour in the afternoon, or a volunteered tea-drinking, according to the degree of intimacy enjoyed or wished for."

Miss Bromfield's note illustrates the informal sociability of 1807, and we may suppose that my mother received, as well as made, many visits like that proposed to her by Miss Bromfield, in her own "little parlour." Indeed, we are not obliged to draw altogether on our imagination for this picture. Not many days since, I had the good fortune to meet one who had had experience of my mother's hospitality,—a granddaughter of the beloved "Grandmother Atkins" mentioned in Miss Bromfield's note. I had known her in childhood and youth as "Cousin Susan Tyng." From the number of people unrelated to us whom my sister and I were bidden, at that early period, to call "Aunt," and "Cousin," I think it must have been the fashion of the age seventy years ago. Susan Tyng married, late in life, Mr. Newton, of

Pittsfield. She is now a widow, more than fourscore years of age. Half a century had elapsed since we met, but being in this neighbourhood for a few days, she sent me word, by a mutual friend, that she should like to see me, adding that she had often held me on her knee. She was a charming old lady, made the more so to me, doubtless, that she spoke with such enthusiasm of what she had enjoyed, when a girl, in visiting my mother in Newburyport.

"I was very young," said she, "not more than fifteen; your mother used to ask me, and the young cousins with whom I stayed, over to tea,—they lived in the same street, right opposite her. She talked with us as if we had been of her own age. We thought we were in Elysium when we took tea with her. She was beautiful, you know, with something angelic about her appearance."

Among the warmest friends made by my father in Newburyport, before his marriage, who received my mother to their hearts and homes, were the two families of "Grandmother Atkins" and of her eldest daughter, Mrs. Searle. Madam Atkins was always called "Grandmother" by my father and mother, as she was by a large circle of friends, and the unmarried daughter, who lived with her, was almost as widely known as "Aunt Becky." My sister and I received our first impressions of the beautiful in nature from Aunt Becky's garden. To us it was paradise primeval, and, to this day, it lies in my memory as more delightful than the most charming gardens

I have known in later years. Indeed, as was said by one of the granddaughters, "both house and garden seemed the centre of everything qualified to delight or improve." Grandmother Atkins full of years, and of "that which should accompany old age," died before I was old enough to remember her. Aunt Becky, however, lived to bestow upon the children of my mother a kindness which will never be forgotten by me. Most of all, however, did we love dear Aunt Searle, and her daughters. They took in the motherless children after my mother's death, and watched over them for months with all a mother's care. One of the most delightful recollections of my childhood is that of sitting on a footstool at Aunt Searle's feet, and listening to the stories of olden time, with which it was her wont to give us instruction as well as amusement.

Nothing could exceed the devotion of her daughters to my mother. They were the cousins with whom Susan Tyng stayed when they lived opposite my mother, and with whom she shared the visits upon which she looked back with so much interest in her conversation with me. Often have I heard from their lips enthusiastic accounts of the charm my mother had for them. Especially did dear Cousin Fanny endear herself to us by her affection for my mother, which was unbounded, seeming to glow as warmly during the closing hours of her own long life on earth as it did during the four brief years of their intimate friendship.

The following letter was written by her, in 1818, to the little daughter who was only six months old when left motherless. It was written on her eighth birthday, and gives a graphic description of the mother whose memory was so fondly loved by the children so early bereft, as well as by her friends.

"*Brookline, December 12th, 1818.*

"Yes, my dear Mary, I will, with pleasure, write you a letter on the anniversary of your birth-day. It was a very interesting day to me, as it gave to your dear parents another darling, and, I might hope, to the world a blessing, in the little being who was to inherit the name, and perhaps the virtues, of a most excellent mother, whom I dearly loved. I wish I could distinctly paint to you one who came so near perfection. She was beautiful, her person small and delicate, a profusion of beautiful dark hair adorned her head, her eyes were blue and had a sweet expression, her teeth were white and regular, her smile most lovely, —but of this beauty she seemed unconscious; her thoughts were not given to her own charms of mind or person, but to the merits or the wants of others. Wherever she could do good or give pleasure, there were her thoughts and affections occupied. She was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted, and to rejoice with the happy, to inform the ignorant, or listen to the wise. Her powers of mind, and information on all subjects worthy of attention, were as uncommon as the beauty of her person, and a modest

sweetness gave a charm to everything she said or did. Her natural disposition was gay, and this gaiety of heart survived many afflictions, and animated the social and domestic circle. Her piety was ardent and sincere, rational and enlightened. She was, for a time, placed among a people destitute of religion; this shocked her feelings, and led her to study the subject closely, and be able to say *why* she believed in God and Christ. My dear little friend, it will make you sad on this day to reflect that you have lost, and could not have known, such a parent, but you will make a good use of the day, if you resolve to imitate the excellences you hear of her possessing. It will not be expected of you to be as beautiful, but you may be as good, and as much beloved."

Mrs. Searle was left a widow in 1796, with a family of two sons and six daughters.

Our next record is from the pen of her daughter Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Curson. She grew up under the roof, and in the garden, of her Grandmother Atkins and her Aunt Becky, herself the fairest flower, whose uncommon loveliness lasted throughout a lifetime of more than fourscore years and ten, and still lingers in the fragrance of a beautiful memory. The letter now before us is addressed to her cousin Mary Eliot, afterwards Mrs. Edmund Dwight. It bears evidence of having been written in the year 1807, consequently but a few weeks after my mother's marriage. It was given to me by Mrs. Dwight's

daughter Mary, on account of the pleasant picture it contains of my father, at this bright season of his happiness. I copy other portions of it as illustrating the beloved writer's character and manner of life in her youth.

"*Monday evening, July 27th.*

"*My dear Mary,*—I have just returned from a walk to our favourite glen, where I believe I have not been before since last summer, when you and Harriot Spence were with me. Our names still remain as we left them on the birch tree, and have altered less than those who inscribed them. My feelings have altered as little, I believe, as either of the three, but I *have* felt more light and free from care than I did this evening. Indeed, I hardly think I was right to leave Aunt Becky without an auxiliary, but these little walks gratify Caty and Lucy [her elder and younger sister], very much, and I always fancy that a beautiful prospect, and a fresh gale from the river, dissipate a few clouds from my head, though I always have more remaining than I wish for.

"The weather yesterday and to-day has been very delightful to me. I had time yesterday to enjoy it; I spent an hour or two yesterday in the garden in the morning, and read Thomson with much pleasure. We had no company in the evening, and I again enjoyed the garden, and sat up late, reading Beattie, without feeling that I did wrong, as Grandmother wanted some attention. I don't know whether you have ever read this life of Beattie. We admired his

'Minstrel' together, and I think you would feel interested as I do, in anything connected with its author. I have extracted one or two passages which struck my fancy, and will send them to you.

"I was delighted with White this afternoon,—where is there such another man? I fear I 'ne'er shall look upon his like again.' He was riding on horseback, and stopped at the door to ask how Grandmother did to-day. I asked him if he would not come in. He hesitated,—he had been dining with a company of Salem gentlemen at the bridge, and could not leave them,—but he jumped from his horse, and said he would just go into the garden, and get a bouquet for Mrs. White, 'as a remembrance from you,' he added. I ran into the garden, and gathered as good a collection of carnations as I could, some myrtle, and a pea-blossom,—they were very handsome. He said something of my taste in arranging them, of his Mary's fondness for such things, put them in his bosom, that the gentlemen need not think he was a 'goose,' and rode off to join them. I believe there never was any human being more perfectly happy, and never one that more deserved to be so."

Since I began to prepare this record I have received many gratifying expressions of the high estimation in which my dear father was held by all the members of Mrs. Searle's family, which give some idea of his charm as a companion at the age of thirty,

when he first met my mother, and, added to our own recollections of him, lead us to the conclusion that *his* presence and discourse had no small share in making his home in Newburyport the "Elysium" of which Mrs. Newton, after an interval of more than threescore years and ten, retains so delightful a memory.

My grandmother writes:

"*Concord, August 18th, 1807.*

"I ardently long to see you. It is more like three years than three months since you left us. The portraits of your grandparents and Uncle James I have taken down to make way for some pictures which Isaac brought, and I wish I could convey them to you. If you know of any means, I will endeavour to secure them from injury, but think it not probable till the snow falls.' Tis eleven o'clock, my eyes begin to fail, therefore I wish you peaceful slumbers, and retire myself.

"'The morning dawns, and heavily, in clouds, rolls on the day,' as it has done of late. The very great rains impede, and almost destroy, the labours and hopes of the husbandman. Mr. Ripley says it is in judgment, and calls on us to reform, as it is for our manifold transgressions."

From my father, written while he was attending court in Salem:

"*Salem, Nov. 4th, 1807.*

"I have a few moments allowed me to drop a few lines to my dearest wife. We have a very interesting

and dignified Court,—Parsons, Sedgwick, Sewall, and Parker. I have never before seen the Chief Justice on the bench. He is a wonderful union of dignity and pleasantry—full of the oracles of law, and the charms of wit. I have an agreeable time here, and am in good health, but my heart knows not happiness in the absence of my most tenderly, most dearly loved Mary. How much I experience of sweet recollection, and tender solicitude, I need not, I cannot say."

CHAPTER XII

1808

NEWBURYPORT

FROM my mother to Ruth Hurd:

"*Newbury Port, Feb. 3rd, 1808.*

"Mr. White is indifferently well. The vicissitudes of heat and cold have somewhat affected his health, —to say nothing of his heavy sighs for our degraded, involved, unhappy country."

In the following letter from my grandmother, we see that her political views were in sympathy with my father. To those of us whose inherited prejudice against Jefferson has yielded to the attractive pictures given of him by his honoured descendants, the utter despair of the country under his administration may seem, to say the least, excessive. It is interesting, however, as showing us the spirit of the times.

"*Concord, February 13th, 1808.*

"In the zenith of political perturbation, I assume the pen to tell you what is going forward to rouse the feelings of every rational being. Almost four hundred Democrats have passed by us, preceded by a very large band of music, to the Court-house, where they expect to judge the people. What will be the result of such measures we cannot tell, but may eas-

ily conceive, if they make the progress in this county they have of late. I may not live to see the devastation, but you, my dear children, are my greatest anxiety. Did we not hope for the protection of Divine Providence, I know I should immediately give up all ideas of better times. I hope the measures you have adopted will excite more tranquil sensations in your breast than mine can, at present, possess. You will say, as Sally does, 'Mamma always anticipates evil.' If it is an error, I am, this moment, guilty, for I can not see any good. S. Dana was more erect than ever in the procession. We are to have twice the number on the Fourth of March."

The first child of my father and mother, a daughter named Mary Elizabeth, for her two grandmothers, was born on March 27, 1808.

In writing to Miss Susan Lowell, my mother says, some years before her marriage to my father:

"Among the fairest portraits of felicity sketched by a youthful imagination, that of a parent surrounded by many beings attached to each other by the tenderest ties of nature and affection, ties which herself contributed to form,—was most cherished. But, alas! how numerous the unseen thorns that entwine with the wreath of love, and wound as surely as its fragrance delights! Separation, sickness, death, are inevitable,—*all* how insupportably dreadful, unless considered in connection with another and a better world."

My mother found in the maternal relation the happiness of which, in earlier days, she cherished the imagination. Cousin Fanny Searle has often spoken to me of my mother's peculiar charm in that relation, and of the look of love and tenderness she used to see upon her face when her eye rested upon her child.

Our next record is in the following extract from a letter addressed by Margaret Searle to her cousin Mary Eliot:

"*April 22nd, 1808.*

"Spent half an hour with Nancy, and then went to see Mrs. White. I found our celestial friend more like an angel than ever. Her eyes have regained all their lustre, and beamed on me surcharged with affection."

And again:

"*June 16th, 1808.*

"Sunday morning we had a charming visit from Mr. White and his Mary, who never looked more beautiful, or appeared more lovely."

My mother wrote as follows to my father, who was in Salem:

"*Newbury Port, June 28th, 1808.*

"Convinced the storm of last night awakened the solicitude of the Husband and Father, I write, dearest beloved, to assure you we are in safety and in

Mary Wilder White

health. Nothing of the kind equally severe has been known here for many years, but I have not heard of any worse consequence than the destruction of a large elm back of Mr. Farnham's, by which the roof of the house was considerably injured, and the family extremely terrified. The tempest was preceded by a perfect calm, and a close, intense heat; at sunset, the lightning commenced, and for an hour and a half, exceeded anything I ever witnessed; the atmosphere appeared on fire; loud peals of thunder were rendered more impressive by a hurricane of wind and hail. I then experienced how true it is that we derive strength from the weakness of others; being, notwithstanding my natural timidity, more composed than any one, little Mary excepted, who slept with all the tranquillity of innocence in her mother's lap.

"You doubtless think I have written enough. For my health I have, but finding it the sweetest occupation when absent from you, I am not disposed to resign it; for your sake, however, I will close with an affectionate adieu."

A week later my mother was in Concord, for a short visit. In a letter from my father, from Boston, dated "July 5th, 1808," he says, "The day was marked by the melancholy tidings of Mr. Ames' death. The people of Boston have voted to have a public funeral here, and appointed Mr. Dexter to deliver a eulogy to-morrow at the funeral."

My grandmother wrote after their return:

"*Concord, August 29th.*

"I congratulate my dear children on the recovery of their beloved child. None but a parent can experience those tender sensations entwined around the heart, when disease attacks our darling. May she be spared, and crown your wishes in their full extent, but may you be enabled to say 'All, all is right, by God ordained or done.' I have seen the delight of my eyes, and my fondest expectations, removed by death and distance, but firmly believe it is infinite Love that directs and supports us. Why, then, should I repine? I do not, nor ever will, but, while I am continued, will endeavour to fulfil the duties assigned me.

"Sally's cough is as bad as ever. She is abroad on a horse every fine day, and longs to visit you, but I know not when any of us will. If it is possible, I determine to before the cold weather takes place.

"I perceive, by to-day's paper, you are not disposed to be submissive to higher powers. I believe there are many refractory in every town, but I dread the consequences of opposition. The embargo has had a serious effect on every class of men. It is impossible to get cash for your labour or materials. The only cash I have heard of for many months has passed from Mrs. Paine to Stephen Minot for his house, which is fifteen hundred dollars. So many pence are scarcely in circulation in this town."

We have no letters either to or from my mother during the month of September, 1808, to show what may have been her anxiety at that time for the precious object of her hopes and fears.

My grandmother's next letter, however, of October 3d, indicates the suffering of those unrecorded weeks. I extract from it the following:

"The heart that cannot sympathize with those who are in trouble must surely be a very depraved one, but when, by experience, we feel every pang for those whose lives are entwined with our own, it is acute. Our dear little babe has suffered much, but your last letter has, again, revived our hopes."

These hopes, alas! were destined to disappointment. The letter which must have been written containing the sad intelligence of the dear child's death was not preserved. From other records, we learn that she died on the eighth of October, 1808, having lived only six months and eleven days. I have often heard my dear father speak of her as parents always do speak of the early lost. I remember, too, his telling my sister and myself, when we were quite young, of the beautiful calmness with which my mother met the event, performing the last sad offices herself, and suffering no other hand to prepare the lovely form for its last resting-place.

Our next date shows us that my mother left home

soon after her great loss, to visit her friends in Concord, whence she wrote to my father, as follows:

"*Concord, October 24th, 1808.*

"I write, not to commune with you, for that I do sleeping and waking, at all times; not to assure you of my tenderest love, for of no truth can you be more persuaded than of that; not to speak of my health, for it is neither better nor worse; not to charge you to guard your own cautiously, for you cannot neglect that on which your Mary's happiness is so dependent. For what then? For the pleasure of writing to you, best beloved. If it were not for the shame of childishness, I believe I should ask to return home next week. My friends here are very good and attentive, but nothing can compensate for the want of my husband's society. Recollect me, darling, to all our friends. Offer Mamma's best regards, with my warm affection, to dear Mrs. Greenleaf, and ask her to remember me when she looks at the flowers."

So far as I remember, this is the first mention I have met, in my mother's correspondence, of "dear Mrs. Greenleaf." "Aunt Greenleaf" she was to my sister and myself, and no kinder nor better friend had we during the dreary years of our motherless childhood. She was a neighbour of my father and mother, to whom she became warmly attached. I have been told that after my mother's death my father was in the habit of dining every Saturday at Col. Greenleaf's, whose house was like home to him.

From my mother to my father:

"*Concord, October, 1808.*

"Nothing less potent than the hope of improving my health could reconcile me to this separation. I am, indeed, almost home-sick. Far from finding the remembrance of the little girl fade from my mind, she is present more constantly, and in more affecting forms, when her father is absent. But I trust I do not repine, convinced that 'all is right, by Him ordained or done.'"

From my father to my mother:

"*Newbury Port, October 29th, 1808.*

"I find it more gloomy to enter our dwelling at night than I had thought of—really my sleep is slack in coming to my eyes. Darkness, or some unknown magic, impresses in a peculiar manner the tender recollections of my absent wife, and dear little daughter. A thousand little incidents that occurred with me and our precious little darling are forcibly brought to my feelings, and I realize more than ever the loss we have sustained. Religion, alone, can supply us consolation. She *is* immortal, and there *is* power to restore *us* to her, if she cannot be restored to us. May our hearts and lives be prepared for greater and purer happiness than this world, with all its affections and blessings, can bestow."

Again:

"*October 31st.*

"I am unhappy in your absence, and can entirely

sympathize in your feelings as to the dear little girl, for she is, too, to me, 'present more constantly, and in more affecting forms,' in her mother's absence. I feel a peculiar melancholy over my feelings to-day, and cannot feel at ease till I witness your state of health and have the power of guarding you myself. Adieu, most tenderly beloved."

From my mother to my father:

"*Concord, November 4th, 1808.*

"My beloved friend, I cannot be happy in your absence, and never again, unless compelled by imperious *duty*, can I consent to so long a separation. I find I love you more deeply and tenderly than I even imagined. You have bound me to you by ties even stronger than those of love. How can I think of your uniform tenderness, of your patience, candour, and generosity, without feeling your superiority to all the other beings I behold! Yes, my dearest friend, when we were united, I certainly loved you, sincerely loved you, but the sentiment was weak, compared with that I now feel. Do you think many wives so happy, after eighteen months' marriage, as to place their hands on their hearts, and affirm this?"

From my father:

"*Newbury Port, Nov. 6th, 1808.*

"I find a melancholy sort of pleasure in suffering my mind to revert to many little incidents and

scenes, which we have both witnessed with our dear little Mary. At times, I feel an almost inexpressible regret for her loss, which nothing but your presence can soothe. Dear love, we have lost much,—but we have much to praise and bless God for. The child of our love is immortal and happy."

CHAPTER XIII

1809

NEWBURYPORT

EARLY in 1809 my father and mother moved from the house in Fruit Street, which was their first home, to one in State Street opposite Mr. Searle's.

The following letter was written by my mother to Miss Mary Harrison Eliot, shortly before Miss Eliot's marriage to Mr. Edmund Dwight, and removal to Springfield.

"*April 16th, 1809.*

"'Think of you—pray for you—and love you!' Yes, sweetest Mary, the tear, the glow, which your unexpected and most welcome letter called forth last evening, witness for me that your remembrance will ever be dear, and your happiness precious to me. With less than your own feeling, you would not have comprehended what I *could not* express at the parting moment. Aware that ere we met again, an event must have taken place so interesting, so important, as to involve eternal consequences, I could say but little of the many things that pressed for utterance. Nor can I now tell you how warmly I hope, and how firmly I believe that event will make you wiser, better, happier, for it unites you with a Christian,—with one who will not only be the be-

loved companion of the present life, but who will 'allure to brighter worlds and lead the way.' It opens to you new sources of felicity, it enlarges the sphere of your influence, and, in a mind and heart like yours, will awaken the best and noblest energies. I will no longer intrude at this interesting moment—but, it may be, some weeks hence, when you are tranquilly established in your own sweet village, and your parlour wears the smile of *home*, you will delight me by describing your situation and feelings, and receive, in return, more largely of mine.

"Adieu, sweet Mary, blessings attend you!"

To Miss Margaret Searle:

"*Newbury Port, April 25th, 1809.*

"*Tuesday evening.* I have been waiting, my dear Peggy, for a bright moment to address you; a moment of health, of spirits, and of leisure. Such an one has not arrived, and, as I know you have no taste for insipidity, I have chosen the reverse—a season of darkness, of solitude, and silence.

"*Wednesday.* An unexpected, and unwelcome visitor, last evening, substituted his conversation for the pleasure I anticipated in passing an hour alone with you. Part of this morning has been passed pleasantly at your Mamma's, where all your friends are well, and happy in having Miss Jackson at present with them. She confirms the agreeable tidings of Miss Lowell's restoration, which your letter gave us reason to hope. Heaven certainly preserves her

in pity to her friends, to whom her peculiar character can never be restored in any probable combination of genius, sensibility, and virtue, which the world may in future admire.

"How much I have to say to you of our Mary, and her interesting mother! How propitiously Heaven smiled on our dear Mary's journey! Who could have expected such a week in April! And what fine moonlight evenings now give that peculiar charm to the country—a charm which, almost beyond any other, tranquillizes, softens, and elevates the feeling soul. When you write to her, have the goodness to recollect my affectionate remembrance, and to her mother render my affectionate respects acceptable. You know we all feel for her,—I should rather say, all but Mr. White. He affirms that, in this degenerate age, to unite a daughter to a truly deserving, excellent man, who estimates her worth, and will ever, from principle as well as feeling, exert every power to shield her from evil, is an event altogether joyous.

"I would say something of our admiration of Mrs. Grant, but half a page and five minutes are worse than nothing, where such a wonderful union of talents and virtues is the subject. We *do* admire her as much as your heart can wish."

The following letter from my grandmother was written, evidently, on receiving the news of my birth, which occurred May 4th, 1809.

"*Saturday, May 6th.*

"My heart and soul are with you, my dear children. May the goodness of our merciful Father perfect His work, till complete health is restored. Could I expand my wings, gladly would I administer all the assistance in my power. I have been a prisoner since the last day of March. Sally's cough is inveterate. I long to see the infant with my dear Mary, but cannot tell when I shall."

My grandmother's devotion to duty is illustrated at this time. "Her heart and soul" are with her daughter. She "longs" to go to her, but Sally requires her presence. She knows all is done for my mother that the most thoughtful friendship can suggest, but no one can do for Sally what she does. For herself, she asks only to do the duty assigned her by the providence of God. From that duty she never turns aside to "follow the devices and desires of her own heart." Well might her daughter write of her, as she did on one occasion: "my revered mother."

From my mother to Fanny Searle, then in Milton:

"*Newbury Port, July 9th, 1809.*

"Delighted as I was with your letter, dear Fanny, I was almost ashamed that your generosity should have preceded my fair promises. That you are blest and blessing, enjoying and improving, gaining health, and an acquaintance with the fair face of Nature, almost reconciles me to your absence, and this you will receive as no inconsiderable proof of affection.

"It seems you have discovered a secret which has long been in my possession. And you really begin to suspect you have a taste for the simple and sublime beauties of Nature! I could have assured you as much long since, and have often wished you might realize the pure and exquisite pleasures of which you were susceptible. I pretend not to understand why the feelings are ennobled, why the heart swells, and the eyes filled with tears turn to the Source of being, on viewing material objects; but, sure it is, the sun sinking behind distant mountains, gilding and crimsoning the clouds of evening, enkindles a glow of devotion, which would be ill exchanged for all the pleasures of earth. This devotion, this sublime feeling, does not arise from reflection; here, I believe it is true, 'when we begin to reason, we cease to feel;' or, to speak more correctly, while the ecstasy of feeling exists, we are unable and unwilling to analyze its nature, or to trace its cause."

After a visit from my mother, my grandmother writes:

"*Commencement Eve.*

"Sally continues much the same as when you left her. She is evidently declining. It is a journey we all must take—how soon, or who goes first on the way, we cannot tell; but, to set out with a firm and joyful prospect of future happiness, I know not any situation so enviable."

The following, from my grandmother, is of special interest, from the tribute it contains to her in the relation she sustained to her stepchildren.

"*October 29th.*

"I hope to hear, very soon, our dear infant is better than it has been. I wish I could say we were. Sally says, with Job, 'Wearisome days and nights are appointed me,' but hopes she shall be patient under her trials, which are truly distressing. We supposed, last Sabbath evening, that she was dying. She took a separate and affectionate leave of all her surrounding friends; she then called me. 'Mamma, remember me affectionately to Mr. White and Mary. Tell them I love them, and wish them every blessing, here and hereafter. And now, Mamma, how very pleasing your reflections must be. I never regretted the loss of my own mother, and now thank you for your tender care.' She continued talking for some time, and appeared ready for her summons. Monday, she revived, and is now a patient sufferer."

Again she writes:

"*Concord, November 29th, 1809.*

"*My dear Children,*—This day, at three o'clock, Sally exchanged her abode here for a blissful immortality. She left us in ecstasy greater than I can describe. Her uncommon suffering she bore with the greatest patience. Her last expressions were:—'My

God, I love Thee, I adore and bless Thee. My Saviour has pled for me, and my sins are all forgiven; I am sure of it, and, this glorious day, angels shall waft me to my Saviour, and He will present me to my God.' She retained her senses to the last breath."

From my mother to my father:

"*Newbury Port, December 13th, 1809.*

"I know my dear Husband will consider the simple intelligence of our continued *existence* worth the postage of a letter, however clumsily communicated. The time of your absence, which appears very, very long to me, has not been undiversified by company and *events*. I suppose your apprehensions all awake at the mention of *events;* but as none of them have been fatal, or even promise durable consequences, good or evil, I shall leave you to the amusing suggestions of your own imagination, till your much wished return. Soon after you left town, Dr. Vergnies called, and expressed an opinion that Elizabeth had the measles; time has not verified his predictions. I endeavour to make her say, 'Papa, Papa,' but she seems rather to prefer 'bubble, bubble;' which, whether it be an omen of innate vanity, or of profound reflection on the emptiness of all things, I cannot determine.

"I have seen a letter from Ann Lowell, in which she says the serious part of the Boston world are anticipating war with Great Britain. Alas!"

The year 1809 closes with the following letter from my mother to Miss Fanny Searle, who was making a visit in Boston. Her friend Mrs. Lee, here mentioned, was doubtless Mrs. Henry Lee, a sister of the venerable Dr. Jackson, both of whom we, of later generations, have known and loved.

"*Newbury Port, Dec. 31st, 1809.*

"The last evening of the year has ever been to me peculiarly interesting. Mr. White is on a visit of charity to Capt. Wyer, Elizabeth sweetly asleep, and I cannot resist the wish to make you the companion of the ensuing hour, my dear Fanny. And, first, let me thank you, which I most affectionately do, for the kind letter I received last evening. I feel your absence sensibly; and the best substitute for yourself I find in your letters, and the belief that you are surrounded by friendship, virtue, and genius. I know you enjoy much, and delight in thinking you will not enjoy less in the retrospection of your present pleasures. You do well to prolong your visit. Your charming friend, Mrs. Lee, will long bless you, I trust; but, on Miss Lowell's lustre the eye fixes more fondly, from the conviction that it will soon cease to irradiate our humble sphere.

"Mrs. Grant's letter has, indeed, delighted me; not only because it is distinguished for her elegant simplicity of style, her piety, her sensibility, her domestic virtues, but because it assigns a reason for giving to the world her private correspondence, which goes

directly to the heart, and satisfies the most fastidious delicacy. When we meet, we will say more of her.

"I now descend to a humbler subject, but one not less interesting to you, I hope. Elizabeth has gradually thrown off her cold, which continued oppressive several days after you left us; she progresses finely, and demonstrates the perfection of her organs of speech. Kotzebue has said fine things about Nature's three holidays; he should have made them three times three. Her first perfect word can hardly afford me more pleasure than her first feeble effort at articulation. Cate laughed at me the other evening for saying she articulated very well,—it was true, nevertheless.

"See, my dear Fanny, I have prattled away two pages. When I sat down, it was my intention to have taken a serious retrospect of the past year, and to have called on you to aid me in putting in practice the good resolutions which humiliating self-examination inspires.

"The hour, the fire, and my paper, warn me to close. Good-night, my dear Fanny. May the Father of angels and of men protect and bless you."

CHAPTER XIV

1810

NEWBURYPORT

FROM my mother to Ruth Hurd, who was then visiting in Portsmouth:

"*Newbury Port, March 5th, 1810.*

"I am sure your heart will not suffer you to accuse me of negligence, my dear Ruth, though your affectionate letter is still unanswered. The truth is, I am just recovering from one of the most unsocial, obstinate, vile colds I ever entertained for so long a time. And, though I endeavoured to soften its obduracy by the most attentive politeness, it ceased not to persecute me from room to room, till it finally drove me to my chamber, where it held me a prisoner two or three days. Not so has my dear Ruth been abused. I have heard of her sparkling in Assemblies, 'fairest where all were fair,'—for it is a law of society, if not of nature, that all ladies look well in ball-rooms. All do not, indeed, trip gracefully 'on the light, fantastic toe,'—but they tell me fashion has pronounced agility much better than grace,—and that rope-dancers and wire-dancers would wrest the palm from the fair Sisters, should they condescend to wind the mazes of a modern dance. This account of the present state of things greatly dis-

mayed me when I thought of you,—for, though I have often marked in you the line of beauty, I never yet witnessed the delectable *jump*.

"Our little Elizabeth improves daily,—her golden hair increases in quantity without diminishing in lustre, and every week adds to the expression of her true blue eyes. My husband is well, and was never more agreeable, excepting that he is a little given to reading political pamphlets, and to grieving over the weakness or wickedness of our rulers."

From my mother to my father, who was then attending court at Ipswich, in the month of March.

"*Wednesday morning.*

"My dearest husband needs no additional proof of my weakness, else could I give him such a picture of the delight Mr. B.'s promise of his return, and the disappointment his letter gave me, as it is better to omit. I rejoice to know you are well, and submit to wait for the pleasure of seeing you so long as *duty* shall demand your absence. We too are well. Elizabeth never was more alive and lovely.

"Our friends, Caty and Fanny Searle have passed both the last evenings with me, and I have had the Memoir of Miss Smith, and have more than realized every expectation. She must, indeed, be considered the wonder of the age. Her portrait is prefixed to the volume. 'Tis the very face you would choose,—'soft, modest, melancholy, female fair.'"

My mother to Miss Bromfield:

"*Newbury Port, March 5th, 1810.*

"That you went to town at this time may be considered truly Providential. To one whose mind and heart are open to the truth, each day confirms this most consoling and delightful doctrine of our Religion. I know of nothing else which can console us under many sorrows, or enable us to 'possess our souls in peace,' amidst the little cares and crosses which chequer the brightest life. But why say this to you, whose faith, so much more constantly operative than my own, produces the habitual 'joy of believing'?"

From my grandmother to my mother:

"*Concord, March 7th, 1810.*

"I have made it my earnest prayer to bear with resignation the many disappointments of life, presuming it will all turn out right in the end, and must wait with patience till our Almighty Parent permits me to see you. I am almost sick with thinking I cannot when I wish; but when I view the other side, and know that you are blest with one of the best of husbands, and not so far off as you might have been, and how much superior your lot is to many others, I have the greatest reason to exert all my powers in gratitude, thanksgiving, and praise.

"I have not been a mile from home since June last. Therefore I hope you will come, as soon as the

roads permit, and make happy your affectionate mother, P. H."

Again, from my grandmother:

"*Concord, April 3rd, 1810.*

"Our Democrats rejoice in the new election. They have carried their point so far,—we expect to lose our Representative. Mr. and Mrs. Merrick passed last evening with us. We were gloomy, as the papers assured us we had lost our Governor. This morning, our hopes are revived; five hundred majority. *Laus Deo!*" [Referring, doubtless, to the state of the country, for my grandmother was no less a patriot than she was a Christian, she now closes her letter as follows] "Adieu, my dear children,—may you live to see better days! 'There 's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.' Let us ever remember we are blest beyond our deserts, and hope, in due time, we shall reap the reward of a well-spent life."

A week later, my grandmother writes:

"*April 13th.*

"Do you not think your mother very, very good, my dear Mary, to drop her work which is almost finished, to write an answer the very day she received yours? I think you say, 'What could you do better, Mamma?'" [After giving a piece of village news, she says] "You know it is Court week, and

a very full Court, by reason of some of the worst crimes." [After detailing some of them, my grandmother exclaims] "It is dreadful to know the depravity of the times; the state of our political affairs, and the present degeneracy of the times are enough to distract those who observe, and look forward to the event which will take place soon; 'dreadful post of observation darkens every hour.' I feel for you, my children. I shall experience but a small part, as the time draws nigh, according to the course of nature, when I must depart.

"Mr. Merrick and I have our caucus, and settle the nation sometimes; at other times, we hear of so many aggravating circumstances, it is our firm opinion we shall have to bow the knee, if not the neck, to Baal." [Referring to the Massachusetts Senate, to which my father had been elected, she says] "I think Mr. White will not have a very pleasant situation, with such a wasp-nest round him, but I hope he will convince and convert one-half of them, and take the bandage from the eyes of the blind."

My mother to Mrs. Gorham:

"*Newbury Port, April 26th.*

"My Husband has been three days at Ipswich Court, and I have no prospect of seeing him till Friday evening. This should serve as a preparative for his longer absence, which I have hardly patriotism or fortitude enough to enable me to think of with

composure. No one can make a greater sacrifice of feeling to a sense of duty than Mr. White does on this occasion. A great many very good people, who have no idea that a manly heart can ache at the prospect of a few weeks' separation from a family, think they offer sufficient consolation, when they assure him his *interest* will be ultimately benefited by this temporary sacrifice."

Towards the end of May, my mother went to Concord to make a visit. In a letter to my father, who was in Boston, she says:

"*Concord, June 1st.*

"Have the kindness to give Cousin Mary two dollars, and request her to procure me a green bonnet. I should prefer thick silk, which, if she cannot obtain, I would thank her to get me a straw. A straw bonnet will be three or four dollars."

My mother to Ann Bromfield:

"*Newbury Port, August 28th.*

"I must be brief, and can do little more than gratefully acknowledge kindness, and assure you of my affection; for, since you left us, I have been quite sick. A slight hemorrhage of the lungs reduced me last week to a whisper; digitalis, and milk, and Dr. Vergnies, with the blessing of Heaven, have almost restored me, but I fear to make any exertions yet,

—therefore, say nothing of Channing, of your disappointment, and my disappointment. Your account of Miss Lowell grieves me. May Heaven yet preserve her! A heart full of love to our dear Susan, and prepare to tell me everything she says and looks and does."

My grandmother to my mother:

"*Concord, Sept. 3rd, 1810.*

"Your letter and cambric reached me on Saturday, accompanied by three elegant volumes from Thomas Hurd, (Boswell's 'Life of Johnson,') with a billet, requesting your Papa's acceptance, as a token of his gratitude for his advice. It was very pleasant to me, as I have been entertained to-day.

"I am truly sorry when you suffer from ill-health. Sarah wrote me a line that you were much better,—my spirits were much elated. I opened your Aunt Gould's letter. She wrote, 'Your amiable daughter looks like a drooping lily.' Down went the spirits right into the shoes. I long to see you, but cannot tell when I shall. Providence will send me in the best time and manner, I doubt not. I do not yet despair of seeing you this fall.

"Our papers give us pompous accounts of the Empress B—te. I hope she will do much good, but I cannot think she can perform miracles.

"Our Democrats are very silent respecting their friend Bidwell. We have heard P. Morton is to be Attorney General,—like unto like.

"Thus far I have written by twilight. I will now conclude with transcribing one of Dr. Johnson's letters to his mother, which exactly suits my present thoughts, as applicable to you.

"'Your weakness afflicts me beyond what I am willing to communicate to you. I do not think you unfit to face death, but I do not know how to bear the thought of losing you. I pray often for you; do you pray often for me. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son, S. J.'

"Does not this portray an affectionate heart? I cannot write more. At present, we have workmen to provide for. Write soon, if but ten lines. Adieu. God bless you all."

Again, from my grandmother:

"*Concord, Sept. 29th.*

"*My dear Mary,*— Did I not endeavour to make it a study to bear disappointments with some degree of fortitude, I should, at the present moment, be almost sick. In expectation of seeing you the last of next week, I have been pleased as a child with a rattle. The prospect is now cut off for some time. Isaac's children are very sick. Their cough is so violent it seems as if nature must give way. That is not the whole cause. I cannot, on any consideration, procure any one to take care of the house in my absence. Your Papa has made every exertion, but there is no prospect for a month or six weeks to come. It is undoubtedly for the best. 'The smoothest course of nature has its pains.'"

Mrs. Polly Hurd

The desired visit was made in October. On December 12th my mother's third daughter was born. Again my dear grandmother is kept from her daughter's sick-bed by her sense of duty to others. "Grandmamma Thompson," the mother of Dr. Hurd's first wife, to whom my grandmother was as a daughter, died of lung-fever at this time, and she was obliged to be with her.

CHAPTER XV

1811

NEWBURYPORT: ILLNESS, DEATH, TRIBUTES

IT is with sadness which I cannot repress that I enter upon the record of the year 1811, of which my mother did not see the close. We have nothing further from her pen except her letters to my father, who, from January to the following June, was, most of the time, separated from her by his duties in the Massachusetts Senate. Their correspondence during that period is of affecting interest to us, even when, as in many cases, their letters contain little more than bulletins of health, and expressions of tenderest solicitude and affection.

The earliest date of the New Year is the following from my father:

"*Boston, Wednesday evening, Jan. 23rd.*

"I have the happiness to assure my dearest love that I am safe and snug at my lodgings, and accommodated very much to my mind. I have a chamber at Mrs. Vose's, in School St., with brother Nash, two good beds and a fire-place.

"Now, my dearest Mary, I have to pray you to be careful of yourself, and not to make any *effort* to write. Above all, let your mind be as free from care and anxiety as possible. Rest your confidence in that

kind Providence which has so often, and so greatly, blessed us. You are the constant object of my thoughts and prayers, and may you realize all the health and happiness we so ardently desire."

My mother to my father:

"*Newbury Port, 23rd January, 1811.*

"If possible, I will this morning commence my journal, which, though it will contain nothing of the wonderful, and little of the wise, will not be uninteresting to my dear, dear Husband.

"*Thursday morning.* Your thrice welcome letter, beloved Husband, was a cordial of which I had need. To know you are well, and pleasantly situated, that you have the best society, and the disposition and power to enjoy and improve by it, are all sources of rich consolation. I rejoice too that you are not alone. There is only one disadvantage in this arrangement, —but the bed is an altar from which the purest incense often ascends to the throne of the Almighty. There you will remember us. There you will supplicate pardon, strength, and patience for your most imperfect Mary. I am well as usual this morning, and have as many causes of gratitude and joy. Why fall these tears! Take care of yourself, dearest, and write soon and minutely to her who sees but you in the world, and who is for life, and she hopes forever,

Your affectionate

MARY."

My father to my mother:

"*Senate Chamber, Jan. 24th, 1811.*

"Yesterday, when we assembled, one of the Federal Senators was found missing, and the Democratic members seized on the opportunity to attempt an alteration of the rules of the Senate, so as to deprive the President of his power to vote, which would give them, on all occasions, a majority. This produced an altercation that kept us together from morning till near four o'clock in the afternoon, and the subject was finally postponed till to-day, when our absent member arrived, and put them to shame. They have, therefore, gained nothing but to expose their meanness, and to put us more on our guard.

"I went last evening to see Cooke in Iago, and he fully equalled my expectation,—it was a personation of character entirely beyond anything I had ever witnessed."

From my father:

"*Senate Chamber, Jan. 25th, 1811.*

"Though I wrote yesterday, and though nothing special presents for writing to-day, except acknowledging the precious letter of my most dearly beloved wife, yet I cannot refrain conversing with you in the only way at present permitted. I was alarmed, at opening your letter, to find *three* pages, lest it should have produced too much exertion for my dear Mary. But I cannot say with how much tender sensibility I perused it. Absence, however short, makes me most

sensibly feel my dependence on you for happiness. And your expressions of love could never have given my heart more exquisite delight than I experienced this morning, for never was this heart more entirely and tenderly devoted to you than at this moment.

"Cousin Hazen White is now in town, and has been very attentive in watching opportunities to see me. I believe he feels really grateful to you for your regard in the naming of our Isabella.

"We have had another very unpleasant day in the Senate, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of brother Ashmun, from Hampshire County. I like to call him *brother*, for he is not only a lawyer, but a most excellent fellow, and a companion at my boarding-house. We had to wrap him up, and bring him out, in order to stop their mischief. But, after all, they produced a committee, to answer his Excellency's speech, of their own sort. The President had the nomination, but, there being a majority of Democrats in the Senate without his vote, and as they voted against every nomination of a Federal member, but one, they have a majority of Democrats on the committee. I, with Mr. Ashmun, had the honour to be voted down by them. I, therefore, have not the trouble of writing the answer. This, however, is a matter of trifling consequence. The thing I most fear is the turning out of Mr. Pickering, a Senator of the United States, which we have hitherto had the good fortune to prevent, and hope we shall have during the session."

In this letter my dear sister is spoken of by the name her mother gave her, and that not the name by which we knew her. "Cousin Hazen White" was a son of my father's half-brother William. He married, in 1808, Isabella Frink. She was beautiful in person, and interesting in mind and character,—a favourite with my father. She died November 9th, 1810, a month before my sister's birth. My father and mother were deeply affected by her death. It is not surprising that my mother named her little girl Isabella Hazen. But she was not destined long to bear the name. On the day of her mother's burial she was named, in baptism, Mary Wilder.

From my mother to my father, without date:

"*Newbury Port.*

"I bear the extreme cold as well as could be expected. This is not the temperature I could wish, but spring will come. How many anticipations do I indulge! Oh, may our Heavenly Father grant that we may tread the path of life together, supporting each other in sickness and affliction, and enjoying together the blessings with which He has crowned us! May we see our dear children grow up, blessing society, and blessed themselves in life and death!

"How good you are! Your letter of yesterday has just gladdened me. I am glad you have seen one of the master characters of Shakespeare, since your conscience did not forbid the pleasure."

Again:

"*Newbury Port, Jan. 26th, 1811.*

"*Most dearly beloved Husband,*—Your letters are such cordials as none but those who deeply love can conceive of. May you be but half as happy in receiving mine, and I shall be *almost* content. I enter into all your difficulties, and share in every feeling; I am grateful for everything you tell me, but when you tell me, dearest love, that I am so tenderly beloved, my heart and eyes overflow."

My father to my mother:

"*Boston, Jan. 27th, 1811.*

"My dearest may, indeed, be 'almost content,' for I am sure my letters cannot be more interesting to her, than hers are to me. I have enjoyed a very delightful day,—a most charming sermon from your beloved Channing, a most precious letter from my beloved wife, between meetings, and a very excellent discourse from Dr. Kirkland, who preached for Mr. Channing this afternoon. When engaged to dine the other day at Mr. Lee's, I was prevented by being kept, most of the afternoon, at the Senate Chamber, and they were polite enough to invite me to dine with them to-day, and attend their meeting. Mr. Channing is, certainly, a most heavenly preacher, and, if it will give you any satisfaction to hear it, I can truly say that I received more delight from him, this morning, than from the celebrated Cooke. I went to see him almost beyond the quiet of my con-

science, but I was with such men as Judge Brigham, and other 'grave and reverend seniors.' I saw him in 'Falstaff,' and 'King Richard,' but he did not impress me so strongly with his excellence as in 'Iago.' He has now left Boston, and right glad am I.

"In the Senate, we expect a very disagreeable week; brother Ashmun remains seriously indisposed, and, I am afraid, will not be out for some days, which will give the Democrats ascendency. I really pity him, for he suffers, not only from sickness in a strange place, but from solicitude on account of the particular importance of his health at this time. But he has every attention, medical and friendly. Dr. Warren has been with him, and thinks he will soon be well. My time is much occupied on committee business, in passing on petitions, revising bills, laws, etc., and I have little time for visiting. I heard at Mr. Lee's that Mary Emerson was in town, and hope to see her before she goes to Concord. I am told that Mr. Emerson is too unwell to preach, and his friends are apprehensive about him. I have not seen him.

"How does my whole heart join in the prayer that we may together tread the path of life, and enjoy the rich blessings with which Heaven has crowned us!"

My mother to my father:

"*Newbury Port, Sabbath.*

"I hope I am not wrong in devoting a part of the Sabbath in writing to that beloved friend who is in all my thoughts, and is, even as myself, remembered

in all my devotions. Devotions! Ah, how little do the wandering thoughts, the imperfect desires, the feeble resolutions of such moments deserve to be called *devoted* to an Omniscient, Almighty, and All Wise Being! Well may we, or, rather, well may *I* say,—'Forgive the sins of our holy things!' Yet, my beloved will rejoice to know that tender solicitude for him has made me more earnest in my supplications, and has produced some good to myself.

"Did you see Mary Emerson in town? She was going to Concord the next day, but intended sending for you to her brother's, whose state of health is considered almost desperate.

"Please to remember my chocolate when you come on Saturday."

Again:

"*Newbury Port, Jan. 29th, 1811.*

"Your letter, dearest friend, reached me last evening. I rejoiced in your Sabbath, and almost feel that I ought not to lament your absence while you enjoy the precious privilege of listening to Channing. I, too, am right glad Cooke has left town,—not that I apprehended danger to my Husband from frequenting the Theatre. I know he only saw the ideas of Shakespeare brought into action by genius. But, how great is the danger to young men whose principles are unformed! I am in the humour for sermonizing, but you can well dispense with all I would say, and I have other things to write. You will call at Mrs. Eliot's

and see Margaret Searle, Eliza [afterwards Mrs. Guild], and Mary Dwight of Springfield [afterwards Mrs. John Howard],—a sweet girl, and warm Federalist, who knows and admires Mr. Ashmun and his wife.

"Heaven grant us the happiness of meeting on Saturday. Should anything necessary prevent, do not fear the disappointment will make me sick. I shall submit, and, while you are in health, submit with tolerable cheerfulness."

From my father to my mother:

"*Boston, Jan. 30th.*

"No, dearest Mary, it is not wrong to devote a portion of the Sabbath in writing what awakens so much devotion and tender affection in the heart of your husband. With all my imperfections, I can most truly sympathize in your good feelings and sentiments, and I pray that I may be made better by such sympathy.

"Mr. Ashmun is much better, and, if fair weather, may probably be out to-morrow. The enemy have gained no advantage from his absence, but a silly and Democratic answer to the Governor's speech. I know nothing to prevent my being with you on Saturday evening."

From my mother to my father:

"*Newbury Port, Thursday, February 1st.*

"If your indulgence has spoiled me, whose is the

blame? I had no *reason* to expect a letter yesterday, yet I was a little disappointed to receive 'no' from the post-office. I know and grieve for your constant confinement and employment, this painful week. I hope I shall learn all about yourself, and hear of Mr. Ashmun's recovery, from your own dear lips, day after to-morrow. But make no *effort* to come. I would not have you ride late, or in any way risk your precious health, even for the pleasure of seeing you. I *can* do without you another week, though there is no pleasure on earth I desire half so much as that of embracing you.

"We are all well as usual, and so are our friends. Ann passed the day yesterday. In the morning, I had Channing's incomparable sermon [on the death of Ann Lowell]; in the afternoon, Nancy read us Miss Lowell's pious, feeling, and poetical version of many Psalms. The little book is a treasure. 'Being dead, she yet speaketh.'

"Now tell me as much about your own dear self, and continue to love as you are beloved by your

MARY."

From my mother to my father, after his proposed visit:

"*Newbury Port, 3rd February, 1811.*

"*Monday morning.* My best beloved, may God preserve you! my heart is oppressed with anxiety. I should so rejoice to know that you reached the Hotel in safety last evening, and that you determine, this

morning, to wait for the stage. I will not suffer my mind to dwell on any of the dreadful possibilities that may have befallen you in this tremendous storm. I have had some moments of extreme suffering, but I fly to our common Protector, and, while I supplicate mercy, I feel almost certain you will be preserved. Do not trouble yourself a moment on our account. Mr. Stewart kindly made paths for us this morning, and we have wood enough in the house to last two or three days. I am sitting by a fine fire, and, could I know you safe in Boston this evening, I think I should be happy. I do not ask a long letter,—but a line, a word, as soon as you arrive in town. Oh, may you be preserved and blessed, dearest, dearest friend! I feel how weak and helpless I am without you. I think I could bear almost anything while sustained by your presence and affection, and I shall be strong and well again, if I know you are safe and well again in Boston. Adieu, Beloved."

Again, from my mother:

"*Newbury Port, 5th of February.*

"*Tuesday evening.* Beloved Husband, where are you? What would I not give to have that question answered as I wish! I am not sick, but I am most unhappy. Could I only know you safe and well, though still at the Byfield Hotel, I should be content, but a turnpike-road, very deep snow,—not even the mail has been in from Boston from Sunday till this afternoon, and it was brought on horseback!

My dear, dear Husband! may Almighty Power and Infinite Goodness protect you, for the sake of our babes, for there is a grief which I fear I could not bear.

"We are all well, if we could only know you were so—Adieu,—ever tenderly your

MARY."

From my father:

"*Boston, Feb. 5th, Tuesday.*

"Scarcely ever in my life, dearest Mary, had I more reason to thank God for any *personal* favour, than I now have for my safe arrival here. You may easily conceive of my anxieties on the way. Indeed, I felt them before I started from home more than I was willing to disclose to you. I feared I might be prevented reaching here in season to take my place at the Senate board, but, had I been inclined, I did not feel quite well enough to come away on Sunday morning. I reached Topsfield very well, and in good season on Sunday evening, and had a very good night's sleep. There I found a man with a sleigh, bound to Boston. On Monday morning, the inn-keeper, with four or five stout men and horses turned out to help us on our way, but, after proceeding about two miles, they gave it up as impracticable, and we returned to the Hotel and dined,—when two other men with sleighs arrived, bound to Boston; so, after dinner, we all set out again, with shovels as well as horses and men, and made out to proceed about seven

miles, when we were compelled to take shelter for the night in a not very comfortable habitation. This morning, we set out again, and succeeded in reaching Boston this afternoon. You told me not to venture on horseback, but I had no other way, but to come on foot; and, as the other men were good enough to precede me with their sleighs, I was enabled to ride almost the whole of the way, whereas they walked behind their sleighs a great part of it. The snow was, in some places, drifted extremely, some banks from twelve to twenty feet deep. But I am safe at my lodgings, and feel very well; I believe I have taken no cold.

"The Democrats have acted like the very old one, and have given the Federal members of the Senate great trouble and vexation. Brother Nash and Pickman, as well as myself, were absent yesterday, and so were two Democratic members, which gave them only a majority of one. They have, however, been able to do no essential mischief, but, had I not come in before to-morrow, they would have had an opportunity to choose their Senator for Congress, and oust Mr. Pickering. We are now all on the spot, and Mr. Ashmun is quite recovered."

From my father:

"*Boston, Feb. 6th, 1811.*

"I find our good and excellent President had his feelings put to a severe test by our absence. They attempted an alteration of the rules of the Senate,

and obliged him to resist them, and they threatened to put him out of the chair, and other abusive threats, etc. Our friends met on Monday afternoon, determined and expecting to continue in session all night, in order to prevent mischief; but, very accidentally, had the power to effect an adjournment; and, next morning, before the Democrats could effect much, Mr. Pickman and Nash came in. Two expresses were sent on for them on Monday, by Colonel Thorndike and others. My friends suffered so much by our absence that I think I shall not expose them to it again, if possible to avoid it. I did not before know that I had the power to *lay the devil*,—but, had I been here, all their base attempts would have been at once hushed.

"Don't think, however, my beloved, that I had not full compensation, in visiting you, for all my fatigue and sufferings. The delight my heart received in embracing my dear wife and children, and witnessing their improvement, cannot easily be balanced by anything in the opposite scale."

Again:

"*Boston, Feb. 7th, 1811.*

"I feel now quite as well as before my journey, which does indeed impress my heart with religious gratitude. I believe, from the manner in which I have sustained this fatigue, my constitution possesses more vigour than my appearance indicates.

"Last evening, Jacob Bigelow called to see me;

he says he has formed a connection in business with Dr. Jackson; so that he occasionally visits Dr. Jackson's patients, and takes charge of all the applications which Dr. J. cannot attend to. In this way, he will become acquainted with the best people in town, and be soon introduced to respectable practice. He appears to be much engaged, and, I have no doubt, will have very good success."

From my father, again:

"*Boston, Feb. 8th, 1811.*

"We have had a very pleasant time at Mr. Brooks.' Col. Thatcher was there, who was from Monday morning to Wednesday evening in getting from Newbury Port to Boston. Last evening, in caucus, Mr. Gore and Mr. William Phillips of this town were agreed on as the candidates for Governor and Lieutenant-Governor. It is expected they will both consent; though it is probably very unexpected to Deacon Phillips. He is a very modest man, but greatly distinguished for wealth, benevolence and piety, and said to be a very sensible and well-informed man. I hope he will not decline being a candidate, as I believe him to be the best man we can select to oppose the opposite candidate. I have expressed my determination not to be a candidate for the Senate another year, but my friends here beset me with every argument to shake my resolution. Colonel Thorndike, after many flattering things, took the liberty to say that the people in Essex would not be recon-

ciled to it, that they would curse me, and say that I ought not to have come for one year only, merely to gratify my curiosity or vanity, etc. Now, if *you* think it best, I shall resolutely persevere in my determination, whatever may be said or suffered, though, on some accounts, it would be pleasant to be here a second year, were not the sacrifice too great. Absence from you and the children I feel more than inconvenience as to business, though, on all accounts, I ought to be at home. I shall get off if I well can, even should you leave me entirely to myself."

Again:

"*Boston, February 11th, 1811.*

"Having been disappointed, by the storm, in dining with Richard Sullivan last Monday, he was polite enough to renew the invitation for to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Fay, and John Sullivan were alone present. Mrs. Sullivan is a very sweet and lovely woman. This afternoon, I have been engaged on a Committee to consider the subject of a Hospital to be established for lunatics, and other poor and disabled patients. It is contemplated to grant the old State or Province House, worth about forty thousand dollars, for this purpose, provided that individuals can be found to contribute a hundred thousand dollars. You will not doubt what my opinion on the subject will be. Dr. Warren appeared before the Committee, and entered into a very interesting discussion. He stated instances and described scenes of suffer-

ing, that the world thinks little of, and which, he said, were known to but few except physicians. I hope we shall be able to get the sanction of the Legislature to the contemplated institution. Deacon Phillips stands ready to advance twenty thousand dollars to it, and many others will follow his example in proportion to their ability."

My grandmother writes at this time:

"*Concord, Feb. 11th, 1811.*

"After an absence of twelve days, the delightful sun has again revisited us,—the hearts of many are made glad by its appearance.

"I long to hear how you do in the absence of your husband. Miss Emerson did not give me any satisfaction. She said if you were not sick, you would be, by excluding the light and air. I do not want anything to make me more anxious than I have been."

It would seem that Miss Emerson was in advance of the age, or, at least, in advance of good Dr. Vergnies, and his adherents, on the subject of the laws of health.

The following letter from my father was evidently written after receiving, from some other hand than my mother's, an account of her increased illness.

"*Boston, Feb. 12th, 1811.*

"The anxiety I feel, dearest wife, is inexpressible. What would I not give to be able to fly to you,

and take upon myself all your pains and sufferings! But I can do nothing,—not even contribute to relieve or soothe them. My mind is wholly occupied about you, and I am little fitted for anything else. But I would not add to your suffering by any concern about me. I should be perfectly well, could my heart be at ease. Its best consolation is in supplicating the Father of all mercies for you and me. At present, I feel nothing akin to happiness but in praying for you. I will cherish the hope that our prayers will be heard."

Again:

"*Boston, Feb. 13th, Wednesday evening.*

"I called the other evening at Mr. Gorham's, by his invitation. He had a small party of gentlemen, composing a law-club, as Mr. Lowell, Prescott, Jackson, Dutton, etc., and the evening was very pleasant."

Again:

"*Boston, Feb. 15th, Friday evening.*

"Dearest and loveliest of human beings, you know not how inestimably precious you are to me. I must see you to-morrow evening, if possible, yet do not expect me, for it may not be in my power to come. How much I suffer in this absence from you, I need not, cannot, express,— but, dearest love, you have a friend Almighty, who is ever present with you, and will sustain and comfort you."

From my mother to my father, on his return to Boston, after a visit to his home:

"*Feb. 20th, Wednesday afternoon.*

"Let us bless God, dearest friend, that the term of your public duty has almost expired. Ah, how much have I sacrificed to it! I rejoiced to know you reached town in safety."

From my father:

"*Boston, Feb. 21st, 1811.*

"Your letter of yesterday, dearest love, greatly relieved my heart. Your hand-writing distressed me, as it carried evidence of painful exertion for my sake. How ardently does my prayer respond to yours that I may soon be at liberty to return to you. But, to my sorrow, the prospect now is that we shall be kept here into next week. The business of the Senate crowds upon us. We have been in session to-day, from a little after nine o'clock in the morning, till about eight this evening, excepting an adjournment to dine. It is now about ten, and I write in the midst of chit-chat, and cannot write you as I should wish; but incoherencies, etc., you will excuse, and will not try to read to your injury. If it can give you comfort, I am determined to come to you on Saturday again, if I must return on Monday.

"I received a letter of yesterday from your mother, and wrote her an answer immediately to-day, as well as I could in the midst of business. She had heard, through Mary Emerson, of your illness,

and I endeavoured to give her all the information about you in my power."

Miss Emerson seems to have been but a Job's comforter to my grandmother, who, always in demand at her own home, was never at liberty, it appears, to follow her heart's promptings and go to my mother when most needed by her.

From my mother:

"*Newbury Port, Saturday, Feb. 23rd, 1811.*

"Your letters were cordials, my dear Husband. They were given me together at a moment when my anxiety was painfully excited. I have continued to improve in strength, notwithstanding the extreme cold, to which I have not been insensible, though my chamber has been kept warm by Fanny's care. When can you return? I ask myself the question often, and as often sigh, but I believe it will be in the best time."

From my father:

"*Boston, Feb. 25th, 1811.*

"*Dearest Wife,*—We are now in session full of business. To-morrow has been talked of for the Legislature to rise, but it will probably be later—perhaps Thursday or Friday. I shall probably be with you the day after we rise. I am very impatient under confinement, but you will, as I do, bear it better when you know that I have made, and communicated to my friends, my *final resolution* not to be subjected to such confinement again."

From my mother, in reply:

"*Tuesday evening.*

"*My dearest Friend,*—I am out of spirits. The disappointment of this evening is almost too much for me. I almost feel as if it was determined we should *not* meet. I calculated on this day or to-morrow—well, be it so! I am not worse, Dr. Vergnies says; on the contrary, he told me to assure you I am doing well. I had better not write, than send so sad a letter—but I told you, in the beginning, I was out of spirits.

"Why don't you speak of yourself? No subject is half so interesting. You have been indisposed, and you say nothing of your present health."

From my father, in reply:

"*Boston, Feb. 27th, 1811.*

"Your letter of last evening, dearest Mary, would quicken my speed to you, were it possible to get my liberty. I hope and trust we *are* to meet, and meet under the smiles of Providence, notwithstanding this bitterness of disappointment. I feel it most sensibly, and pray it may not be repeated. To-morrow, we confidently expect to rise; in which case, I shall hope to be with you on Friday. But I shall fly to you the first moment in my power, and I pray God to have you in His holy keeping. Your letter is written in lower spirits than I could wish, but I will indulge the hope that you are really better."

Miss Emerson, in writing to my mother some weeks earlier, says, "Somehow, I do not connect the idea of illness in *you* with unhappiness. It rather seems like renewing an opportunity for your fortitude, and your husband's unaffected and interesting tenderness." But those of us who are less sublimated than Miss Emerson can hardly read this record of "fortitude," and "tenderness," without a painful sympathy, to which there is no relief till the husband and wife are together again.

I have often heard my father speak of what he suffered in these repeated separations from my mother during her prolonged illness, especially in their latest separation of this kind, which we have yet to record, and which was attended by peculiarly distressing circumstances. But my mother was no less patriotic than my grandmother. She felt that my father's duty to his country was one to which even her comfort must yield, and it was doubtless with her sanction that he changed his determination not to leave her again for public life.

We have nothing more from my mother's pen. We have only my grandmother's letters, and two or three from my father and other friends, to give us an intimation of what they endured during the remaining months of my mother's life, from "suspense between a weak hope and a great fear," of which Fénelon says, "nothing is a greater trial to human nature."

At this time, the Rev. William Emerson, father

of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and minister of Chauncy Place Church, was seriously ill, and his sister, Miss Mary Emerson, writes to my father and mother:

"*Boston, March 14th, 1811.*

"*Dear Friends,*—I have been here a fortnight or less, and once heard from Concord, but not from you. Will you let me have that satisfaction? By this time, it is probable, you are altogether better, dear Mary. But, whether that is the case or otherwise, you are resigning yourself and enjoyments into the hands of a kind and tender Parent. Your health, dear Sir, I hope, did not suffer any injury from the fatigues and storms to which your duties exposed you. Your children are well, it is hoped. This weather is unfavourable to invalids,—for, how is it possible they should gain health, while deprived of the vital and life-giving source of inhaling hourly the fresh air? My brother remains in a critical and feeble state. But, till he can journey, we can form no decided opinion. Many think he will not recover. If the cause originates in the attack he had two or three years since, probably he will not. This between ourselves. It is painful to exhaust the sympathy of one's acquaintance, or to disappoint them of something new. How little does the commonplace regret soothe the heart, and how depressing the run of constant inquiry!"

My grandmother went to visit and nurse her daughter late in March, but became so ill herself that she was obliged to return to Concord. Early in

April hopes were revived of my mother's recovery. Miss Mary Emerson wrote to my father and mother:

"*April 13th, 1811.*

"*My dear Friends,*—You are afflicted still. But you are recovering, Mary. My brother recovers no more. God is taking him away, and blessed be His name! How much better, Oh, infinitely better than to outlive his mind, his exertions, his friends! Should it not be the prayer of every Christian that they may not survive any of these, but especially his *moral improvement?* And, unhappy must the one be who is so wedded to life as to lose a desire to depart when their improvements stagnate. But I *feel* not much of these great things,—an unaccountable heaviness weighs down my spirit,—pray for me that a visitation so painful and admonishing may be improved. I long to see you; do, if possible, write."

My grandmother made my mother a brief visit late in April. After her return she writes:

"*Concord, April 25th, 1811.*

"After much rain and heavy wind, my dear children will be glad we reached home on Monday. Do not think it unkind I did not stay longer. It is absolutely necessary to be at home."

And again:

"*Concord, May 4th, 1811.*

"It seems a little age since I left you. I do not

feel very well, and every sombre shade is displayed. I ever remember with gratitude the mercies shown in restoring you to your friends, and, had it been best, should have rejoiced to have your habitation nigher, when I could have seen you and yours often, and watched the progress you made in health and strength. Do not, for a moment, doubt I would sacrifice my own, to give you health and vigour."

It may strike some of my grandmother's descendants who shall read these pages as almost unnatural on her part that she should have left my mother, when she was so ill and her life so near its close, to the care of "Aunt Bromfield" and "Aunt Greenleaf," instead of giving her the comfort of her own presence. But those who knew Dr. Hurd would understand the case. The arrangements of his home, as well as his own personal exactions, were such as not only compelled her presence there, but also made her life so laborious as to awaken the sympathy of her friends, especially of her husband's brothers and their families, by whom she was most intimately known and most warmly beloved.

My grandmother again writes:

"*May 30th, Election Day.*

"They are well as usual at Mr. Ripley's. Mr. Emerson's death was truly affecting, but they, one and all, bear it, as Christians ought to, with becoming fortitude and resignation.

"When I shall see you is only known to the Su-

preme Being. I long to kiss you and the little ones, and sincerely hope you will, once more, realize a portion of health. Mr. White, I fear, will not have many more pleasant companions than he had last year. The opposite party are numerous, they

> 'Fill every rank, in each profession blend,
> Power all their aim, and ruin all their end.'"

The following, from my father, who was again in the Senate at Boston, is the last letter we have from him addressed to my mother.

"*Boston, Friday morn., May 31st, 1811.*

"*My dearest Wife,*—I feel an inexpressible solicitude and desire to be with you. I have not received a line from home since I have been here, but hope to this morning, and pray that it may bring me good tidings about you. I shall endeavour to be at home this evening, if I can find a passage after the choice of counsellors; if not, to-morrow. I hope not to be under the necessity of being here many days together, after this week. All I can now do, my dearest love, is to commend you to the Father of all mercies. Oh, may He support, comfort, and bless you with health!—is the constant prayer of

Your affectionate

D. A. WHITE."

Could my father have foreseen the events of that night, no business, however weighty or pressing, would have kept him from his home. It was the

night of the great Newburyport fire of 1811. The record in the Salem *Gazette* of that period is that "the fire broke out on Friday, May 31st, at half-past nine in the evening, in a stable, near the market. At two o'clock, Saturday morning, the fire was raging in every direction, with irresistible fury. About four, the danger diminished, and, at six, the fire had, in a great measure, spent its fury. The number of buildings destroyed was about two hundred and fifty; property destroyed, one million. No life was lost. Seventy-six families were deprived of their homes. The streets ravaged were State, Market Square, Mechanics' Row, Pleasant, Middle, Water, Centre, and Liberty Streets." My father's home was on State Street.

I must have been very young when I was first told the story of the fire, for I can hardly look back upon the time when my mind did not contain a picture of my angelic mother, as, according to the representations given me, she passed unmoved through that night of terror. My dear father was the greatest sufferer. What language can depict his agony as he drove from Boston to Newburyport the next morning, under the impression, received from exaggerated accounts, that not a house was left standing in State Street. He could never speak of it without emotion, and never so far recovered from it as to be able to hear the bell rung for fire without change of colour and evident recurrence to the painful memory. More than once, under such circum-

stances, he has spoken to me of the subject in his thoughts, and dwelt upon the scene, to him of unequalled sublimity, which my mother's chamber presented when, on his arrival at home, he entered it. "There she lay," he said, "just as I had left her,—with nothing in her look or manner to remind me that anything unusual had occurred."

By those who were with her through the night, I have been told of the presence of mind, calmness, and self-control with which she quieted those around her. Every one in the house, and others who came in to offer their aid, were agitated by distressing apprehension for her. Too feeble to move herself, what should they do for her, was the question. To move her might cost her her life; yet, if she remained where she was, death seemed inevitable. She decided, herself, what to do. She said, "I will stay where I am until the flames reach the next house. Meantime, have a carriage in readiness for my removal when that shall occur." The fire stopped at the next house, and she was safe.

Dear Aunt Smith used to say, "Your mother was quite calm, and told us just how to pack the china, and glass, and clothing so that they should be all ready to be moved when the time came." Cousin Fanny Searle, whose mother lived in State Street, happened, at the time the fire occurred, to be staying at Aunt Becky's, in the upper part of the town. So great was her anxiety for my mother that she walked alone, a mile and a half at midnight, passing

by her own mother's house to go to *her*. She said she was, herself, greatly alarmed and agitated, and she described, much as my father had done, the contrast presented by my mother's aspect of serenity and peace. My mother's cousin Benjamin F. Gould was staying in Newburyport at the time. He went immediately to my mother, to serve her in any way he could. He has often told me that he should never forget my mother's appearance that night. "She seemed to me," he said, "more than ever, to belong to another world." Doubtless, she had then let go her hold on this.

The noise and confusion in State Street, created by preparations for rebuilding, made it necessary to remove my mother to a more quiet part of the town. It is to this removal that my grandmother refers in the following letter:

"*Concord, June 21st.*

"This morning we received your letter, my dear son, which brings such intelligence as I expected, that Mary would suffer after the fire, from the fatigue, anxiety, and distress that must surround her. I cannot afford you any assistance; my heart is with you, but it is so poor an one, it can do no good. I am very glad you have moved, and hope the air will be salutary, and long to have her able to ride here. My love to her, and, if I could fly to her, would run any venture.

"Your Papa, although he is out all the day, has a very tedious time with his broken rib. It has not yet

perfectly united,—he has not dressed or undressed without the assistance of one, and often two of us. He could not rise alone if we were surrounded by fire. He has now five hundred under his care in vaccination. We shall have Isaac and his family with us about a fortnight, till they move into their house."

This letter from my grandmother shows how little she was prepared for my mother's death, which occurred only one week after this last date. While she "had faith to believe" that my mother "would enjoy better health," and was looking forward to her being "able to ride to Concord," "the silver cord was loosed."

My father thought my mother's life was shortened by the fire, and the removal that followed it. I have no record from his pen of the closing scene. He often talked to my sister and myself of the faith and peace of our mother's last hours; and among my earliest recollections is his telling us that he read to her the fourteenth chapter of John only fifteen minutes before she ceased to breathe.

Nearly half a century later, the only words spoken by her upon her death-bed, which were written down at the time, came to us like a voice from the eternal world. This invaluable record was made by my mother's dear friend, Ann Bromfield. I copy it as follows:

"*June 28th, 1811. Evening, Friday.* Day before yesterday, the 26th instant, I passed some hours with

my precious Mary White. This almost sainted mortal is now, perhaps, passing the 'dark valley of the shadow of death.' Perhaps, the silver cord is broken, and she is now a spirit among the blessed,—welcomed by those objects of affection who had gone before, and on wing towards the vision of God and of the Lamb. Why do I not feel greater joy at this sublimely cheering thought, why not glorify the Being who has emancipated her? My faith is weak,—not so, hers. She told me her hopes in a few emphatic sentences, the last time I sat by her. 'In my Father's house are many mansions,' she said, with distinctness; and, after a long pause, added:—'I am thinking of my Saviour. He is the good Shepherd, and I am His sick lamb. He will carry me in His bosom.' After a long pause, she added, that she had always thought that passage which says, 'I go to prepare a place for you,' and, 'not for you only, but for all those who, through you, shall believe on my name,' worth all the rest of the Bible. I could mention more, but my strength fails me.

"I pray, Oh, my Heavenly Father, for her, her husband, and all of us, that this communion here below, may have helped to fit us for nearer communion with Thee.

"*30th, Morning.* We were prevented from going to meeting this morning, by the carriage disappointing us, and I shall use the time with more satisfaction to myself than in going out. Yesterday morning, at half-past seven, my beloved friend breathed

her last, desirous to be gone, and full of hope and trust in her blessed Saviour. I have lost, in her, an invaluable friend. Her strong, and vigorous, and highly cultivated mind was a resource when I needed advice; the pure and animated devotion of her affectionate heart, always kindling with sympathy — from its keen, and refined, and regulated sensibility — at every sorrow of its beloved objects, was my consolation and support. It has pleased the infinitely wise and good God, in the course of six months and a few days, to deprive me of two [1] friends who were equally distinguished for their genius and piety. Oh, that the warning voice may not be sounded in vain!"

Twenty years after making the record quoted above, this dear friend, with whom my mother's memory seemed always fresh, wrote to Mrs. Curson as follows, of a religious service in which she had been greatly interested: "The text chosen was that beautiful and affecting passage which my beloved Mary White told me, only a few hours before she passed from earth to heaven, was more precious to her than any other:—'I pray not for these alone,— but for all those who, through them, shall believe on my word.'"

This passage of Scripture has been associated with my mother in my mind all my life, for although I learned first from Miss Bromfield's journal of its having been upon her lips during her last hours, I was

[1] Miss Ann Lowell died in December, 1810.

early told that it was her favourite. Of the Epistles, that to the Ephesians was her preference.

I have now before me papers left by my mother's devoted friend Fanny Searle, marked by her, "Written at the time of Mrs. White's death." This heartfelt tribute of affection deserves a place here.

"*Sunday, June 30th, 1811.* Why have I omitted to write so long when I have had so many subjects of interest? Why have I not, in this way, aided my memory during the illness of my dear friend? I have witnessed her gradual decay till, from horror at the thought of her death, I became reconciled to, and even wished it. I have listened to and looked at her with admiration and love, yet I have not preserved, as I might, the recollection of all she has said,—and when shall I see any one like her?—never, I believe, in this world. Oh, that I may so pass through this life that I may meet her in a future! If any one is fitted on earth to join the spirits of the blessed, it is herself. Her piety, her purity, her delicacy, refinement, and elevation of mind, have fitted her for a far more perfect and exalted state of being. Through the merits of her Redeemer, she joyfully committed herself into the hands of her Heavenly Father. How consoling such a death!"

"*July 11th.*

"Spirit of Resignation! cheer my soul,
And teach me through life's pilgrimage to rove
With cheerfulness and animated joy,

Such as the Christian, social, state demands.
Oh, that no selfish, no excessive grief,
May steel my heart to others' joy or woe,
Make me unmindful of remaining good,
Or useless to my friends! May the vain thought
That no one, now, has such sweet love for me,
That none has power now to charm like her,
Never too far enthrall and hold my mind!
The hour of solitude alone may claim
These recollections, these dear thoughts of thee.
Then may I think thy virtues o'er and o'er,
How pure, angelic, and heaven-taught thy mind,
How full of grace and loveliness thy life,
How every look and action, like thyself
With winning sweetness, drew our hearts to thee!
Who, like thee, in the bold defence of truth,
Feared not to argue in its sacred cause,
Convincing the gainsayer!—Who like thee,
Still timid and distrustful of thyself,
When no such cause aroused thee! Who, like thee,
So meek, yet eloquent, so firm though mild,
So ardent in another's interests,
Yet, in thine own so patient, so resigned!
No! thine ethereal spirit here on earth
We shall not see again. In memory's eye,
May thy still cherished image lead us on
(Those who were favoured with its transient view)
To emulate, and, distant, follow thee!
May solitary musings on thy worth
Fit me to act my destined part on earth,
And train me for that heaven where thou art gone!
Oh, that my trials here may end in that,
A blessed union, an eternal rest,
Through that Redeemer to whose saving love
Thou didst commend thyself and slept in Him!"

Some years since, my dear friend, Cousin Sarah Searle, who was specially devoted to my sister and myself when, soon after our mother's death, we were under her mother's roof, at my request sent me the following recollections of my mother.

"You ask me to embody in language my recollections of your beautiful mother, and I will try to do it. I was a timid young girl, perhaps twelve years of age, when she came to reside in Newburyport. My elder sisters, who were companions of your father, were very glad of the addition to their society which her marriage gave them. They met frequently, and I often saw them together. I remember distinctly her person and countenance, their extreme delicacy and refinement; only a thin veil of the spirit they presented to the eye, conveying a sense of the most gentle dignity, exciting respect, delight, and love. Her voice was charming to me, affecting me like sweet and tender strains of music. When I went of errands for my sisters to her house, she would make me come in, and sit down with her, and she would talk with me, which seemed great honour conferred upon me. I remember her saying that she thought the sense of smell more allied to the spiritual than the other senses. She was, at the time, offering me a honeysuckle from a vine which grew at her door. She spoke to me of Rogers' 'Pleasures of Memory,' and read to me some extracts she had taken from it. She tried to elicit and feed any love of the beau-

tiful she might find in me. She seemed to me like my then idea of an angelic being."

Margaret Searle wrote at that time to her cousin, Mrs. Edmund Dwight, as follows:

"I cannot speak of Mrs. White as I ought. I have ever thought her as much like an angel as any spirit clothed in flesh could be."

These memorials of my mother, written when her presence was but just withdrawn, by those who were with her during her life on earth, are of great value.

The following notice of my mother was written for the "Port-Folio," a magazine of that period, and appeared in the Newburyport newspaper on the day of her burial. I have never been told by whom it was written.

"OBITUARY FOR THE 'PORT-FOLIO'

"Died in Newburyport, Mrs. Mary White, wife of the Hon^ble^ Daniel Appleton White, aged 30 years.

"'Oh, 't is well with her,
But who knows what the coming hour,
Veiled in thick darkness, brings to us.'

"It is the solace and support of Christians, amid the gloom and the depravities of life, that their Divine Master has, indeed, never left Himself without a witness. His blessed promise, 'Lo, I am with you al-

way,' is never forgotten; and some pure and spotless spirit has still been permitted to hover on earth, to remind us of our relation to Heaven, to instruct us by its virtues how to act, to teach us, by its sorrows, how we should suffer, and, at length, entwining round our hearts the golden and silken cords of piety and love, to draw us, in the still 'lingering light of its upward track,' to its own blissful mansions of virtue and repose!

"When such an one goes before us, it is impossible to speak what we feel; to describe our own sense of the loss, or to give others an idea of its poignancy. Yet is it proper and fit, that those who loved Mrs. White as fondly as ourselves, should share our sympathy; and that those who knew her not should be told of the inspired talents, the refined and trembling sensibility, the mild, silent, and elevated virtues which bless and embalm her memory.

"A mind of brilliant and commanding genius united its expression in her features with that of feelings ardent, chastened, and sublime. Her countenance, indeed, discovered something so unobtrusively interesting, so unearthly, so spiritual, that we could only regard it as an image of the impress of God on the soul, when it first came forth on the morning of creation, lovely, meek, and amiable, from the hands of its Maker. Her society and her writings breathed the purest spirit of piety, of benevolence, and religion. These, indeed, were her Muses. They inspired her conversation as they animated her life;

and she never approached the sacred ground on which they dwelt, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language. I knew her once when her spirit was buoyant as the breath of summer, joyous, animated, and sportive as the visions of youthful fancy; when light and happiness were scattered in her path; when she appeared only to cheer, to console, and to bless; when her life was a constant scene of active usefulness; when her gentle spirit flew out to meet the mourner, and her 'bountiful hand scattered food to the hungry, and raiment to the naked.' I knew her, too, when, as if to show that the heart is sometimes permitted, even here, to shine forth in all its moral sublimity and grandeur, the hand of God was laid heavily upon her, and her languishing body seemed sinking to earth, as it were to exhibit, in broader and fairer light, the purged sanctity of her soaring and celestial spirit. Her eyes, beaming with that hallowed splendour which sometimes irradiates them before they are to close forever, seemed fixed on the smiles of her Saviour, and her soul bending before the footstool of her God. One would almost have thought her shadowy form that 'incorruptible body which is destined to be the soul's last covering.'

"May that gracious Being who is the Wisdom of God, and the Power of God, who was Himself once on earth to bear our sorrows, and expiate our sins, support the heart-broken mourners under the dispensation which has taken her to Himself. May He bind

up where He has bruised, may He heal where He has smitten, and pour balm where He has wounded!

'Oh, from her sorrows may we learn to live,
Oh, from her triumphs may we learn to die!'"

My mother's grave is in the Newburyport Cemetery. On her gravestone are inscribed the following words:

"The charm of genius, taste, tenderness,
And sweetest piety,—all was thine."

I find this inscription written on a page in my father's handwriting of that period, followed by lines which are so appropriate that I copy them here.

"Farewell, pure spirit! Vain the praise we give,—
The praise you sought from lips angelic flows;
Farewell! the virtues which deserve to live
Deserve an ampler bliss than life bestows."

"Each pensive hour shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till pity's self be dead.'

My mother's many friends mourned, as long as they lived, her early departure. To my grandmother, that event "left a void in the affections which could only be filled by reunion with her in another world." Mrs. Rapallo, in writing to me, says: "I saw your grandmother only once after your mother's death. She was at your father's in Newburyport. She had

long been accustomed to sorrow. She seemed calm and tranquil. She said the last tie that bound her to earth was now broken, and she had only to wait." Ten years she waited,—her days a fulfilment of Faber's prayer:

> "O Lord! that I could waste my life for others,
> With no ends of my own!"

She died November 26th, 1821, aged seventy-one years. She knew "labour and sorrow," but, with her firm religious belief, "earthly care was heavenly discipline," and "chastening," however "grievous," yielded, at once, "the peaceable fruits of righteousness." Thus was a life ennobled which, in many of its details, seemed to her friends unsuited to one of her refined and intellectual tastes.

I now close this record, as I began it, with the feeling that her memory, and that of her gifted daughter, deserve to be held in affectionate reverence by their descendants to the latest generation.

APPENDIX

THE WILDER GENEALOGY

DR. JOSIAH WILDER was fourth in descent from Thomas Wilder, who came from England in 1638, and settled first in Hingham, Massachusetts, where he was made freeman in 1641, was living in Charlestown in 1651, removed to Lancaster, Massachusetts, in 1654, and died in 1667. He had three sons, Thomas, John, and Nathaniel. His son Thomas was born in 1644, and died in 1717. He married Mary Houghton, June 20, 1668. His oldest child, as far as known, was born in 1680. It is not improbable that he lost children in the Indian massacres; the troublous times prevented the preservation of town records until the beginning of the next century. Very little is known of him during or after the war. There are indications that he fortified his house, and made it a place of protection from the Indians for other families. He had two sons, James and Joseph. The former, Colonel James Wilder, married Abigail Gardner, daughter of Andrew Gardner, Esq., of Lancaster, October 20, 1709, and died in 1739. He had two sons, James and Gardner. James (also a colonel) was born in 1711, married Martha Broughton, and died in 1774. He had three sons, James, Josiah, and Asaph, and a daughter, who married Dr. Prescott, of Keene. Josiah, born in 1744, married Mary, or Polly, Flagg, August 28, 1774, and was the father of Mary Wilder.

THE FLAGG GENEALOGY

IN the "History of Augusta, Maine," by Hon. James W. North, a genealogy of the Flagg family is given, from which the following details are taken. The name was spelled Flegg in England, and for eighty years after they came to America.

The earliest English ancestor who is known with certainty, William Flegg, died in 1426. His son Thomas, who died in 1471, had a son William Flegg, of Swafield, Norfolk County, who was

living in 1521; he had a son Richard, of Shipdham, whose will was proved in 1587. Richard's son John, of Whinbergh and Edling's Close in Yaxham, died in 1617, and his will was proved in Norwich. His son Bartholomew, of Whinbergh and Shipdham, Norfolk County, had a son Thomas, baptized at Whinbergh in 1615, who came to America in 1637 with Richard Carver, on the *Rose*, or the *John and Dorothy*, and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts. He is said to have come from Scratby, in the Hundred of East Flegg, Norfolk County. His son, Lieutenant Gershom Flagg, was born April 6, 1641, lived in Woburn, and married Hannah Leppingwell, or Lepenwell, April 5, 1668. He was killed by Indians at Lamprey River, July 6, 1690. His third son, John, was born May 27, 1673. He married Abiah Kornic, and died in 1732. In 1717 he owned an estate on Hanover Street, Boston, where the American House now stands, which he bequeathed to his son Gershom, who was born in 1705, and married Hannah Pitson in 1737. (She was the daughter of James and Hannah Pitson, was born in 1711 in England, and came to this country with her parents in 1714. There were Pitsons in Guilford, County Surrey, and they may have come from that town. James Pitson, born in 1683, died April 10, 1739. His wife, born in 1688, died February 28, 1749. They were buried in the old Granary Burying-ground.) Gershom and Hannah Flagg had seven children, of whom Mary, or Polly, was the sixth. She married Dr. Josiah Wilder in 1774, and their daughter Mary, born in 1780, married Daniel Appleton White, May 24, 1807.

THE WHITE GENEALOGY

DANIEL APPLETON WHITE was born in Methuen, Massachusetts, June 7, 1776, and died in Salem, March 30, 1861. His ancestor, William White, born in 1610, came to this country from Haverhill, Norfolk County, England, in 1635. He settled first in Ipswich, then in Newbury, and finally in Haverhill, all in Massachusetts, and died September 28, 1690. John White, his only son, married Hannah French, of Salem, November 25, 1662,

and died in 1668, at the age of twenty-nine years. His only son, Captain John White, was born in 1663–4. He married Lydia Gilman, of Exeter, New Hampshire, October 26, 1687, and died November 20, 1727. He had fourteen children, one of whom, Timothy, graduated at Harvard College in 1720. His fourth child, Deacon William White (also a captain), was born January 18, 1693–4; he married in Boston, June 12, 1716, Sarah, daughter of Samuel and Mary (Emerson) Phillips, of Salem, and great-granddaughter of Rev. George Phillips, of Watertown; he died December 11, 1737. His son John was born February 7, 1719–20; he removed to Methuen about 1772, where he had a farm of three hundred acres, between the Spicket and Merrimac rivers, now in the centre of the city of Lawrence, and died July 11, 1800. He was twice married: first to Mrs. Miriam Hazen, by whom he had six children; and on February 18, 1767, to Elizabeth Haynes, herself one of a family of twenty-one children. She had eleven children, of whom Daniel was the fifth.

Five of his ancestors, Samuel Appleton, Thomas Emerson, Edward Gilman, Samuel Symonds, and William White, were among the first settlers of Ipswich.

LIST OF BOOKS FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE SUBJECT OF THIS MEMORIAL

SHERLOCK,—Enlightens and convinces the reason. Massillon,—Penetrates the heart, and elevates the affections. S. Clarke,—Elucidates the obscurities of Scripture. Fénelon's demonstration of the existence and attributes of God delightfully satisfactory to the reason and the heart. His reflexions useful to every Christian. Witherspoon, Watson, Wilberforce, Fuller, Watts, Baxter, Doddridge, Necker, Lyttelton, Miss More, Mrs. Chapone, Gisborne, Mrs. Rowe, Paley, Johnson, Blair, Hervey, Barbauld, Clarke, Gilpin's "Exposition," Pascal's "Thoughts," Saurin, Mason. Two treatises on the Sacrament of the Supper, "The Practice of Piety," John Newton's Letters, miscellaneous ser-

mons, and small tracts of divinity, Fordyce, Wilkes, "The Gospel Its Own Witness," Francis Xavier, Hunter's "Sacred Biography," in part.

Millot's "Elements of General History," Robertson's "History of Charles Fifth," Hume's "History of England," in part, Goldsmith's "History of England," "Peter the Great," "Charles Twelfth," by Voltaire, Echard's "Roman History," "History of France," H. Adams' "History of New England," Hutchinson's "History of Massachusetts," Robertson's "History of South America," "American Revolution."

Moore's "Travels through France, Germany, etc.," Brydone's "Travels in Sicily and Malta," Smollett's "Travels through France and Italy," Montagu's "Travels in the East," Bruce's "Travels in Africa," Denon's "Travels in Egypt," Mariette's "Travels through Syria and Palestine," Moritz' "Travels through England and Wales," Akenside's "Tour to the Lakes," Ratcliffe's Travels, Brissot's "Travels through America," Cook's Voyages, La Pérouse's Voyages.

"Rambler," "Spectator," "Guardian," "Tatler," "Idler," "Lounger," "Mirror," "Adventurer," "World."

Buffon's "Natural History, Abridged," Goldsmith's "Animated Nature," in part, Steele's Works, Cicero's Orations and Epistles, Pliny's Epistles, Mrs. Barbauld's Poems and Hymns, Miss Seward's Poems, Ossian, Johnson's Poems on various subjects, Prior's Poems, etc., Dryden's Poems, Armstrong, Somerville, Milton's "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained," "Comus," "Samson," and smaller poems, Shakespeare's Plays, Young's "Night Thoughts," Tragedies, and Poems, Pope's Works, Thomson's "Seasons" and Tragedies, Cowper's "Task," Poems, and Letters.

In French,—Voltaire's and Racine's Tragedies, Boileau's Satires, Molière's Plays, Helvetius' Poems and Epistles, Poems of De Lisle, Works of Florian, Fénelon's "Télémaque" and Dialogues, etc., Rousseau's "Emilius," and "Eloisa" (also in English), Works of Madame de Genlis (also in English), Saint-Pierre.

Akenside's "Pleasures of Imagination," Rogers' "Pleasures of

Memory," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Merry's "Pains of Memory," the Works of Addison, Knox, Gray, and Swift, the Poems of Churchill, Chatterton, Collins, Cowley, and Spenser.

This list is evidently incomplete, no English novels or biographies being included in it, but is of interest as showing, to some extent, what books were accessible to women at that period, and read by them. Miss Austen's and Sir Walter Scott's novels were not published till after her death.

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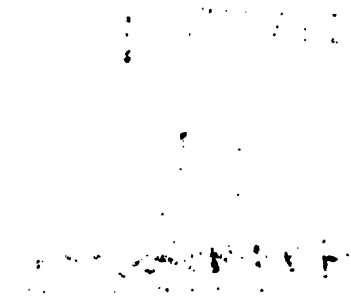

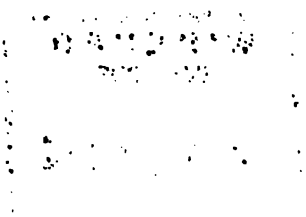

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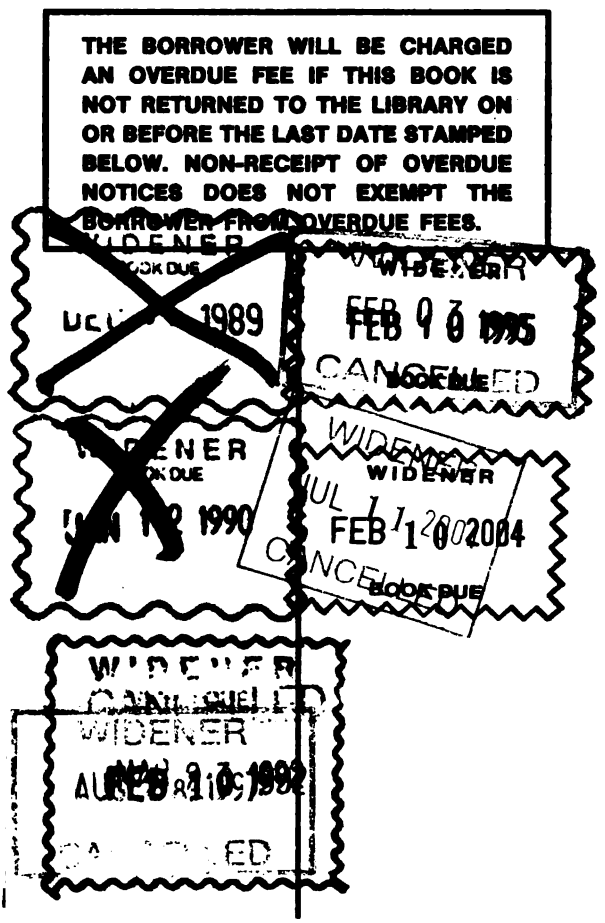
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